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THE NEW YORKER

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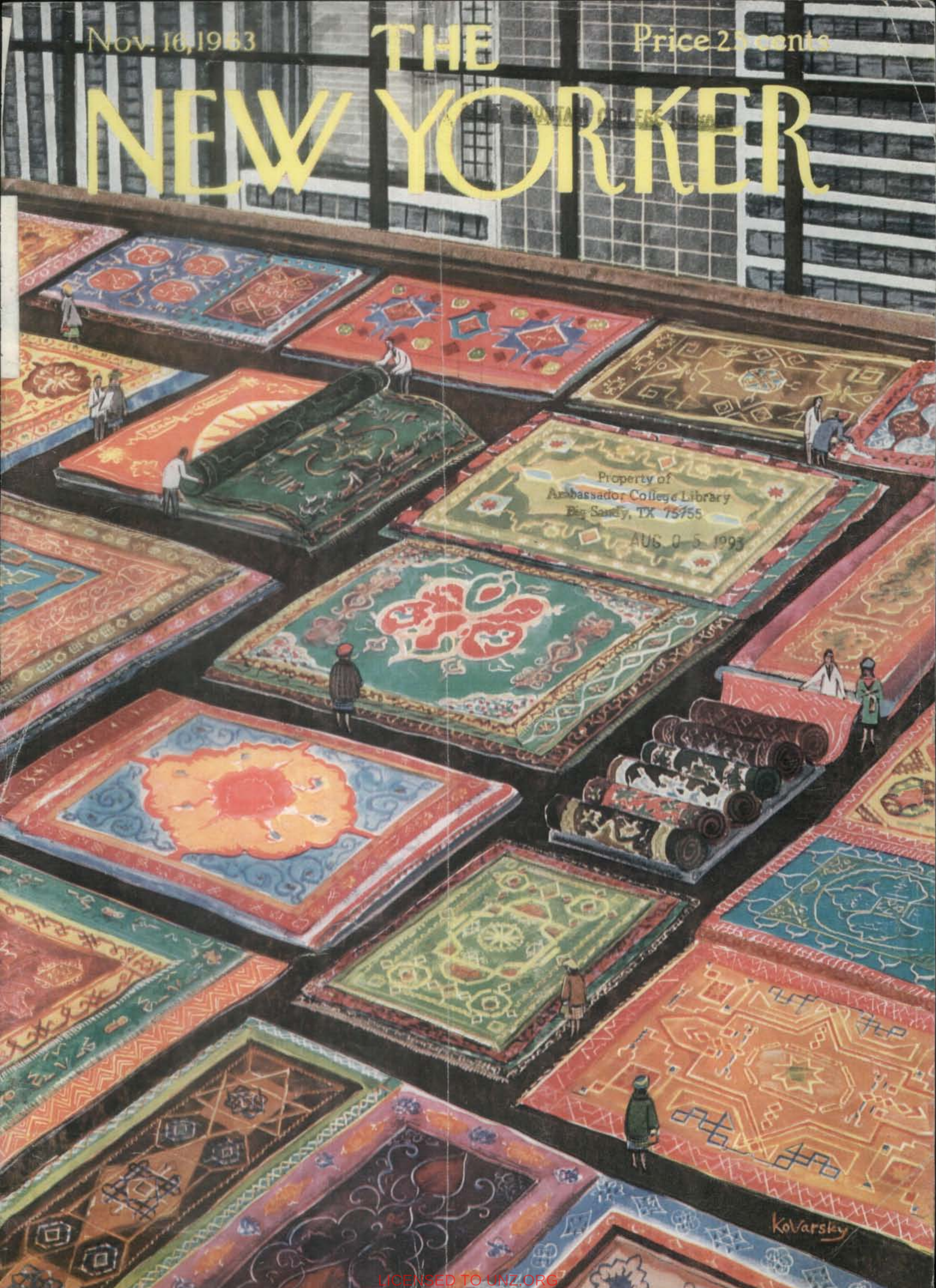

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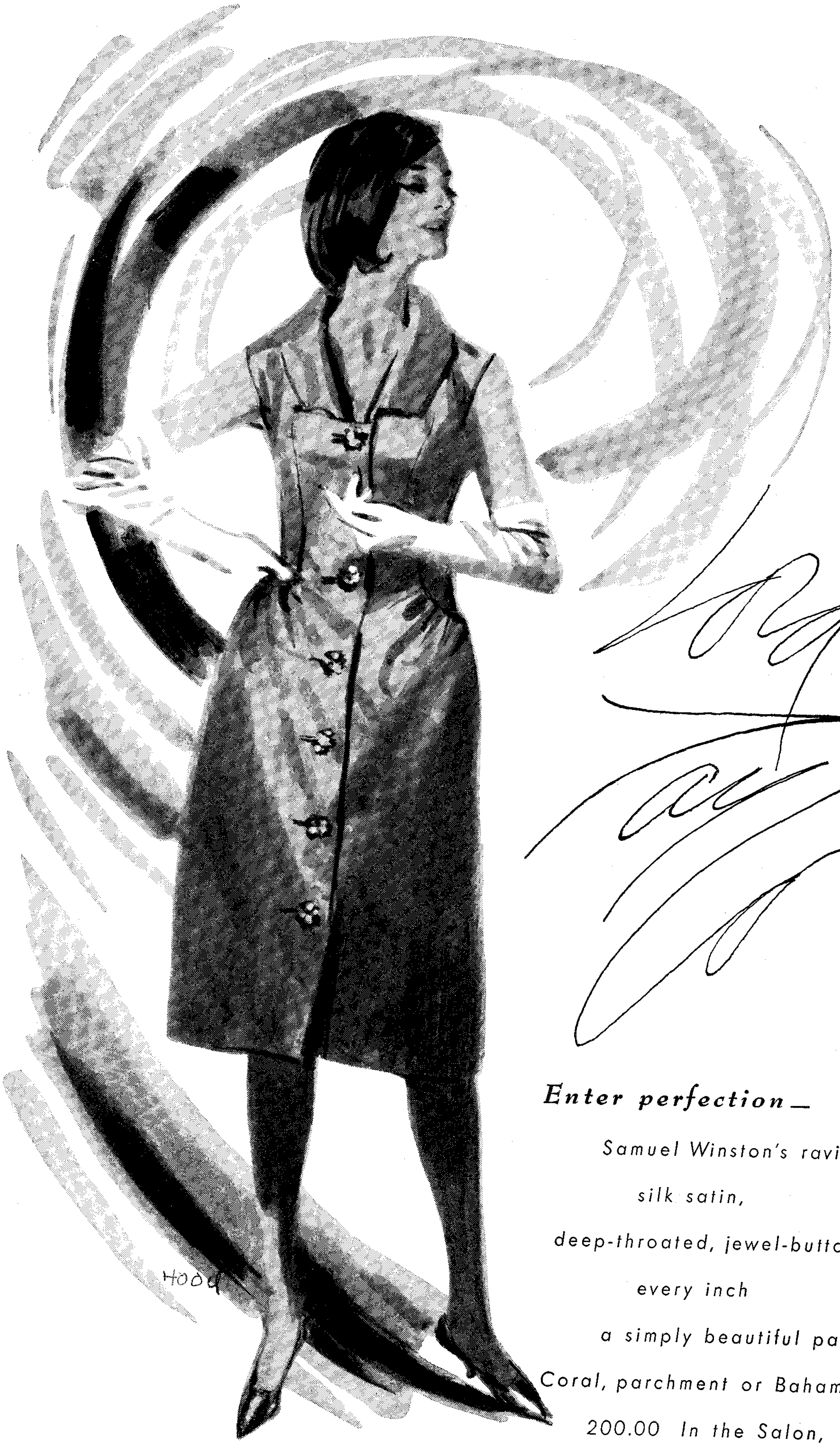

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Every so often, this play by Edward Albee, who adapted the work from a novelette by Carson McCullers, comes up with a decisive scene, but on the whole it is a rather murky affair. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio are splendid as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. The drama, by Henry Denker, is based on a chapter from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—Arnold Wesker's ramshackle drama about an R.A.F. boot camp where the young men feel oppressed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made of pretty thin material, but it's funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are good in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—A clutch of oddballs rattling around in a loose-jointed English comedy that stars Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert. Hardly sidesplitting. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. Albert Finney is outstanding as Luther, and the rest of the cast, under the direction of Tony Richardson, assists him handsomely. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—A pair of one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, the first of which is pretty dreary and the second of which has a bit of bounce. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 17.)

The Rehearsal—A comedy by Jean Anouilh that investigates the lives of some new-day aristocrats. Not the most spirited piece in the world, but one that is fortunate in its cast, which includes Alan Badel, Keith Michell, Coral Browne, Adrienne Corri, and Jennifer Hilary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spoon River—Some expert readings from Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated poems. Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who conceived the affair) are the participants. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 19, to the Belasco, 44th St., E., JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays, except Nov. 17, at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 21, at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Tambourines to Glory—Everything goes well in this Langston Hughes gospel play as long as the performers are raising their voices in song, but it becomes a bit trite when the plot requires those on view to stop lining out hymns and spirituals in order to get on with an account of the life and times of a Harlem Aimee Semple McPherson. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. LA 4-0728. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** Four lively wits (Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Arturo Ui—An adaptation by George Tabori of the Bertolt Brecht play, with Christopher Plummer in the title role. The director is Tony Richardson, the producer David Merrick. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Boy—Terence Rattigan's play, imported from London and starring Charles Boyer. Directed by Michael Benthall and presented by Alexander H. Cohen and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Kirk Douglas and Joan Tetzel in a play by Dale Wasserman, taken from Ken Kesey's novel of the same name. Staged by Alex Segal and produced by David Merrick and Edward Lewis, in association with Seven Arts and Eric Productions. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jennie—Mary Martin wastes her pretty talents in this glum enterprise describing the early life of Laurette Taylor. The book was written by Arnold Schulman, and the lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical is not without merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—A new version of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman,

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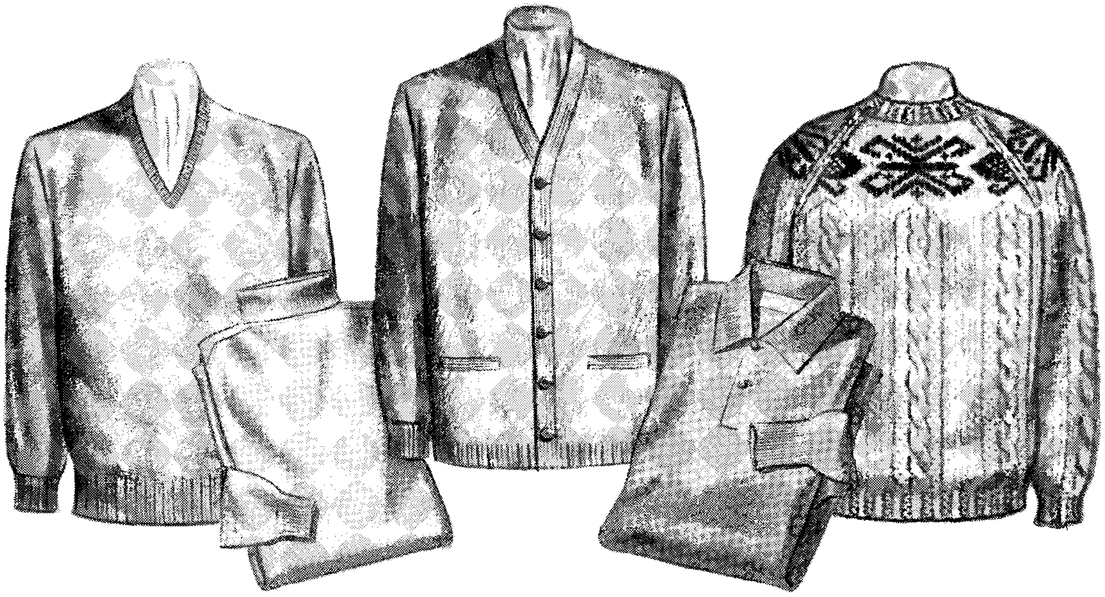

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in an adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Joel Grey and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Golden Age—An entertainment drawing on the words and music of the Elizabethan Age, with a script compiled by Richard Johnson and music assembled by Sydney Beck. The company includes Douglas Campbell (who is also the director), Nancy Wickwire, Douglas Rain, and Lester Rawlins, plus instrumentalists and singers. Presented for a four-week engagement by Arthur Cantor and E. E. Fogelson. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 18. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 3.)

Once for the Asking—Scott McKay and Jan Sterling in a comedy by Owen G. Arno. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by Jon Burgin and Bruno di Cosmi. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—Ossie Davis turns a minor role into a major one in this cheerful, slapdash musical about Barbados. Talley Beatty's dances are lively, and Irving Burgie's songs rate B-plus for music, C-minus for words. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Morgan Sterne. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

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Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A philosophical whodunit by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, in which a government official investigates the judicial authorities of "a foreign city" to find out which one of them has been dealing with the underworld. The first act is good; the second and third acts tend to get a little high-flown and stagy. With C. K. Alexander, Alan Oppenheimer, and Muni Seroff, all of whom do well. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Journey to the Day—Shirley Knight in a play by Roger O. Hirson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Maids and **Bedlam Galore for Two or More**—Two one-act plays, the first by Jean Genet and the second by Eugène Ionesco, both translated by Bernard Frechtman. With Lee Grant, Kathleen Widdoes, and Henderson Forsythe. Opens Thursday, Nov. 14. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A play by Lewis John Carlino. Preview Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 15. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

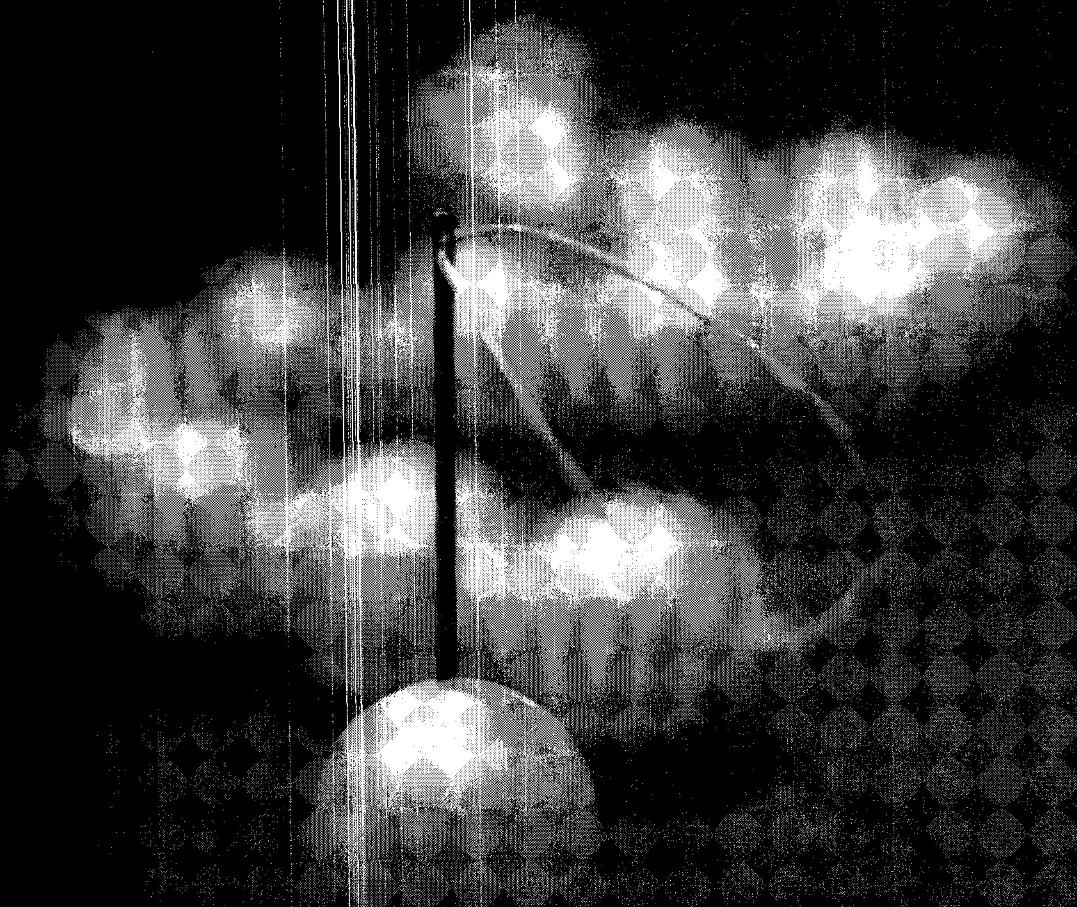
Walk in Darkness—An inept but well-intentioned melodrama about a Negro soldier who is stationed in Germany, and the local girl he falls in love with. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

BALLET

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians, in a program including two new ballets. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 1.)

MISCELLANY

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by a company appearing here for the first time. "An Unusual Concert" will be presented every evening and at the matinées on Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Saturday, Nov. 23. "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" will



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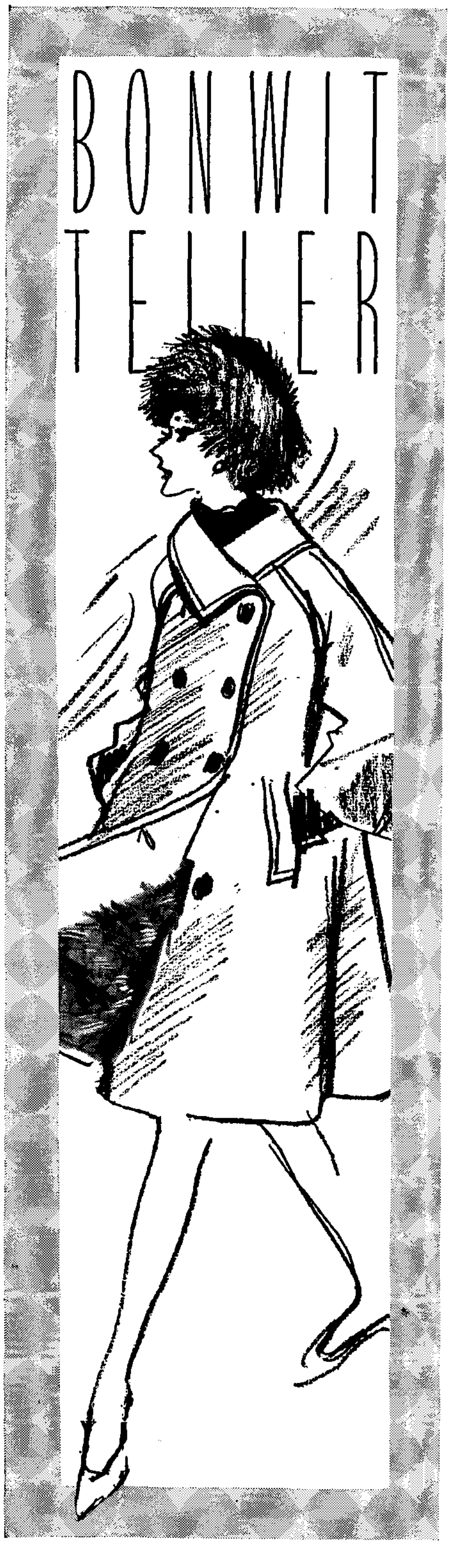

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be done at the matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at noon and 3:15. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)

ANTA Program—Margaret Webster in a second performance of "No Coward Soul," her solo program concerning the Brontë sisters, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA, as one in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Friday, Nov. 22, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4563.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—So vivid are the youth, beauty, and soprano of Diahann Carroll that one accepts the overexuberance of her brief moments as torrential firebird and settles for the splendid rest of her dinner and supper amusement, to which Warren Meyers' piano arabesques add a great deal. The Enrique Madriguera orchestra, which hangs around all evening, is a good dance band. The scene is the Royal Box. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A lot of new people have moved into the neighborhood, which gives the old settlers something besides their affairs, public and private, to talk about. They converse under cover of Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small collection of hummingbirds does the music in the dignified Café Pierre. Another band fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A star of the first magnitude, composed of flaming helium (or maybe flaming sequins), can be descried after dusk in the Persian Room, glowing with special brightness during dinner and supper. She is Ethel Merman, come to see that vigorous justice is done to the best of Gershwin, Porter, and Berlin. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's groups do the dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. No music Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Hildegarde's old formula (a dash of soothing syrup in every lyric) is on exhibit in the Grill at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw's orchestra pours out the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Old-school ties are to be worn in the Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's starry-eyed orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is in its old, easygoing state of mind—great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

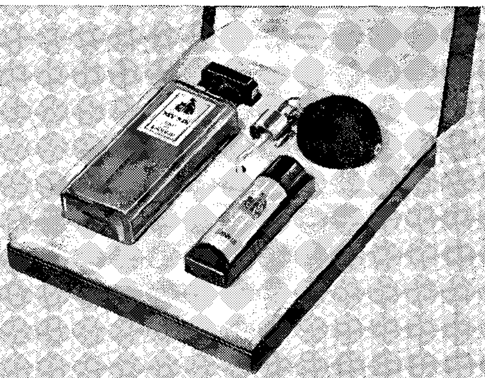
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Alan King, who reports to the Empire Room at mealtimes, is tilting with fine effect at several of the nation's biggest windmills and windbags. His engrossing oratory comes to an end on Saturday, Nov. 16. On Monday, Nov. 18, the newcomer will be Janet Blair, a tiny but efficacious dandelion, caroller, and all-round American girl. The old family retainers, a Meyer Davis dance orchestra and Horace Diaz's band, will keep on providing plenty of steam heat. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll through this Florentine garden, one can encounter such cosmopolitan company as Puccini, Mimi, Scarpia, and Cio-Cio-San. Their music master is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. As counterpoint, there's a tenor, Nino Veri, who pokes fun at all operatics. Thursday through Sunday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The sort of drawing room in which one would expect to find Lady Windermere's fan is what Bobby Short, whose voice and piano have that five-star-final, three-in-the-morning whoosh, is using for his town house this season. He begins around ten or so, and stays away every Monday. Inevitably and happily, Beverly Peer is one of his sidekicks. The piano of Otis Clements, which is filled with pleasing but less exultant social amenities, goes on from five to ten. On Tuesday, Nov. 19, Mr. Short and his sidemen will be moving downstairs to the much larger **EMBASSY CLUB,** where they'll proceed on their current timetable. Mr. Clements will keep on being where he is, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this castle keep. Around the castle courtyard strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dis-

Dusting Powder for after the bath, $5.



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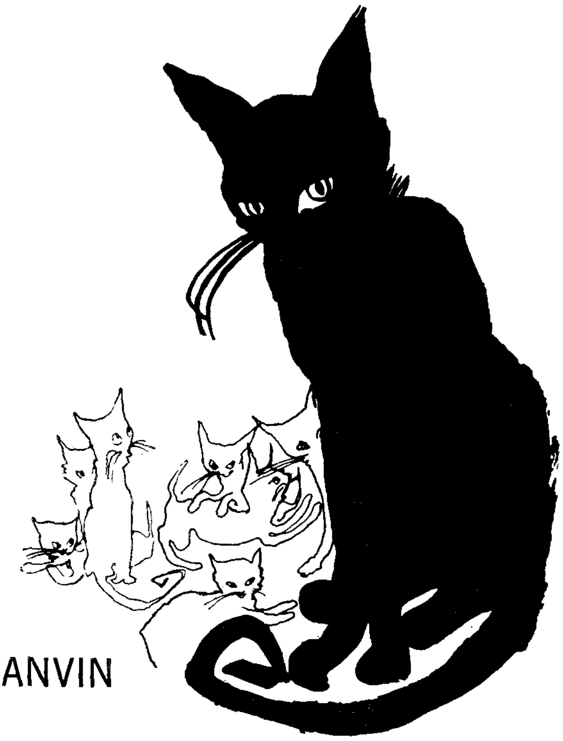

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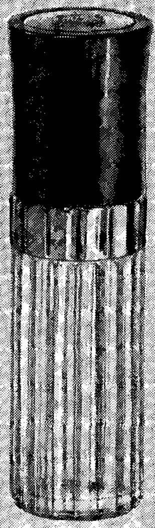

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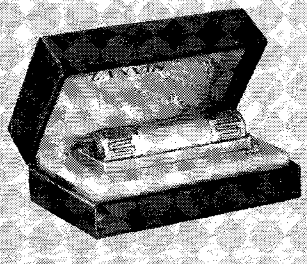

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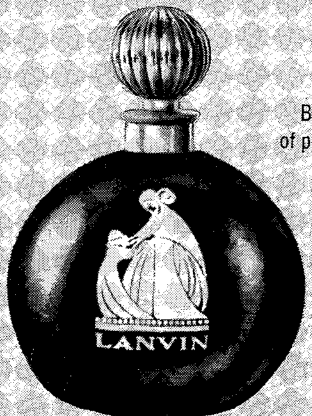

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

missed at one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes over on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flotilla of accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the attitude, and unobtrusive is the piano that converses, off and on, from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unequivocally Spanish. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sunday, they find a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar of a restaurant that reminds one of dining in state in San Francisco or Sausalito, a full-fledged organ muses from five-thirty to seven and from eleven to three every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has conversational dinner-and-supper piano by Budd Gregg. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Hard by the cocktail shakers, Joan Bishop chooses with care the notes of her piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty. No music Sundays.

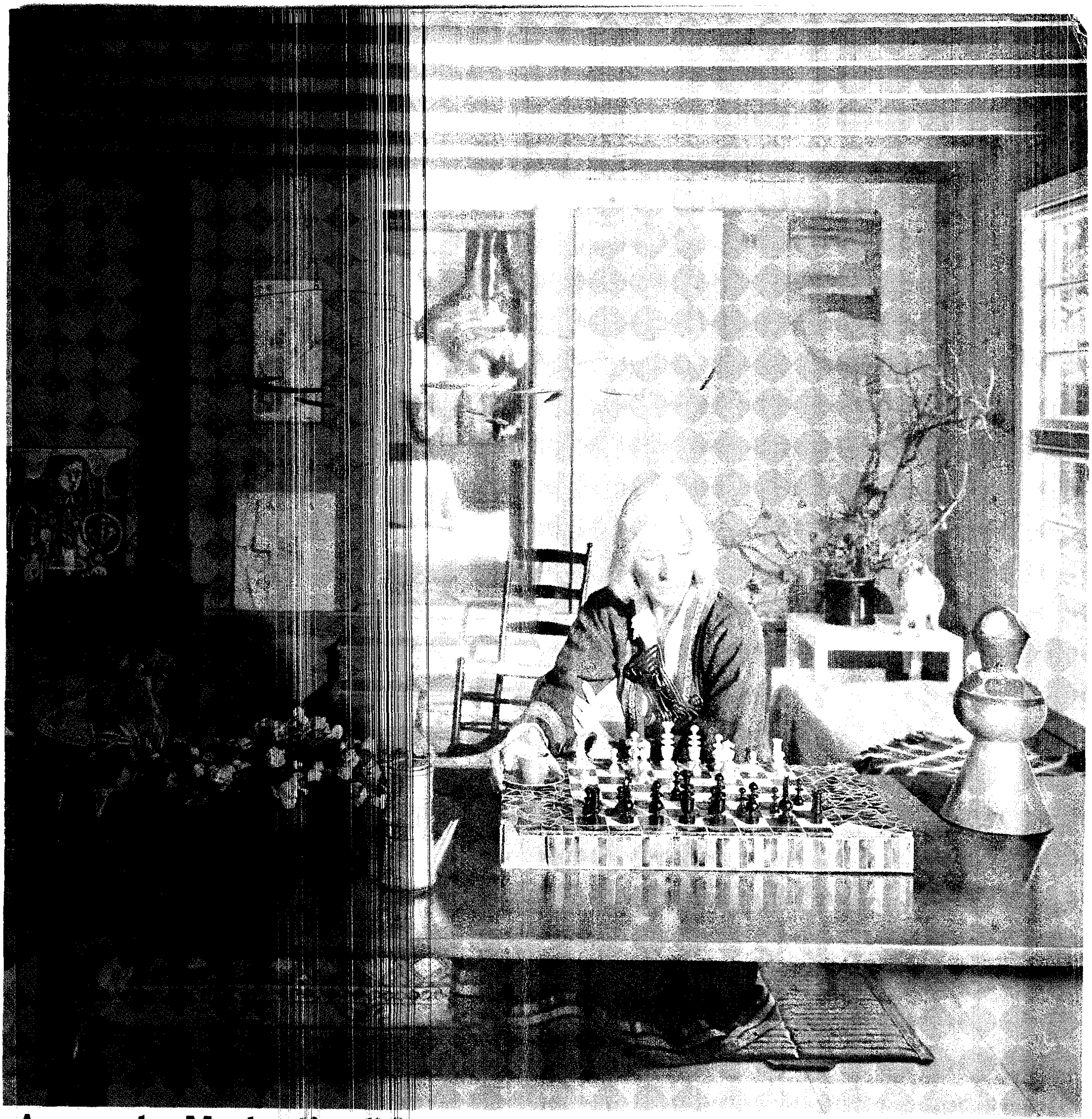
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Where once the Wizard of Oz held court, a new kingdom, "Say It with Diamonds," will open its borders to all comers on Friday, Nov. 15. Among the comers onstage will be the Kim Sisters, who are the Andrews Sisters of Korea; a lacing of European variety acts; and the Latin Quarter's upstanding army of Wacs, all of them choreographed by Donald Saddler. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): A funny thing happens to folk songs and nursery rhymes on their way to Allan Sherman's voice. He's embedded in the customary assortment of singers, dancers, and chorus girls. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Turn up the video knob and turn down the audio knob, for the big, unbreakable dolls and the Charleston hoofers are the sole benefits to be derived from George White's newest and least gracious "Scandals." Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," the Julius Monk revue that is his dissenting opinion on many an American way and mean, has been on the town for more than a year now, but custom has not yet got around to withering its infinite variety. Gerry Matthews is the sole survivor of the starting lineup, but he gets efficient support from such as Fredricka Weber, Carol Morley, and Jamie Ross. Game time is eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Rolf Harris is an out-of-context Australian, for despite his semi-demi native folk songs he's really a comedian in the most Rabelaisian (and terribly funny) British music-hall tradition; Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara are funny in the best American tradition of domestic infelicity; Mara Lynn Brown is a standard sort of canary. Dinner and supper are part of the routine. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The players of the Second City company don't all keep regular hours, but Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, who are enough to delight anyone, are devoting all of their time to its current no-cow-is-sacred revue. Bob Dishy is reputedly present, too. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-1711): "The New Establishment," the third edition of a London charivari addressed to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty, still has some stuffing to be removed from its own shirt, but Peter Cook, its eminent principal author and thinker, is working on that. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the cast—Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethancourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby are the rest of it—is new. The lyrics are by Stephen Vinaver. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty and Sundays at four and eight. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Teddy Wilson's jazz trio, which has a nightcap in the bar after the second show. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): On Friday, Nov. 15, "Twice Over Nightly," a revue in which Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, and MacIntyre Dixon are the merry grigs, should commence its trial runs on the schedule implied by its name. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, a fountainhead of well-worded lyrics, is singing in her special bittersweet fashion. Her base of operations is the **DOWNSTAIRS**. Sam Hamilton, it should go without saying, is her accompanist. Half past ten is when they begin. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who throw a couple of grandstand plays into every choral or instrumental essay, are now doing dance music as well, and fervently. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturdays they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at nine-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The pandemonious Mae Barnes has returned to the scene of her prime, bringing with her her juggernaut manner, voice, and ditties. Betty Kean and Lew Parker are engaged in more of their don't-spare-the-horses buffoonery; Tiger Haynes and his band, the Three Flames, are engaged in *their* buffoonery. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Something keeps drawing Matt Dennis, par-excellence sweet singer and pianist in a dozen oc-



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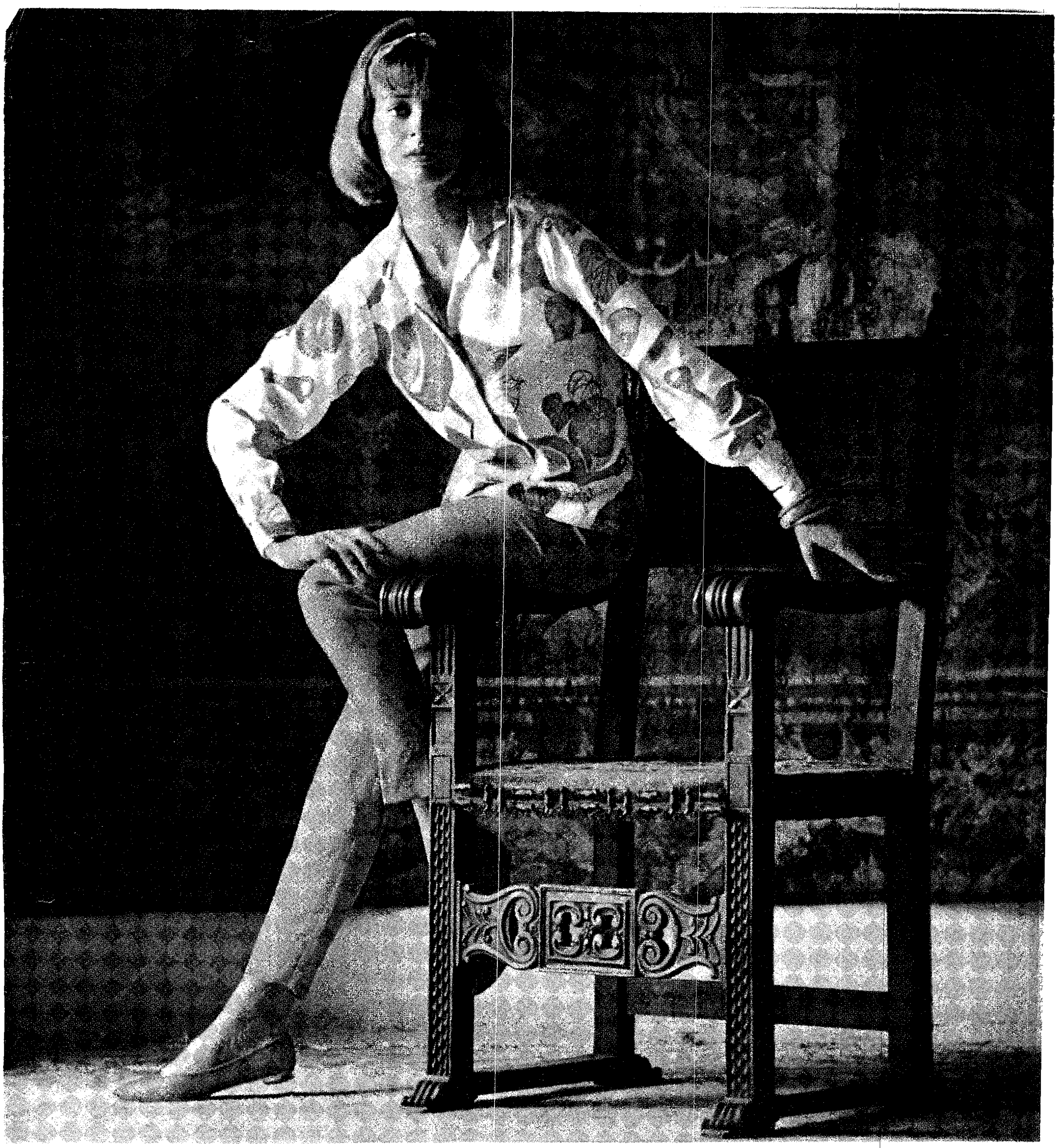

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

taves, back to this odd way of night life, so he and Mrs. D. (Ginny, that is) are playing battledore and shuttlecock with his light-as-air words and music, which are about as good as you can get these days. The rest of the entertainment is not always quite believable. The Dennises depart on Sunday, Nov. 17.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis is often to be seen lurking in the underbrush near his quintet, which he occasionally encourages with a few sequences on the horn. Blossom Dearie's lost-in-the-clouds singing enhances the trio that is part of her deal. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The chief musician right now is Della Reese, a bit-in-her-teeth soprano, and pretty good of her kind. There is also Shelley Berman, a foremost exponent of the Nervous Set, and his musings on why we all seem to be coming apart. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Gloria Lynne, the singer of note here, regards ballads as obstacles to be hurdled as rapidly as possible. George Morel, an expert, if beaten-path, guitarist, is around, too. He'll be replaced on Tuesday, Nov. 19, by Roland Kirk's quartet of progressives. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village standard for its genre. The Serendipity Singers, who are country song and country music, hold the floor. They are absent Tuesdays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The time: long, long ago. The place: a Mississippi flatboat. The cast: Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): The kind of beat that Damon Runyon might have patrolled. Through the hubbub one can often hear the skillful voice and organ of Joe Mooney, an early experimenter in new art forms. Chuck Wayne's triad represents another form of experimentation. Mr. Mooney is off duty Sundays, the Waynes are off duty Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which there is a great improvement in attitude, because of Jack Teagarden, a national monument, and his band. On Monday, Nov. 18, Woody Herman's rackety-rackety band replaces the Teagardens. Red Allen's thunderers are practically permanent participants. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Ruth Brown is singing in a spot where singers are rare birds. The quintet of Joe Newman, a Basie alumnus, does the rest of the job, along with a new group, the Rhythm Section, containing Philly Joe Jones and Red Garland. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The fivesome led by Allan Eager moves out from among the hero sandwiches on Sunday, Nov. 17; on Tuesday, Nov. 19, the fivesome headed by Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer moves back in. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Thelonious Monk, never a man to stay in one place for long, is again at his favorite sport of now-you-see-me-now-you-don't. Anyway, his band is usually there, and Roland Hanna's threesome is always there. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, captained by Larry Rivers, an art-gallery exhibitor who has certainly lost his way. It plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The talk is that Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and Dave McKenna have just gone into action on behalf of Dixie. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, Jonah Jones and quartet let off almost unnoticed firecrackers when Harold Quinn isn't doing solo piano. Their day off is Sunday, when Louis Metcalf's quartet acts up. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, graduated from solo piano to leader of a band, runs a trio in the very modern manner. No music Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Saturday's child will find here, on his namesake day, a harking back to dear old *autre temps*. On Nov. 16, Jimmy and Marian McPartland will do one of their scarce joint recitals, with a band in tow, and Louis Metcalf's quartet will come along, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 118 W. 48th St. (JU 6-9563): More like the late 52nd Street strip than anything that's happened in quite a while—pale lights, tin roof, and all the rest. Ahmad Abdul-Malik and Dick Wellstood are at work in one corner until early morn. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings by a Belgian artist who works in Paris; through Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ARONSON—Figurative paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a Lithuanian-born American; through Nov. 30. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MILTON AVERY—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Dec. 7. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Small landscape studies in oil; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract paintings and collages; through Nov. 29. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Closed Saturdays.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Figurative oils and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—Paintings and drawings by the late poet, plus paintings of stage sets for a Cummings play by Ben Shahn; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL (1914-55)—Abstractions by this Russian-born Paris artist; through Nov. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Abstract collages, 1943-63; through Nov. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

WALTER FELDMAN—Paintings done on a trip to Mexico; through Nov. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LÉONOR FINI—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Still-lifes of underwater subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Landscapes mostly; through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Water colors, chiefly of Puerto Rico; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings and paintings of the sea; through Nov. 30. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstractions; through Dec. 7. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

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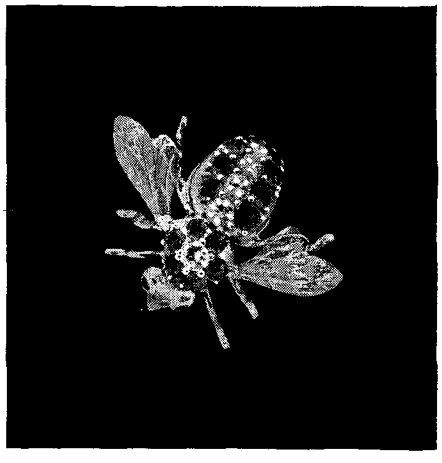

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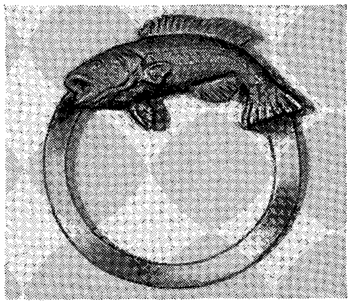

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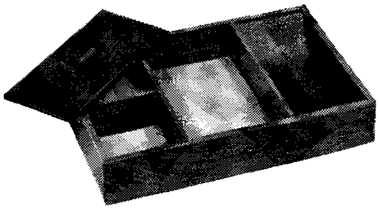

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Argentine artist; through Dec. 2. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

William Gropper—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—Abstract Expressionist oils by a Spanish-born American artist; through Dec. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Renato Guttuso—Drawings that this Italian artist did for the film "The Condemned of Altona;" through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Nov. 29. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St.)

Geoffrey Holder—Paintings, primarily figure studies, by this Trinidadian artist (and dancer); through Dec. 2. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Alfred Jensen—Abstract and figurative paintings; through Dec. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Jones (1909-63)—Paintings done between 1947 and the time of his death; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

John Paul Jones—Paintings and small bronzes; through Nov. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Benjamin Kopman—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Irving Marantz—Paintings from Rome, 1962-63; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Abstract collages in aluminum; through Nov. 30. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Abstract oil paintings and ink drawings; through Nov. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Miró and Artigas—Sculptures in ceramic created by Miró and fashioned by him and Artigas; through Nov. 30. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—A loan exhibition of paintings and two sculptures; through Dec. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Oils, water colors, and drawings, from the Dutch modernist's own collection; through Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Juan Nickford—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

George Picken—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings, mostly landscapes; through Dec. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Anne Poor—Flowers, landscapes, and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large silk-screen paintings in color; through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Paintings by a Japanese modern; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph J. Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Nov. 30. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Théophile-Alexandre Steinlen (1859-1923)—Drawings, pastels, and water colors by the French artist; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum—Drawings, silverpoints, pastels, and other works; through Nov. 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Abstractions by this Spanish painter; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Van Day Truex—Wash drawings, mainly of French scenes; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

Claude Venard—Provence is the theme of a dozen paintings by this School of Paris artist; through Nov. 25. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—Figurative gouache paintings done in Mexico; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Master Drawings—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, with examples ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Art of Tuscany—A showing of paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Dec. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Artist and Maecenas: A Tribute to Curt Valentin—The inaugural exhibition at the new Marlborough-Gerson Gallery (41 E. 57th St.) is a benefit dedicated to the memory of Mr. Valentin and includes many paintings and sculptures (by such artists as David Smith, Henry Moore, Braque, and Picasso) that he sold to private collectors and museums; through Dec. 7.

Bragaline Collection—A benefit loan exhibition of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by, among others, Miró, Soutine, and Modigliani, from the collection of Edward A. Bragaline; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual exhibit, comprising sixty-seven pieces (by Dorothy Dehner, Ezio Martinelli, Joseph Konzal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 24. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Soviet Graphic Arts—An exchange display, including about four hundred lithographs, woodcuts, linocuts, etchings, original drawings, and book illustrations; through Nov. 24. (Time & Life Building Exhibition Center, Rockefeller Center. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Sculptures—At the **Emmerich**, 17 E. 64th St.: A showing of the art of ancient Mexico (from the second millennium B.C. to the Aztecs) being held in conjunction with the publication of the book "Art Before Columbus," by André Emmerich; through Nov. 30. . . . **Segy**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Dec. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Show—The fiftieth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—George Bellows, J. H. Twachtman, and Gustav Loiseau are three of the artists represented in a show called "Waters, Salt and Sweet;" through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Auslander**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Oils, pastels, and drawings make up an exhibit called "Europeans, Vuillard to de Staël;" through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Three French landscapists—Boudin, Corot, and Courbet; through Saturday, Nov. 16. . . . **Niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Van Dongen, Rouault, Segonzac, Appel, and other French artists; through Nov. 30. . . . **St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: "Panorama of Yugoslav Primitive Art," paintings and sculptures by contemporary peasant artists; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Note: There will be a benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by American artists (including Milton Avery, Alexander Brook, and William King) at the Little Red School House, 196 Bleecker St., on Friday, Nov. 15, from 8 P.M. to 11 P.M.; Saturday, Nov. 16, from 1 to 10; and Sunday, Nov. 17, from 1 to 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Venetian paintings of the sixteenth century, by Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and others; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by Francis Bacon, one of Britain's leading painters; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A set of seven eighteenth-century Royal Gobelin tapestries, depicting the Biblical story of Queen Esther; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—A retrospective of paintings (interior scenes and portraits) by John Koch; through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—The first exhibition in this new museum is made up of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella, America's leading Futurist; through Dec. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.) Good complements to this exhibition are the Stella shows at the Salpeter Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., and (through Saturday) at the Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Curtis-Verna, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Nicoletta Panni, Janet Pavek, Carlo Bergonzi, Vladimir Ruzdak, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Mignon Dunn, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Jan Peerce, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Gladys Kuchta, Lisa Della Casa, Jeanette Scovotti, Murray Dickie, Jerome Hines, Fernando Corena, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: In honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Giovanni Martinelli's Metropolitan Opera début, a program consisting of scenes and arias from operas in which he appeared. With, among others, Irene Dalis, Anna Moffo, Lucine Amara, Zinka Milanov, Carlo Bergonzi, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, Cesare Siepi, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Joann Grillo, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Curtis-Verna, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, Ernst Wiemann, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Sándor Kónya, Paul Schöffler, Giorgio Tozzi, Karl Dönch, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Raina Kabaivanska, Jolanda Meneguzzer, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Siepi, and Lawrence Davidson.

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Rigoletto," the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Josef Krips conducting on Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting an all-Beethoven program on Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 22, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Schubert program, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Leon Fleisher and the Festival Orchestra—The pianist in a joint benefit concert with the orchestra, conducted by Thomas Dunn. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Joseph Iadone, lute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Theodora," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Michael Tree—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Three programs with Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday,

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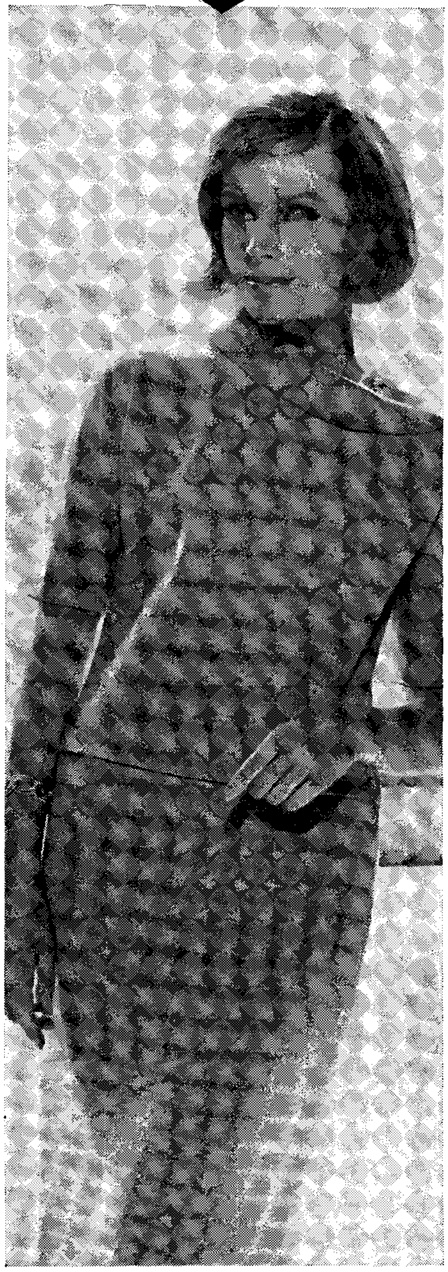

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Nov. 15, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, the first two in a series of six all-Mozart programs, the latter also with Myron Bloom, horn. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Sonya Monosoff, violin; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and Janos Scholz, viola da gamba. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Netherlands String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

The Tarriers—Folk singers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the performance.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Gary Towlen—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Jerome Rappaport—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Krainis Baroque Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Esther Glazer—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Lee Luvisi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

New Danish Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Marina Mdivani—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Richard Cass—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Note—The Netherlands String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 18, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Dave Brubeck's quartet (with Paul Desmond); Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan; and the Clark Terry-Bobby Brookmeyer quintet, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 6:30: Detroit vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 15: Wayne Thornton vs. Gregorio Peralta, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22: Mauro Mina vs. Allen Thomas, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 16** (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown. . . . **saturday, nov. 23** (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 7. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov 16, and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—**concerts for young people:** The second in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Mozart, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **new york philharmonic:** Conducted, in part, by Leonard Bernstein, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 23, at noon.) . . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **gramercy arts children's theatre:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **hilltop productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **maximillion productions:** "Gabriel." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **paper bag players:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1:30.) . . . **peppermint players:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **pickwick puppets:** "Paul Bunyan" and four other plays. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **pocket players:** "Emil and the Detectives." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **elaine w. reynolds productions:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **stage 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30.)

Dance Recital—Mara and Her Dancers presenting "Land Beyond the Milky Way." (Public School No. 198, Third Ave. at 96th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 11. Tickets at the school only, after 10 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶ Paintings by Greek children of kindergarten age; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Prince and the Pauper," with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

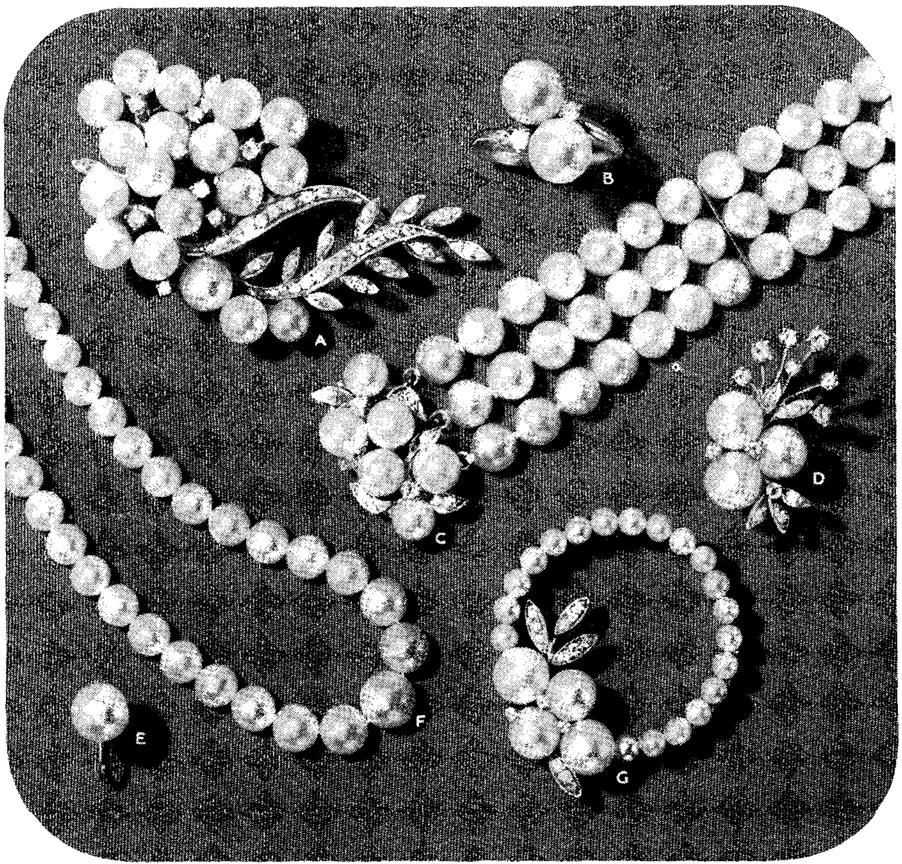
Poetry and Prose Readings—James Purdy reading from his own short stories. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)...¶ Adrienne Rich and William Stafford reading from their own poetry. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Flower Shows—An indoor display entitled "Chrysanthemum Time in Japan." (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 24.)... ¶ The Thanksgiving Flower Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 20, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Nov. 14-15, at 1:45: Jade and other semi-precious-mineral carvings, Chinese bronzes, and other Oriental art; from the estate of Mrs. Christian R. Holmes and from other sources....¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 1:45: Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty, together with tropical fish statuettes modelled by R. Van Ruyckevelt; the property of Lloyd L. Ward, Jr., and others....¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at about 2:30: English furniture, Minton and other cabinet porcelains, Georgian silver and Sheffield plate, table porcelains, glass and silver, and Oriental rugs; from several collectors, among them Arthur S. T. O'Keefe....¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 1:45: Western Americana and other historical manuscripts belonging to Peter Decker and others....¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Raoul Dufy, Jean Dufy, Raphael Soyer, and Mary Callery, together with a group of modern hand-tufted rugs. From various owners, including Paul Gardner. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 16.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 16: "Psycho" (1960), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. The last film in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock."...¶ Nov. 17-20: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

For Christmas...



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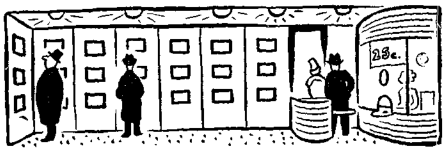
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—From Eugène Atget's loving still photographs of Paris in the early years of this century has been made this extraordinary short, charged with spooky life. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An acting out in human terms of the fierceness of the queen bee's desire for motherhood and the fate of the drone who dares to satisfy her. Unlikely as it seems, an extremely comic picture. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a shining farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 20.)

Dr. No—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Nov. 17.)

8½—A very successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Heavens Above!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 19, tentative.)

Knife in the Water—A harsh comedy of middle-class life behind the Polish end of the Iron Curtain. Superbly directed by Roman Polanski. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Nov. 19.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—The reason you have to be sure to see this is that there's this dreadful Canadian who has murdered ten perfectly innocent people and is just about to murder an eleventh when along comes . . . In the huge cast, some recognizable and some not, are Kirk Douglas, George C. Scott, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, Gladys Cooper, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster. John Huston directed. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 20, evening performances only.)

Lord of the Flies—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down-to-earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a fine, cracking pace. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The L-Shaped Room—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a number of other skilled performers. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 19.)

Sanjuro—A blood-and-thunder account of how virtue triumphs over evil in what purports to be nineteenth-century Japan but might as well be Graustark. Wittily directed by Akira Kurosawa, and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 15.)

The Suitor—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf, with highly comic consequences. Pierre Etaix is the young French star. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 19.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Hilarious hanky-panky in the London underworld, where Peter Sellers rules the roost and Lionel Jeffries proves a pitiably inept police scourge. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 20.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 15-18.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 15-16.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Nov. 17.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 19.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 19, tentative.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 17-18.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter (1961)—The apotheosis of the custard pie and the runaway train in a series of excerpts from early silent films. The stars include Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Pearl White. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 20.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 14.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it, and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 19, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 15-18.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 20.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 19.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 19.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 19.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 14.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Nov. 17.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel concerning underworld doings in Europe. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 14.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 17-18.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 15.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 15-18.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 16.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 15-18.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 19-20.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 14.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 20.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 16.)

The Window (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 15-16.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 19: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Nov. 20: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Nov. 18: "Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From Nov. 19: "High and Low" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Tiara Tahiti," James Mason, John Mills.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
From Nov. 17, at 8: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy. (Opening night will be a benefit. For information about tickets, call TN 7-4381. Thereafter weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
8½ (in Italian).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Nov. 19: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Nov. 20: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and another feature, to be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 19: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.
From Nov. 20: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 19: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford; and "Love in the Afternoon," revival, Gary Cooper.
From Nov. 20: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW;** and "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 19 (tentative): **HEAVENS ABOVE!;** and **DAVID AND LISA,** revival.
From Nov. 20 (tentative): "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Nov. 19: "The Face of War," a Swedish-Japanese documentary, with an English narration.
From Nov. 20: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 19: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.
From Nov. 20: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
SUMMERTIME, revival; "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Family Diary" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 19: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 20: "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 19 (tentative): "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 19: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.
From Nov. 20: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 19: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker; and "Jazz Boat," Anthony Newley.
From Nov. 20: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Square of Violence," Broderick Crawford.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 14: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers; and "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
Nov. 15-18: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE,** revival; and **PATHS OF GLORY,** revival.
From Nov. 19: **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 15: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel.
Nov. 16-19: "The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell; and "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward.
From Nov. 20: **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER,** revival; and "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 19: **THE SUITOR** (in French).
From Nov. 20: **GENEVIÈVE,** revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND,** revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Nov. 14: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS,** revival; and **THE THIRD MAN,** revival.
Nov. 15-16: **THE BIG SLEEP,** revival; and **THE WINDOW,** revival.
Nov. 17-18: "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais; and "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.
Nov. 19-20: **SUSPICION,** revival; and "Inspector Maigret" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 19: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker; and "Jazz Boat," Anthony Newley.
From Nov. 20: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Square of Violence," Broderick Crawford.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 19: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival; and "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 19: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.
From Nov. 20: "The Incredible Journey," a Walt Disney film; and "The Giant of the Metropolis," Gordon Mitchell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 16: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Nov. 17: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 17: **DR. NO;** and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival.
From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 19: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
From Nov. 20 (tentative): "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 19: "Resurrection" (in Russian), Tamara Syomina.
From Nov. 19, at 8:30: "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy. (Opening night is sold out.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Thérèse" (in French), Emmanuele Riva.

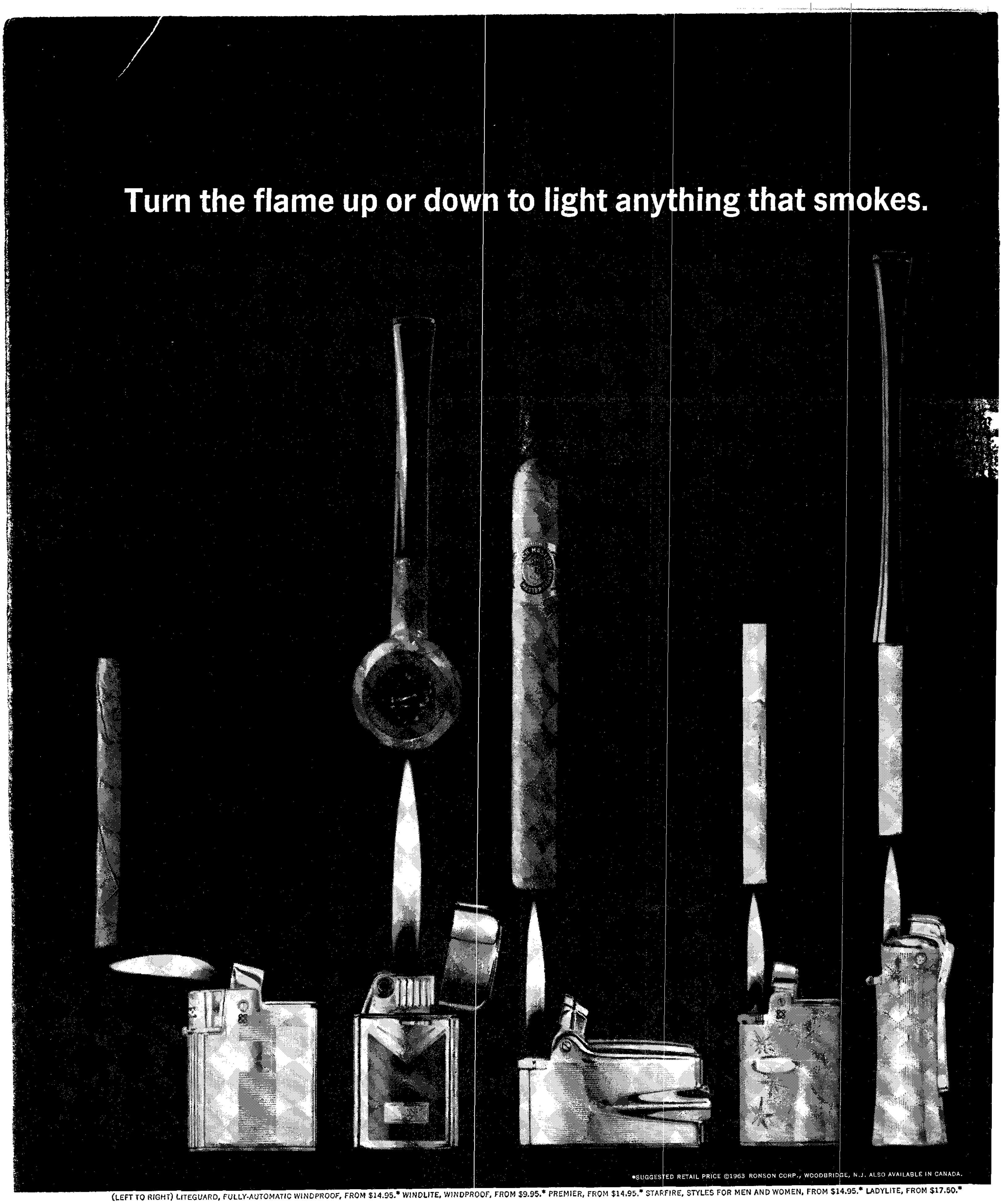
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 19: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker; and "Jazz Boat," Anthony Newley.
From Nov. 20: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Square of Violence," Broderick Crawford.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 14: "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "The 3rd Voice," revival, Edmond O'Brien.
Nov. 15: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Nov. 16: "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff; and "Dracula," revival, Bela Lugosi.
Nov. 17-18: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE,** revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival.
From Nov. 19: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 18: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 19: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM;** and "Please Turn Over," revival, Ted Ray.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 14: **LUST FOR LIFE,** revival; and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival.
Nov. 15-18: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.
From Nov. 19: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 19: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford.
From Nov. 20: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.



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(LEFT TO RIGHT) LITEGUARD, FULLY-AUTOMATIC WINDPROOF, FROM $14.95.* WINDLITE, WINDPROOF, FROM $9.95.* PREMIER, FROM $14.95.* STARFIRE, STYLES FOR MEN AND WOMEN, FROM $14.95.* LADYLITE, FROM $17.50.*

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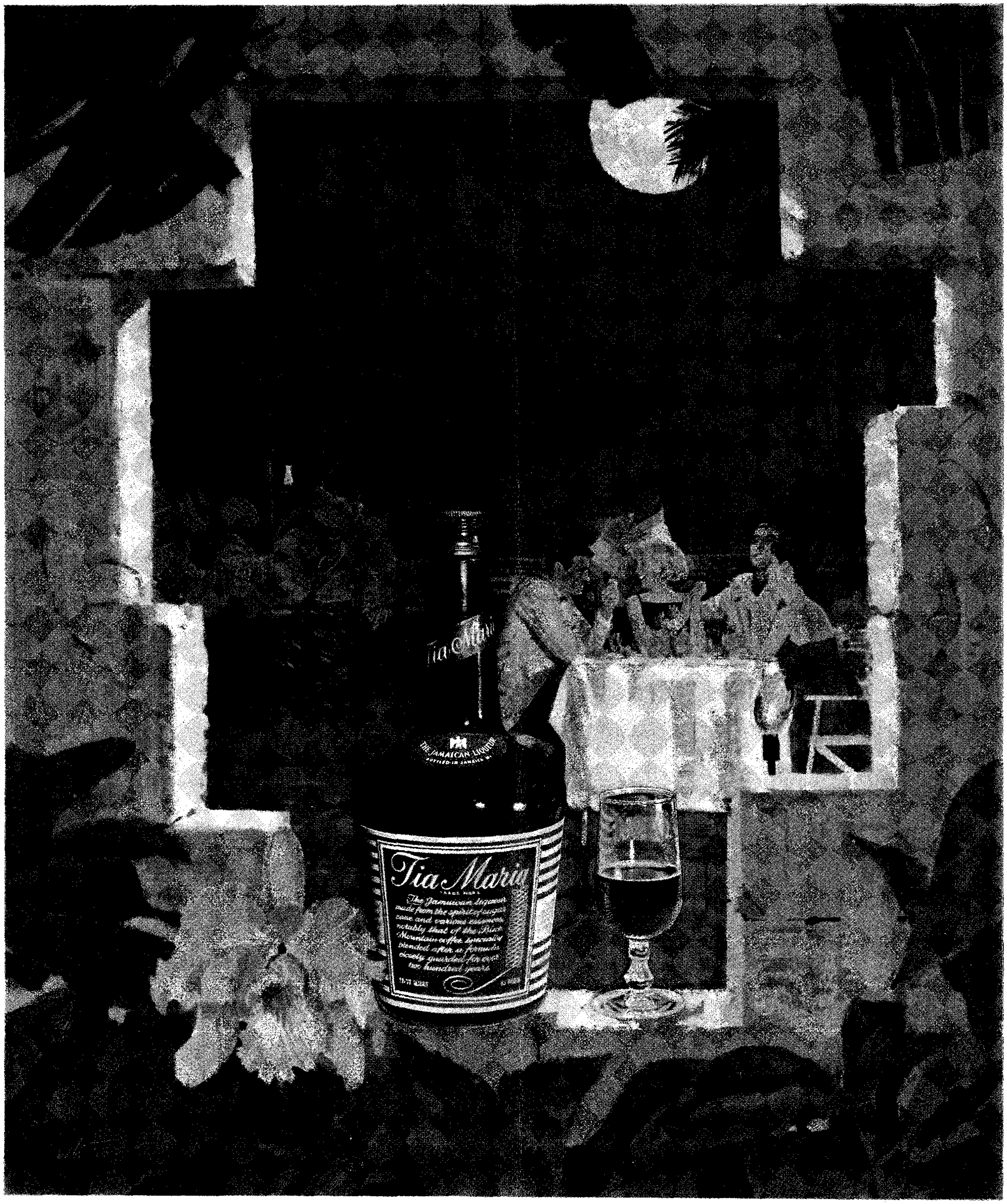
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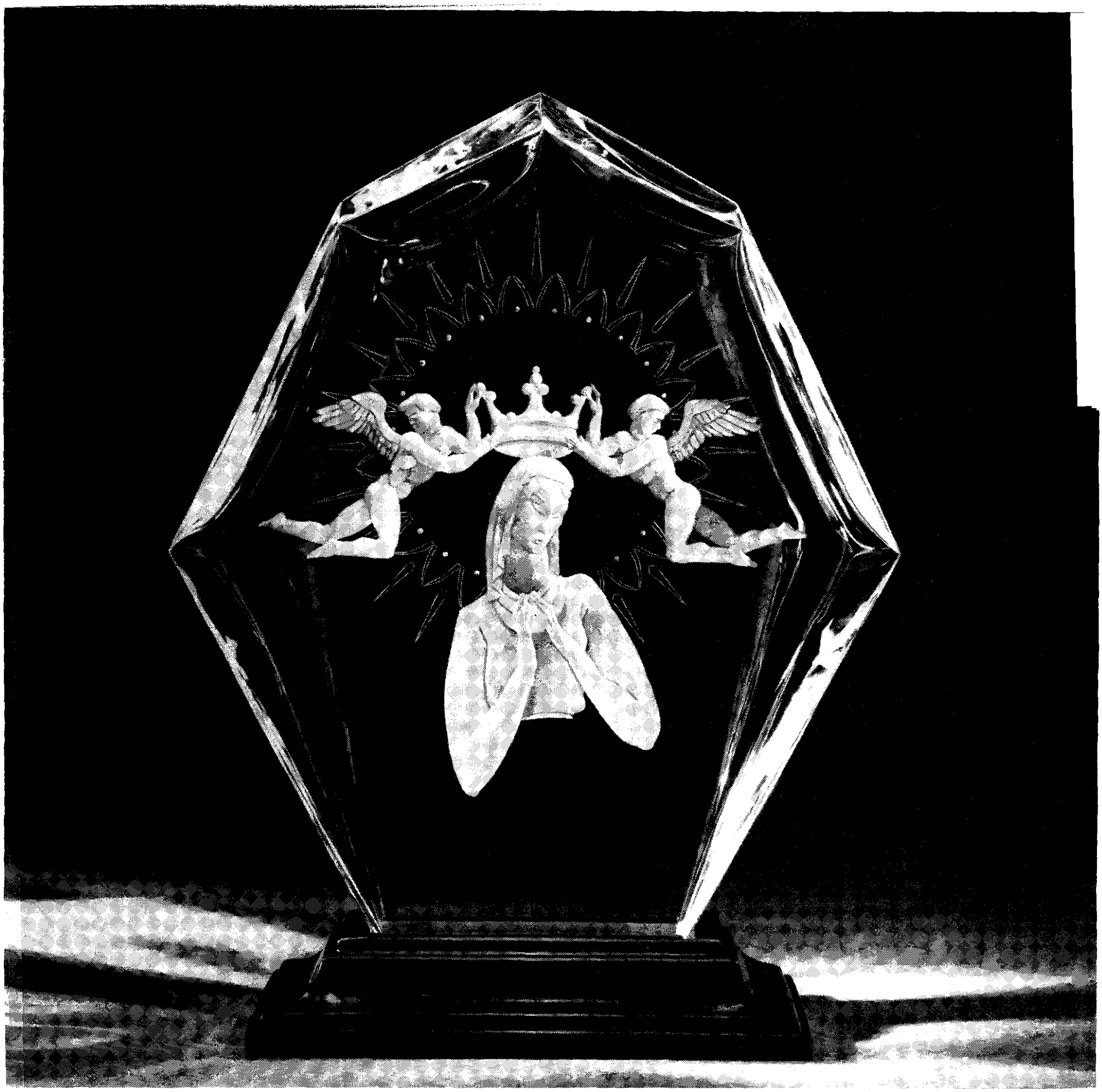

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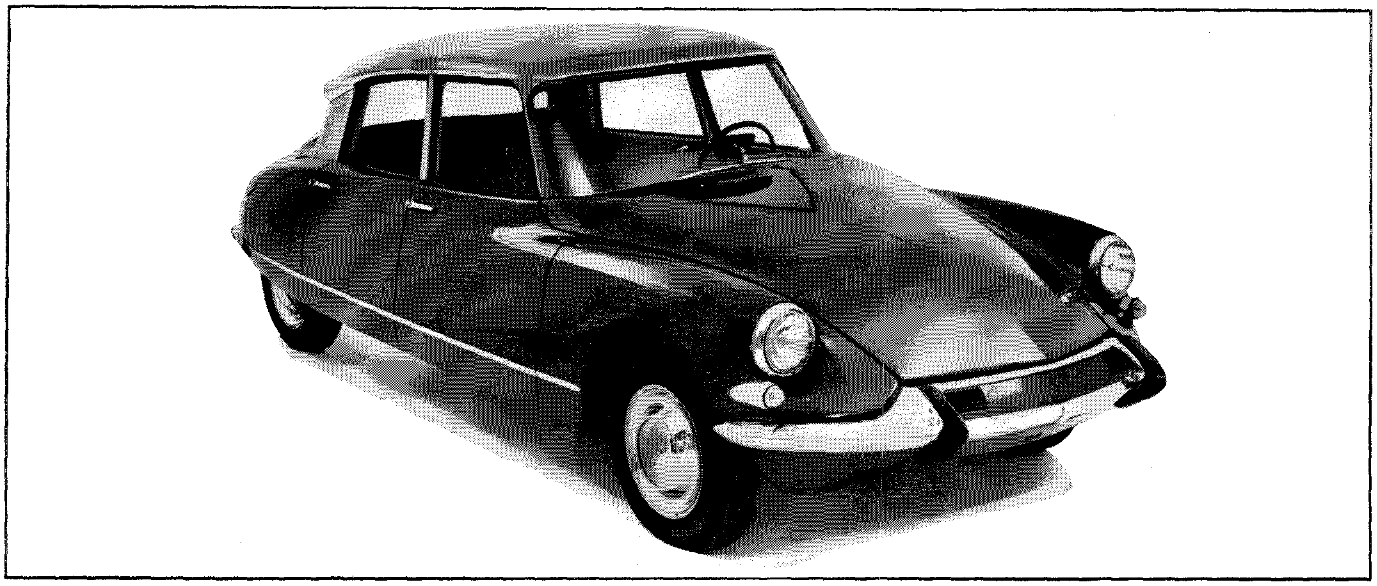

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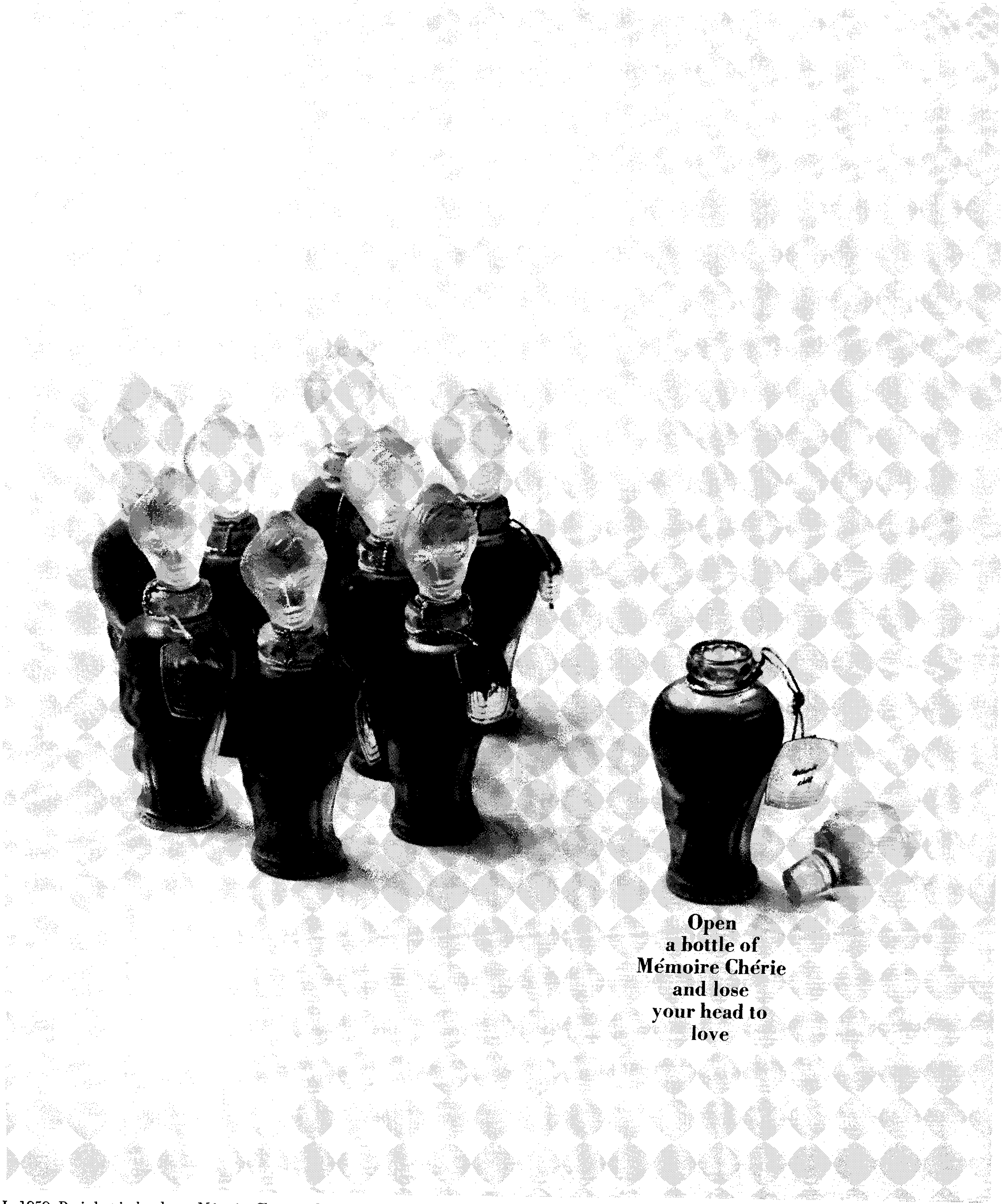
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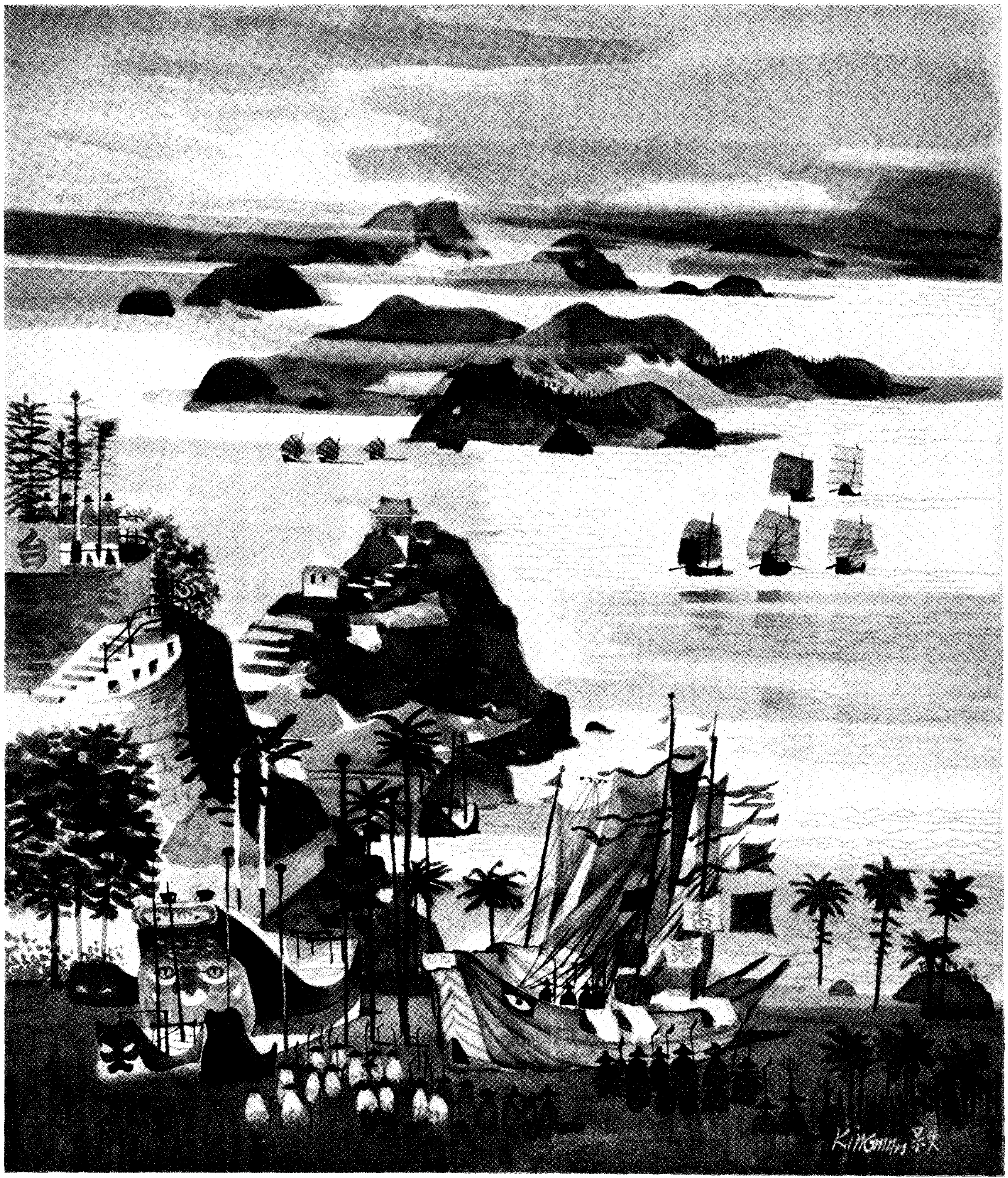

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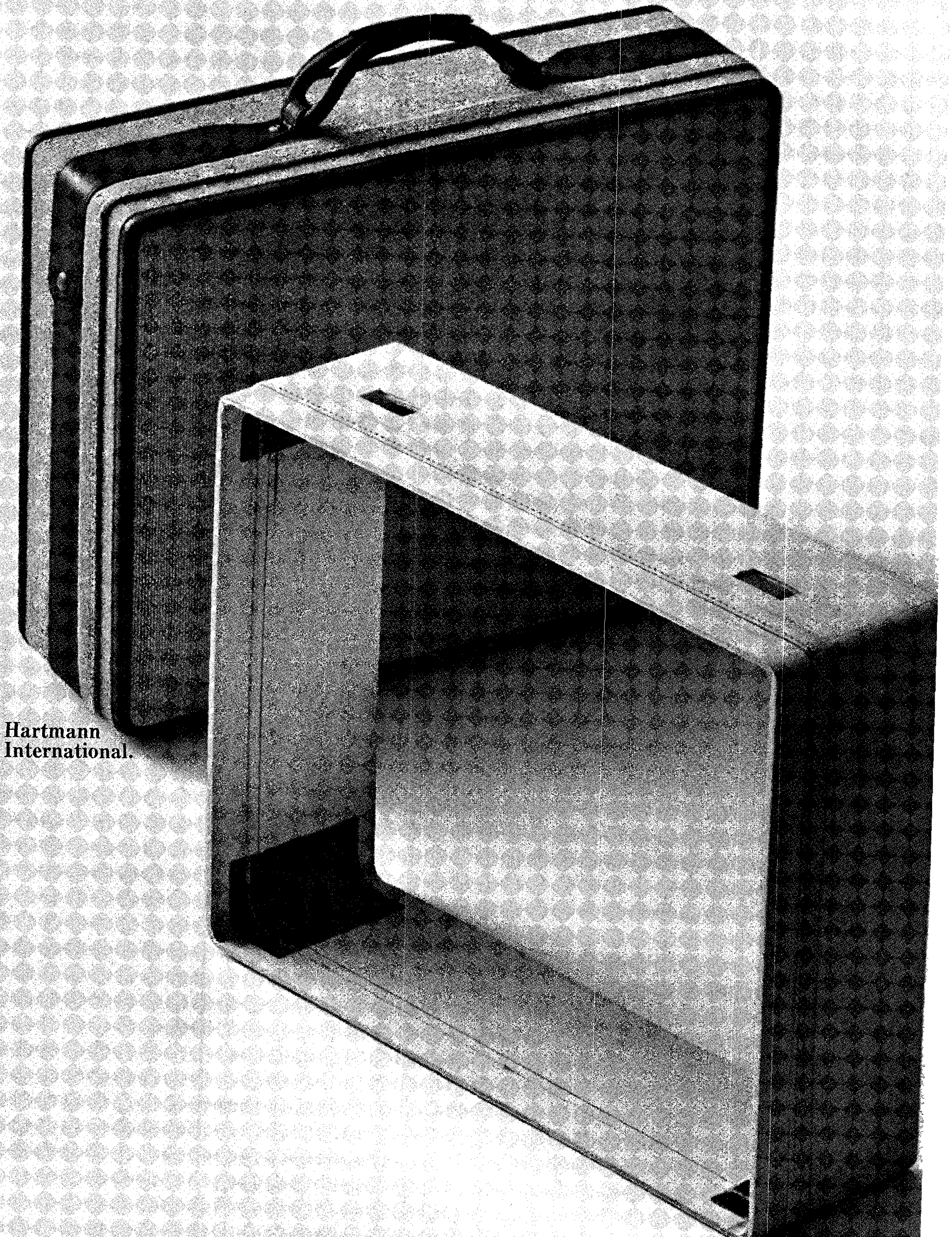
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International.

Why, in the middle of the twentieth century, are we still putting wooden frames into Hartmann luggage?

What's wrong with aluminum? Or steel?

They're not strong enough.

This sounded unlikely to us at first, too. So we tested. And we got an independent testing company to test.

They dropped our cases (and other peoples') from awesome heights. Then they dropped heavy things on the cases.

Finally, we got a major airline to carry our luggage for 100,000 miles or so, loading it and unloading it at every stop.

The results are conclusive:

By far the strongest way to make a suitcase frame is the way that we've always made our cabin trunks.

So we use the same construction in our new Hartmann International luggage. (With a good deal of weight reduction, of course.)

We take four pieces of light, strong basswood and set them into corner pieces, *so that they don't quite touch*. Then we reinforce the corners with tough trunk fiber. (We don't use nails or rivets. They weaken the construction.)

The strength of our Gibraltarized® frames lies in their flexibility. When attacked, they give and spring back. Instead of denting or breaking.

We hasten to say that we have nothing against metals. In their place.

Our Touch-O-Matic* locks are a noteworthy example. Since we've yet to hear of one of them failing, we've decided to guarantee them forever.

Don't bother looking for the locks in the picture, though.

In our International luggage, they're concealed by leather flaps.† (Not only is this fiendishly elegant and utterly exclusive. It also protects the locks and discourages petty thievery.)

But we do suggest you examine our locks in a store. They're simpler to operate than any other lock on the market. They open and close at a touch.

What with all our wood and leather, you must think we're incurable fuddy-duddies.

Not so. These are the only cases to be treated, inside and out, with *Ze pel*® fabric fluoridizer, Du Pont's latest stain-resister. Which also repels oil and water.

(The few stains that don't roll off right away can easily be blotted off or spot cleaned.)

This means that the handsome Belgian flax we use to cover our International luggage is more than likely to stay handsome.

The luggage comes in assorted sizes, for men and women, in beige, green and black.

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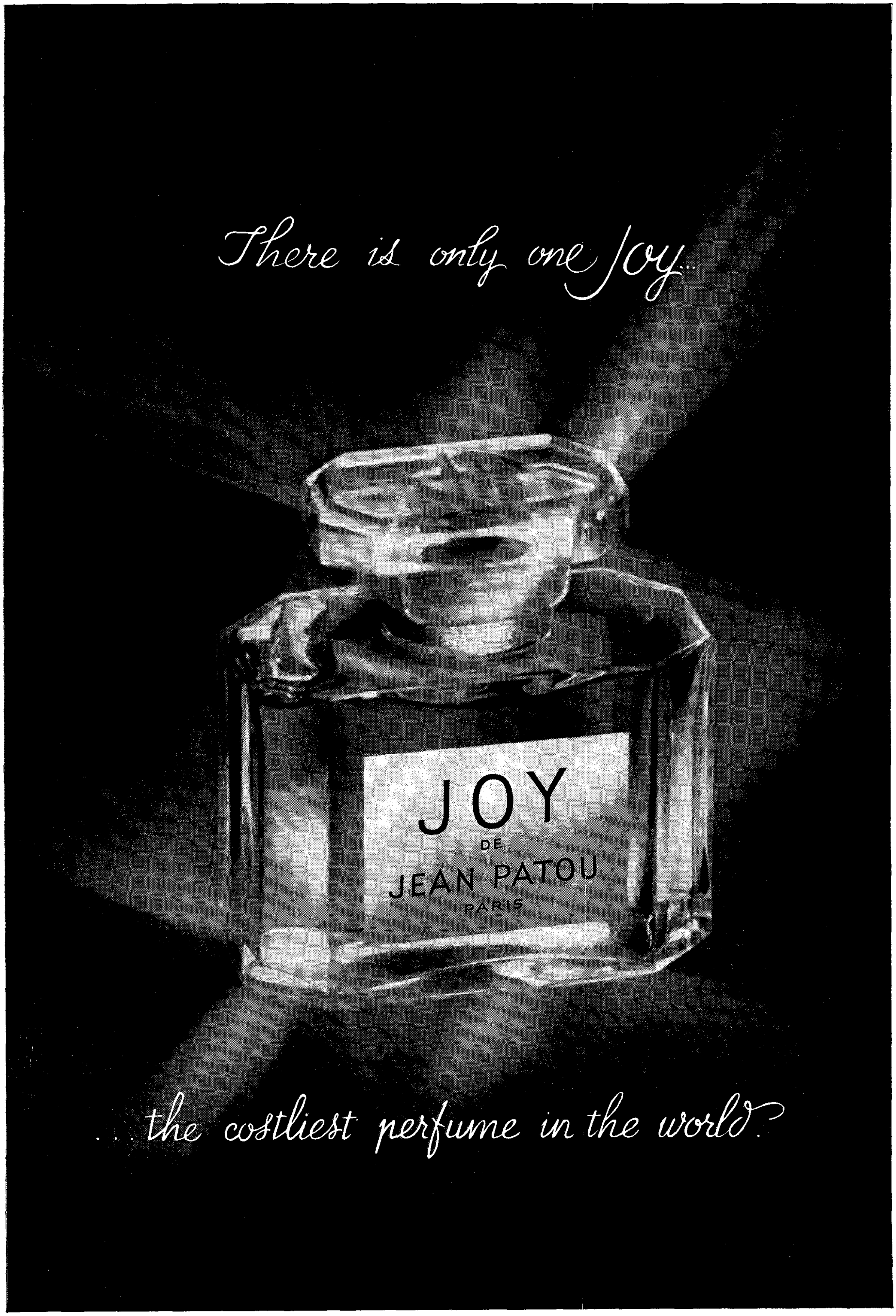
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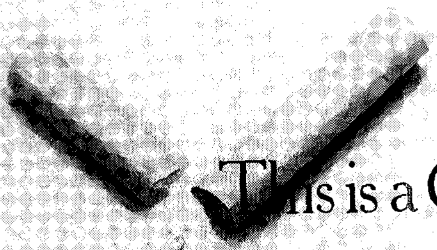

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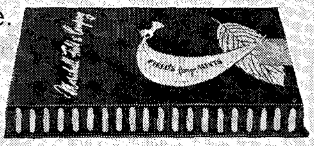

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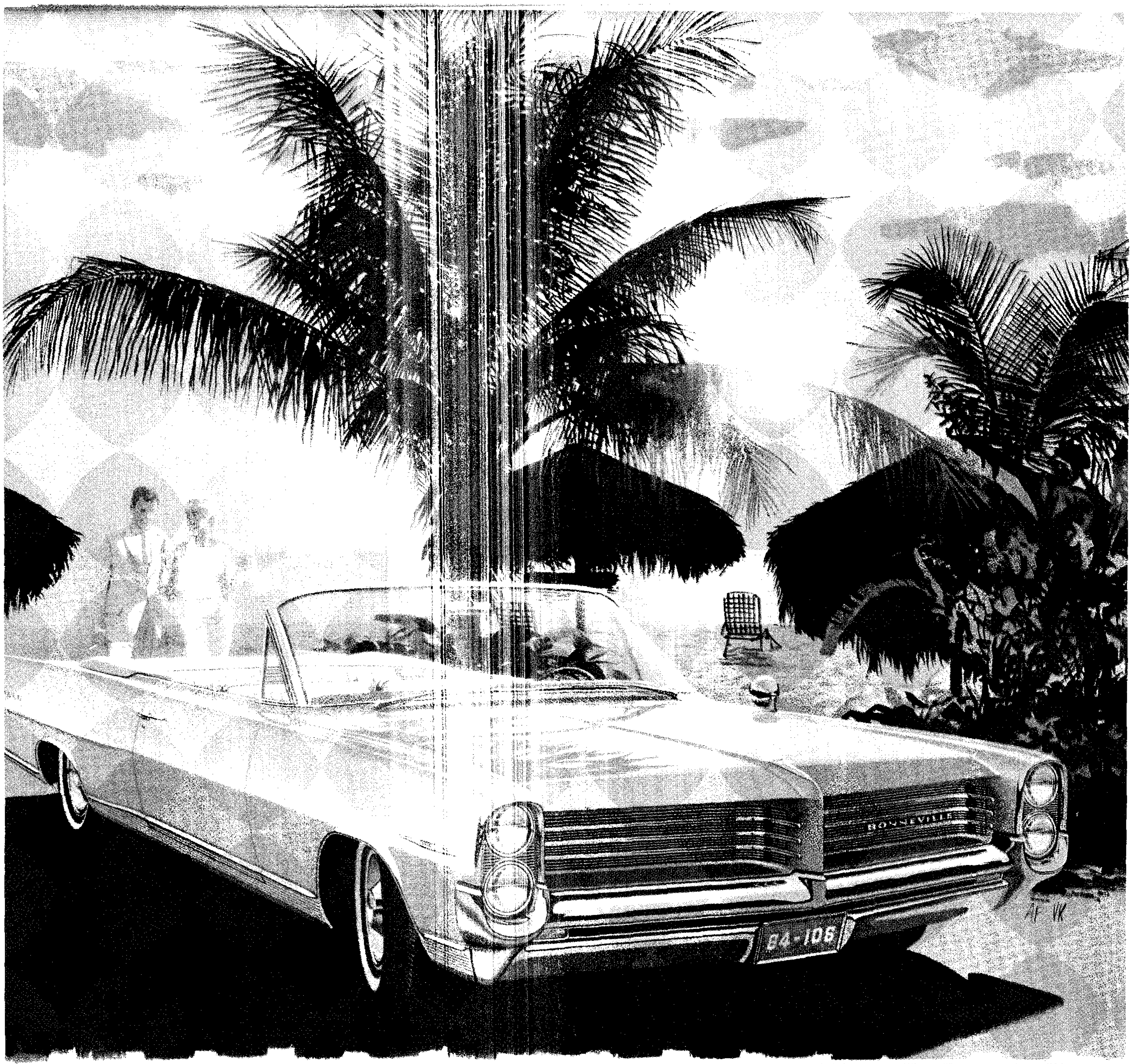

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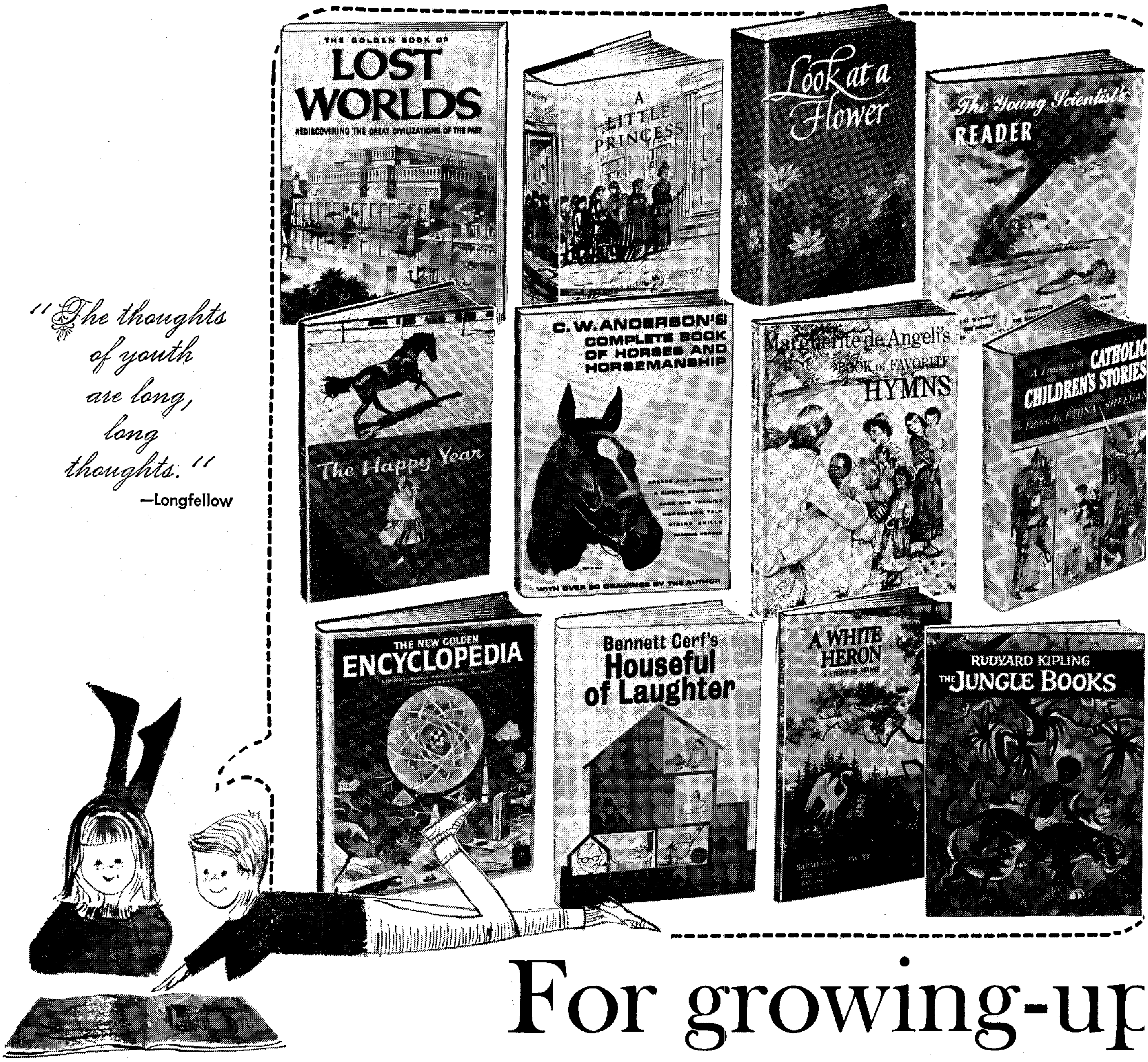
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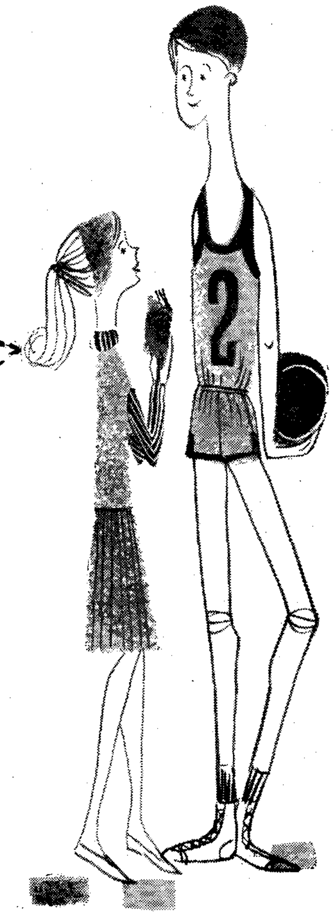

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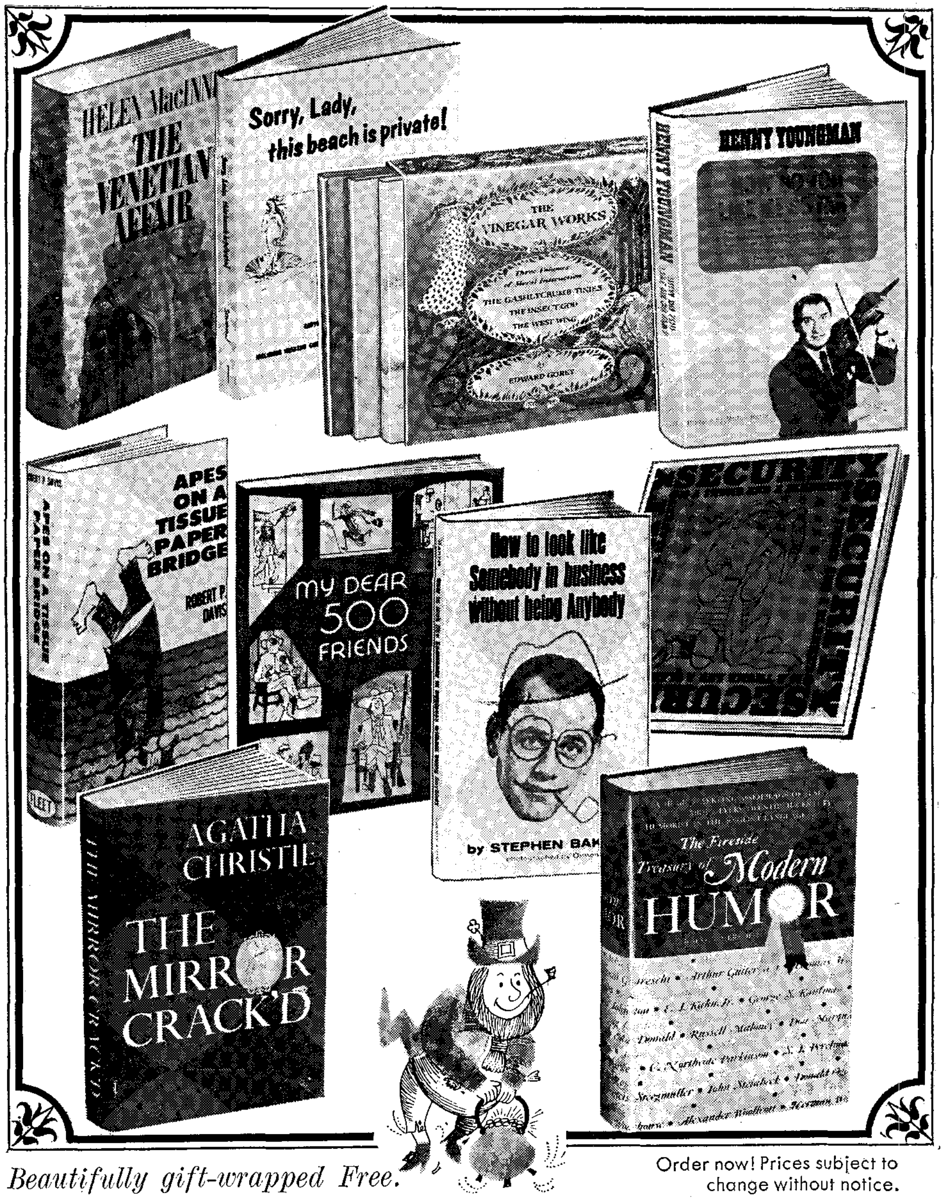
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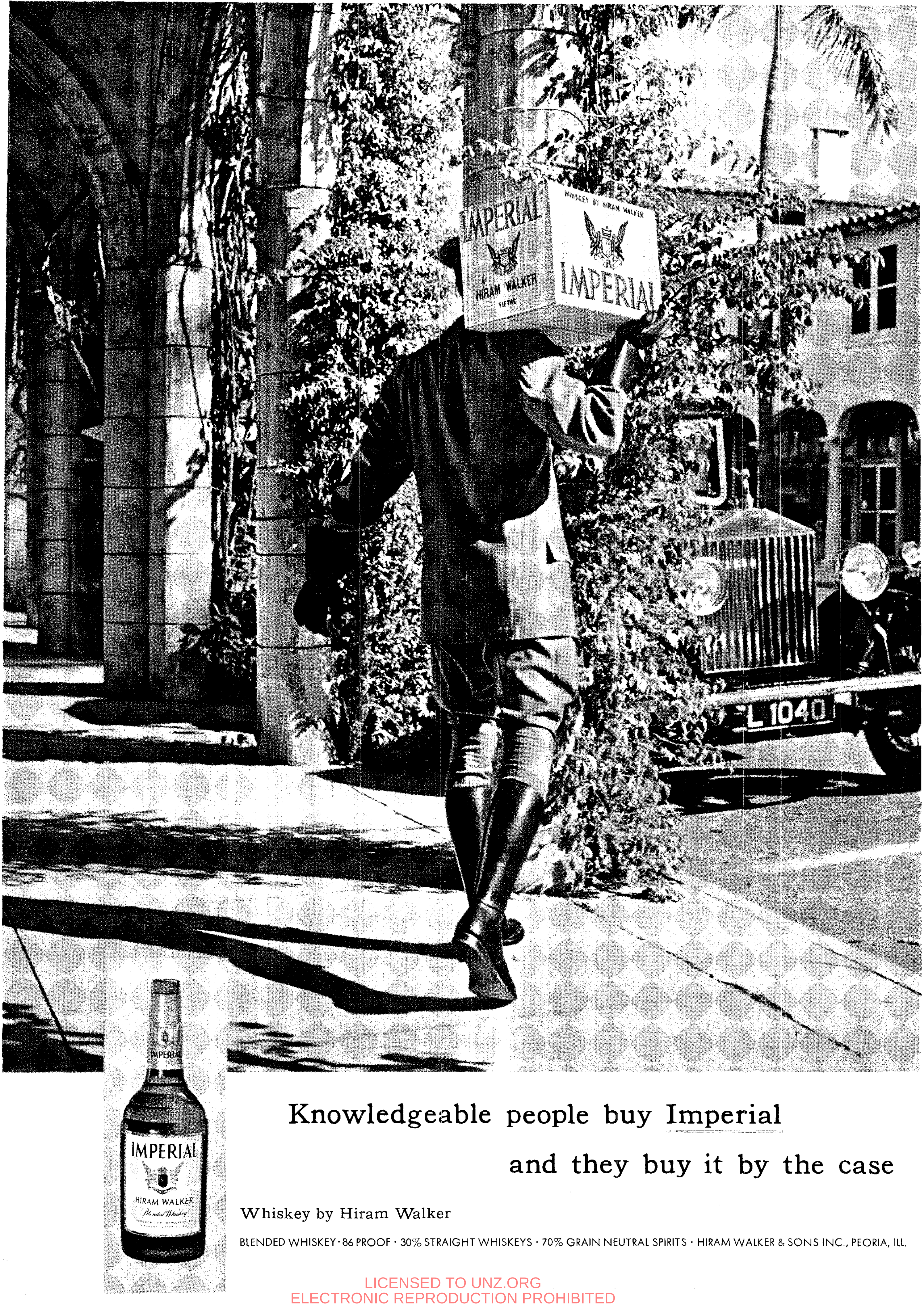
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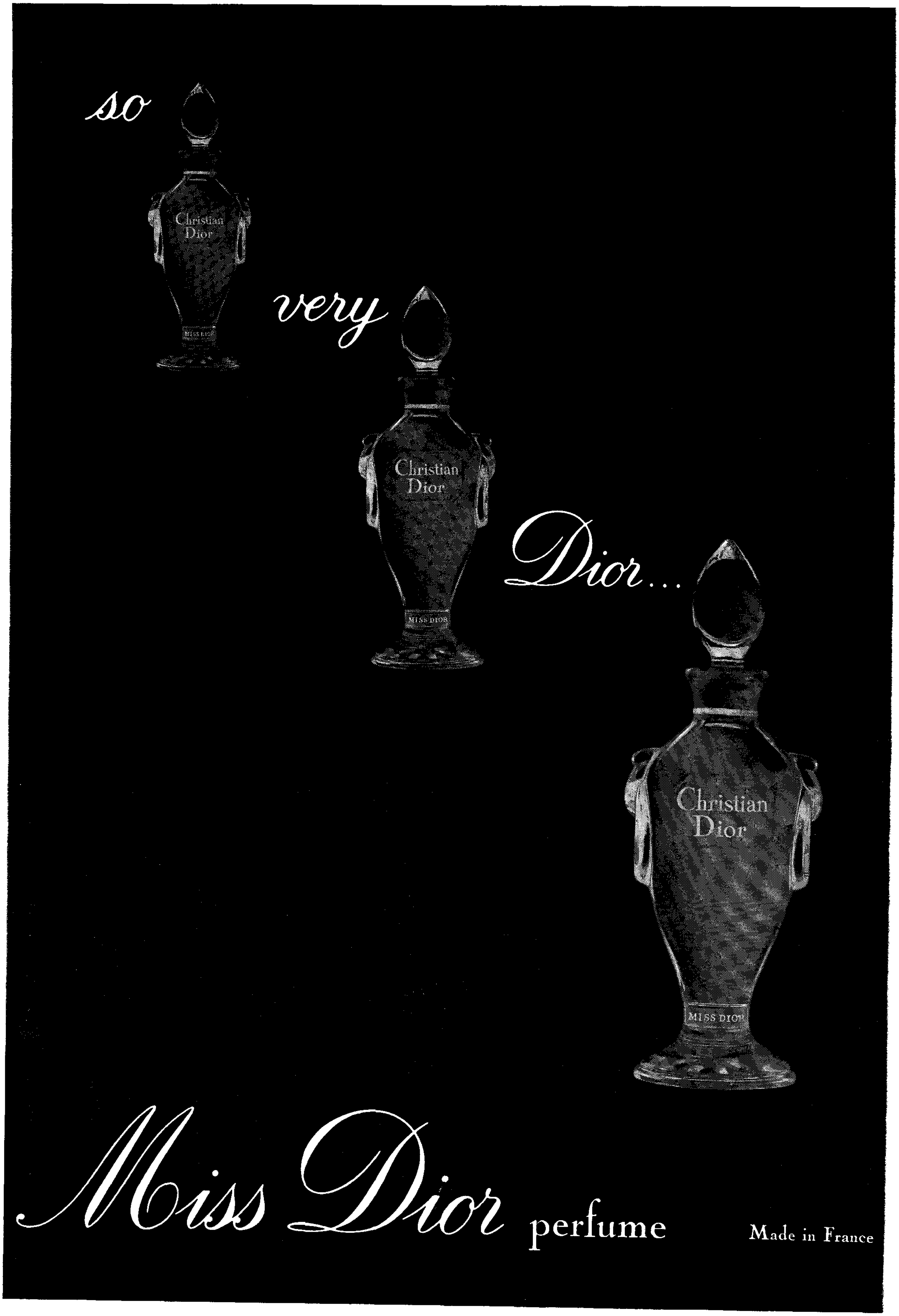
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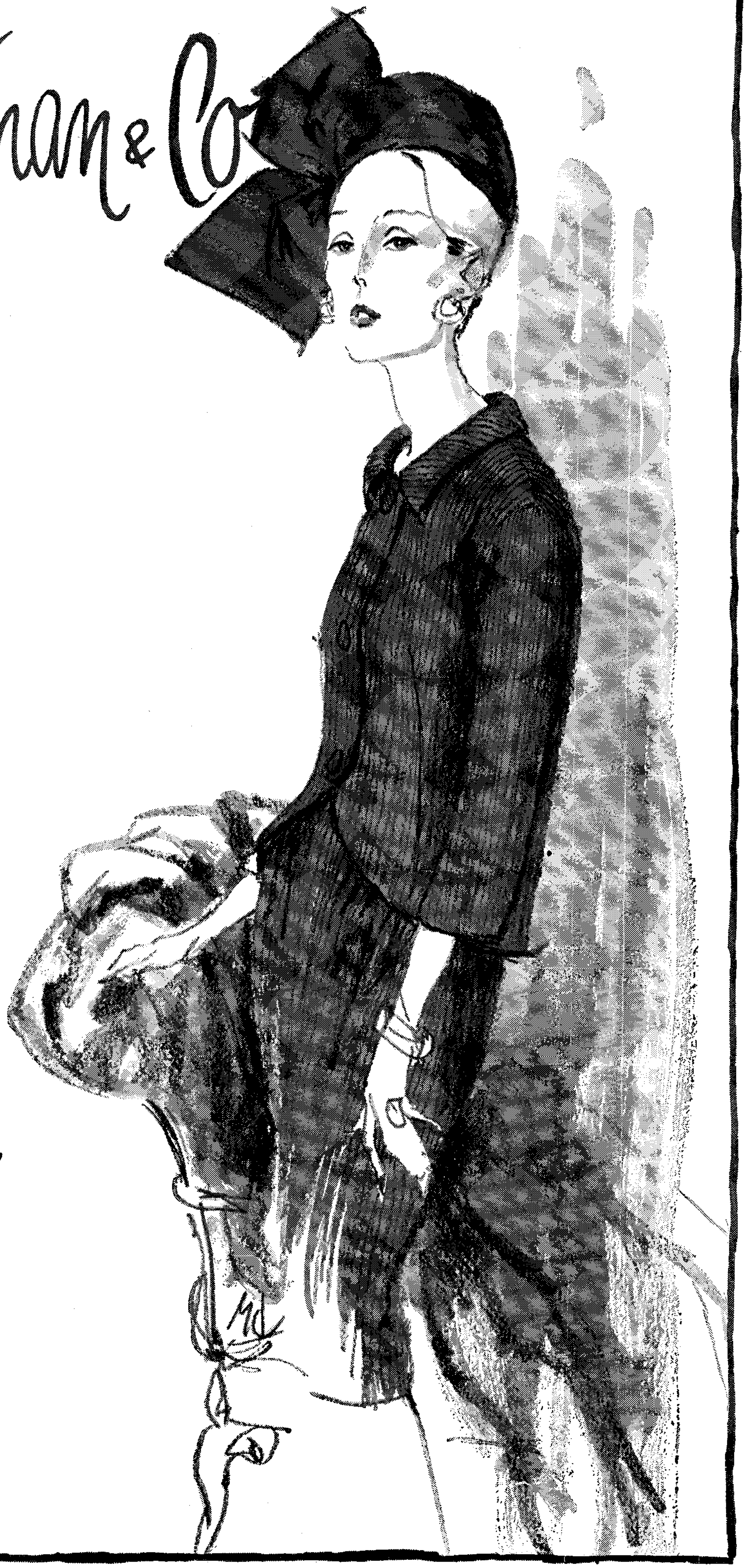

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GLANCING at the newspapers on the morning of November 6th, we were struck by their near unanimity on the relative gravity—and the successful outcome—of the latest Cold War crisis. The *Times*, the *News*, and the *Herald Tribune* all agreed that the Soviet authorities had abandoned "another attempt to dictate the terms of Allied access to West Berlin" (*Times*) in consequence of a United States Army convoy commander's "stubbornly refusing . . . to dismount his troops for a head count" (*News*), and that the Russians had been forced to yield in the face of "a display of U.S., French, and British military unity" (*Herald Tribune*). It sounded like a clear-cut Allied victory, and all three papers played it big, second only to the local election results. But a few hours later, when the afternoon papers came out, the headlines quoted Premier Khrushchev as saying that the world had been "on the brink" of war until the Western powers yielded to "Soviet control procedures." This tended to confuse matters. Fortunately, the real issues at stake were spelled out with precision in the continuation of the *Times* story, on page 3. The Russians had indeed demanded that our troops dismount for a head count, and our troops had indeed refused to do so. However, this was not because Western troops *always* refuse to dismount for head counts but, rather, because we dismount "only if more than thirty persons are aboard, excluding drivers." In this convoy, as we told the Russians, there were only twenty passengers and twenty-four drivers and assistant drivers, and on this firm mathematical ground we drew the line and took our stand. Then the Russians shifted their demands, and asked that the tailgates of the trucks be lowered, so that our troops could be counted while remaining inside. Again we refused—not because Western troops *always* refuse to lower their tailgates but because Allied rules call for such lowering only when tailgates are more than six feet high. In this case, as we told the Russians, the tailgates were less than three feet high, and on this firm mathematical ground we drew the line and took our stand. Once again the Russians changed their demands, and asked that the American troops *stand* inside the trucks to facilitate a head count. This was going too far. Without even bothering to work out the mathematical justification, we took our stand and remained seated. However, as the *Times* reported the next day, our soldiers "climbed off their trucks repeatedly to eat, sleep and relax" during the long ordeal, and this gave the alert Khrushchev the basis for his misleading "victory" statement.

All this may still seem a little confusing until one realizes that both superpowers—apparently convinced that a nuclear war would leave neither victor nor spoils—have devised a substitute form of combat, which produces headlines but no casualties, and provides precisely the same number of victors as there are participants. The very pettiness of the argument adds a safety element. Who ever heard of two superpowers going to war over three feet of tailgate? Perhaps the best analogy is to a certain social ritual that most people have participated in, or at least observed, during their formative years. The ritual consists of two small boys' standing toe to toe on an imaginary line, surrounded by an audience of their peers, and challenging each other to step over the line. Sometimes there's a bit of pushing and shoving, but almost always the crisis ends without bloodshed. Almost always. At least nine times out of ten.

Albert Hubbell

Information

EARLY one morning a week or so ago, we made our way to Lexington Avenue and 116th Street, where a long orange-and-blue van labelled "Mayor's Information Center, Mobile Unit" was parked in front of the Banco de Ponce and across the street from the San Juan Bar & Grill. There to meet us was the Information Center's director, a young Puerto Rican attorney named John Carro, whom we had met a few days before at City Hall, and who had told us that the mobile unit has been in operation since June, 1960. We had already known that it covers New York's five boroughs during the year, that it spends from two to five days at each stop, and that its function is to answer questions and to provide direct action on problems with which any of the city's forty administrative departments are concerned. No sooner had we arrived than a loudspeaker hissed and crackled, and Mr. Carro's recorded voice floated over the street, followed by that of the Mayor, who said, "This is Mayor Robert F. Wagner. . . . My purpose in bringing this mobile City Hall to your community is to provide a direct line between the citizens of this community and myself. A staff of expert consultants is on hand to answer your questions. . . . Drop in to visit the mobile unit." Several of the people on the street paused to listen, but most of them walked on. Mr. Carro, who is one of Mayor Wagner's four official assistants, told us that the mobile unit—like the Information Center in City Hall, of which it is a branch—was set up because of the great number of letters, telephone inquiries, and visits received by the Mayor's office. An energetic-looking man swung down from the van's exit door, and Mr. Carro introduced him as George Stieffater, the supervisor of the mobile unit, who is on loan to the Mayor's office from the Department of Buildings. Mr. Stieffater told us that the mobile unit gets anywhere from a dozen to a hundred inquiries a day, and that he had designed the van's interior himself. While he was talking, a plump woman in a flowered dress approached him and said, "There you are! I've followed you! They haven't fixed my ceiling." Mr. Stieffater accompanied her into the van, and we stepped in, too.

We found the interior of the van to be as well appointed as that of a first-rate cabin cruiser, with limed-oak panelling, fluorescent lights, a telephone, a framed photograph of the Mayor, and four orange-formica-topped desks. At the reception desk sat Mrs. Bertha Booth, an attractive woman on loan from the Housing Authority, who listened courteously while the woman in the flowered dress complained that her landlord had failed to make certain repairs, though the Information Center had sent reports to the Rent and Rehabilitation Administration a month before. Mrs. Booth then directed the woman to one of the other interviewers. A man entered and inquired about chest X-rays. Two boys looked in and asked when a proposed bicycle path was going to be built in their area. The woman in the flowered dress left, and an unshaven man in his thirties came in, accompanied by a teen-age girl. Mrs. Booth referred him to Eric J. Morris, a police officer who wears mufti while he is aboard the van, and the man said, "Yeah. I got some complaint. The mother of the children died about five months ago. I got seven children. They been sending me the regular check, but now it stop. I cannot live and support the children on forty dollars for fifteen days."

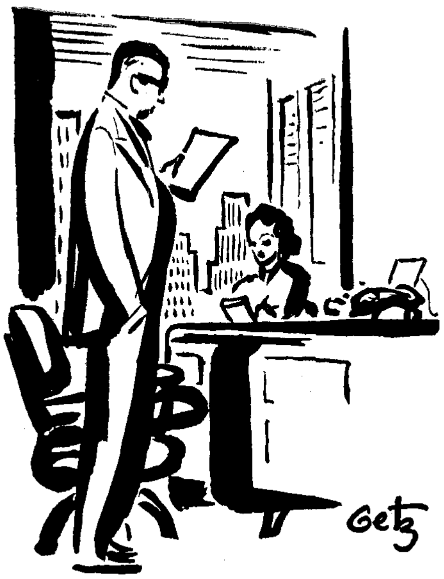
Mr. Morris asked him when he had first applied for Welfare assistance.

The man said, "About eight months ago."

"In March. Right?" said Mr. Morris.

"I receive the check every month, but I don't know what happen this month," the man replied. "The investigator don't tell me nothing before. He don't tell me nothing."

While Mr. Morris was trying to sift out the facts, Mr. Carro told us that in such a case the interviewer would either telephone the department concerned or send a written request for information, depending on the urgency of the case. "A thing like this I get concerned about," he said. "I used to be a Welfare investigator myself. You'd be surprised at the lack of human regard that some of these people have to face in trying to get help." Mr. Morris went to the phone, and when he came back he told the man that the Department of Welfare would have information on his case later in the day. The man and his daughter left, and a woman in dark clothes came in, speaking Spanish. Mr. Carro decided to interview her himself. Mrs. Booth played the recording of the Mayor's voice again, and Mr. Morris came back from another phone call and said that Welfare had suspended payments to the man with seven children, adding that if there was a mixup, it should be corrected before the end of the day. A large, red-haired woman climbed aboard the van and said, "Is he here? I'd like to shake his hand. Is he here?" Mrs. Booth explained that the Mayor was not there in person, and the woman said "Oh, it's so nice in here!" and went over to consult with Joseph C. Tedeschi, a veteran of ten years with the Fire Department, who talked with her at length about a problem involving her neighbors. As she left, she told Mr. Tedeschi, "You made me feel better. I feel lots better now. I'm going to send a card to the Mayor and tell him I'm in his corner!"



Mr. Carro had to get back to City Hall, and we accompanied him out to the sidewalk, where he said, "At each stop, we get different kinds of problems. Here, as you see, they mainly involve housing and welfare. What do they call this kind of area now? A 'disadvantaged area,' I think. They used to call it 'culturally deprived.' They're always coming up with new euphemisms. When we go up to a Hundred and Ninetieth Street and Fordham Road, in the Bronx, we'll get questions of a different sort. They'll be about sanitation or education, or the people will want to know when the city's going to paint a white line down the street. We do the best we can. In some cases, I'm afraid, we can't do much. Sometimes, when I see the attitudes in some of the departments that deal with these people, I wonder what I'm doing in administration, but then, when I see a few of the things we accomplish, I think it's worth it."

Mr. Carro smiled and walked off, and we walked off in another direction. As we left, we could hear the Mayor's recorded voice drifting over the street behind us: "A staff of expert consultants is on hand to answer your questions. . . . Please come into the mobile City Hall. . . . You are all welcome."

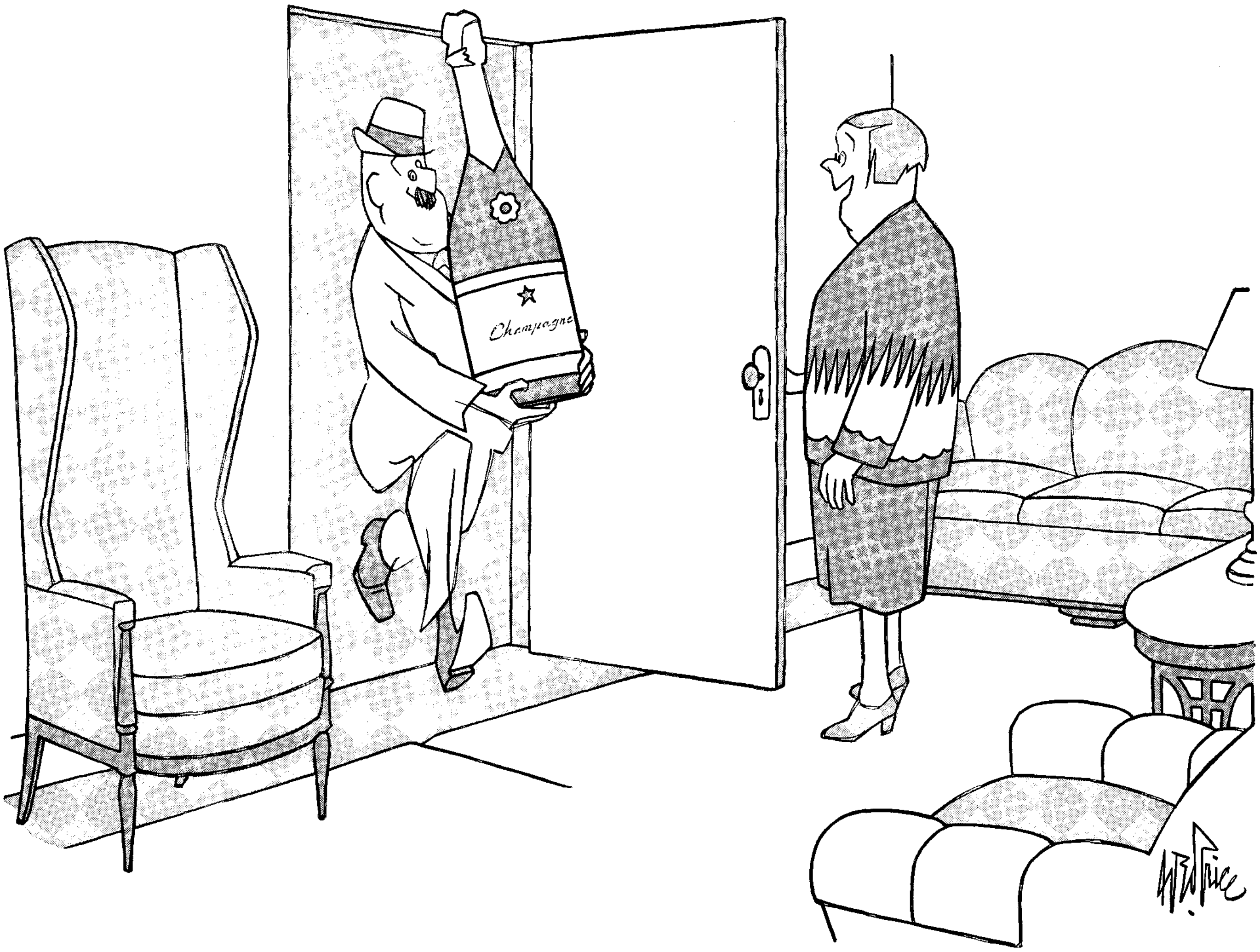
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Status Quo Restaurant, in Larchmont, has just reopened after alterations.

The other day, Flight 309 of Eastern Airlines, while taxiing into the Newark Airport, flushed from the withered brush near the runway six ring-necked pheasants—two males and four females. The birds took a flutter into the air as Big Daddy passed by, and then, not seeming unduly ruffled, settled back in the weeds, possibly awaiting Flight 310, just for kicks.

Mrs. Rudkin Revisited

THREE years ago, when we read in the financial pages of the papers that Pepperidge Farm, Inc., had been merged with the Campbell Soup Company as an independent subsidiary, and that its principal owners—Margaret Rudkin; her husband, Henry A. Rudkin; and their three sons—had received



"You remembered the day!"

• •

a considerable amount of Campbell Soup stock as a reward for going along with the deal, we made a note to revisit Mrs. R., the founder of Pepperidge and thus the person chiefly responsible for this bonanza. We had last seen her in 1948, when she was the *doyenne* of a hundred and sixty-two employees and an annual three-million-dollar business, whose backbone was forty thousand loaves of bread a day. Such was the press of *our* business (which enables us to buy one loaf of bread a day) that it wasn't until we were jogged by the recent publication of "The Margaret Rudkin Pepperidge Farm Cookbook" that we called up our old acquaintance, to be rewarded by an invitation to lunch at her place in Fairfield, Connecticut. Pepperidge now has two thousand employees, its annual sales are forty million dollars, and it disposes of a million loaves of bread a week; Mrs. Rudkin is still red-headed, incisive, unassuming, and outgoing. "I'm a Campbell director and chairman of the board of Pepperidge," she said. "I retired as president last year, when I turned sixty-five. My son Bill is president, and Henry A., Jr., who has an automobile business, is design consultant on packaging and printing. My husband has retired from the brokerage business, and he and I move around a bit—we have a flat in town, an old manor house in Ireland, and we've just built a house on Hobe Sound—but Bill and I have a weekly meeting the seven or eight months a year I'm here. Bread is still our biggest-selling item, but we keep adding products from time to time. Every now and then, I think of a new cookie or a new roll, or something. Our latest innovation is a crispy cocktail thing called Goldfish, which comes in a variety of flavors. How the business has changed since we started, twenty-six years ago! People knew you personally then; there were a lot of Mama-and-Papa stores and a few rather small chain stores, and you went to see their managers yourself, but now there are very *large* chain stores, and we have about forty thousand outlets, so selling is no longer a personal matter. Everything has to be pretested. A greater variety is wanted—as a result, I think, of all the mouth-watering colored-photograph advertising. Impulse buying is the thing today, so packaging is much more important. Personal recommendations from the man in the store are no longer a factor. What will you have to drink?"

We were sitting with Mrs. Rudkin on a terrace with a grand autumnal view of fields and trees, and a butler took our order. We asked about the cookbook, and Mrs. Rudkin said she had written it in longhand on yellow sheets of paper, much of it during trips. "It isn't about French cooking or Italian cooking or elegant cooking," she said. "It's about *home* cooking—five hundred recipes that have been passed along for generations over back-yard fences in England and Ireland, on the Continent, and here. It includes recipes from early cookbooks. I have quite a collection of such cookbooks. I bought my first one in 1949, when I was visiting one of our plants, in Downingtown, Pennsylvania, and stopped off at Baldwin's Book Barn. I picked up 'The Ladies Cabinet, Containing Many Rare Secrets,' published in London in 1658, and fell in love with it. It contains medical and surgical advice as well as recipes. I began buying more and more antique books, and in 1957, when we had our twentieth anniversary, those darling kids, our employees, wanted to give a present to Pa and Ma. There were a thousand of them then, and they put up a dollar each and bought 'De Honesta Voluptate et Valetudine' (that means 'Of Honest Pleasure and Health'), by Bartholomaeus de Platina (he was librarian to Pope Sixtus IV and also wrote 'Lives of the Popes'), for Mr. Rudkin and me. It was published in Venice in 1475 and is the first printed cookery text; it has a lot about health in general. I thought it would be fun to find out what it was all about—it's in medieval Latin—so I had parts of it translated by a Yale professor. Its approach to cooking is rather casual. The chapter on edible birds deals with swans and storks but gives only their living habits. I've included extracts from it in my book. Here."

She presented us with a copy of her book, and in a section called "Cooking from Antique Cookbooks" we read:

> Some exercise by throwing the javelin, some harder, some more easily in the horse and foot contests or in gladiatorial contests, but these are lower class. However, to contend in jumping, to throw darts, to bend the bow, to wrestle, to pursue the hunt do not seem alien to a well-born and civil man, since, if it were necessary to fight for one's country, arms would be taken up with strength. . . . Temperate sleep, and not that which comes from drunkenness and inebriation, restores limbs worn out with toil, administers the vital heat to the stomach, cleanses the mind and indeed renews the whole body for honest action from which the habits of virtue are prepared.
>
> As in winter a mattress of feathers is better, so in summer one of wool or bombazine is healthier. . . .
>
> Now, bedbugs are the most disturbing, which you will bear easily in this manner. Pickle a cucumber in water and sprinkle this where you will on the bed. Or pour bovine gall mixed with vinegar; none will come. The flea will likewise leave the bedroom if you spread around water from coriander. . . .
>
> What Herodotus tells about cinnamon is fantastic and false. Moreover, it grows in Ethiopia.

"What *does* Herodotus tell?" we asked.

"No idea," said Mrs. R., and we followed her to the dining room, where Mr. Rudkin, just back from eighteen holes of golf, joined us for a first-class lunch.

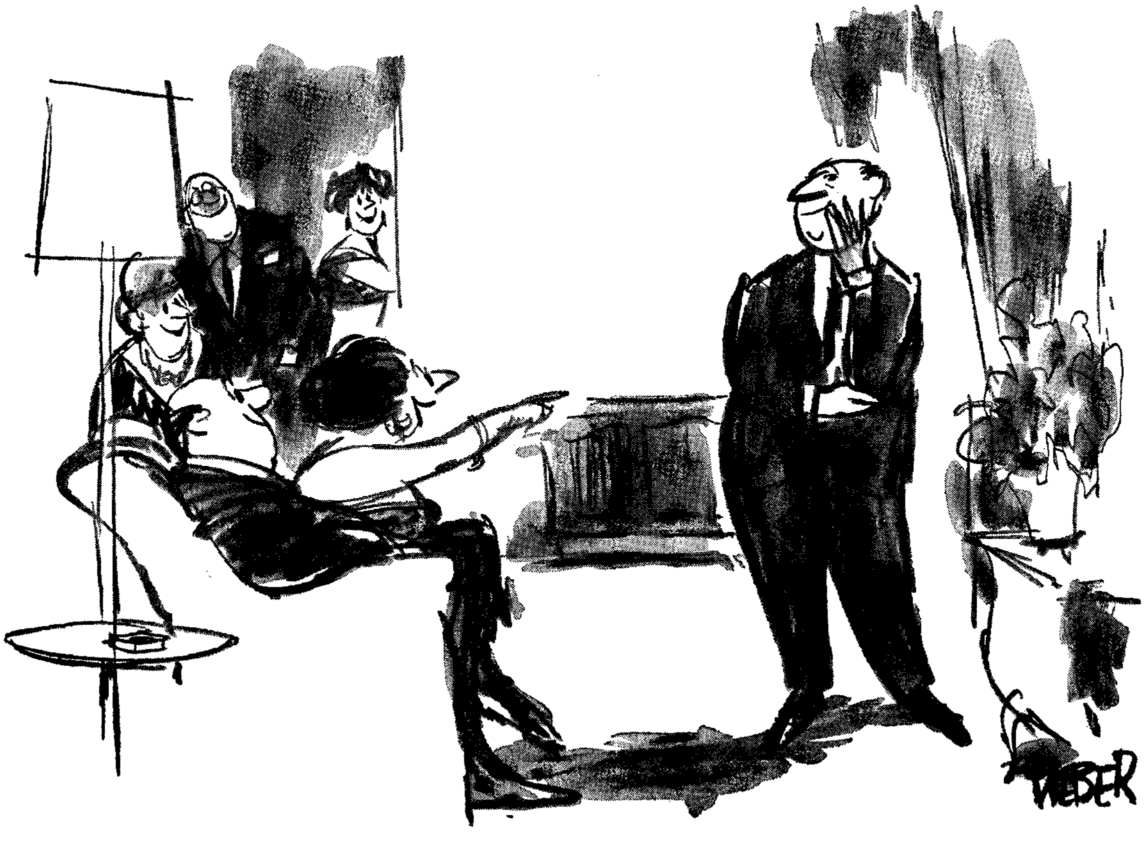
•

OVERHEARD in the elevator of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, ascending to the current show of paintings there, mink stole to three-quarter-length leopard: "Is this the real Francis Bacon?"

Mathematicians

WE relaxed the other evening over a cocktail or two with a small and subdued group of mathematicians who had just put in a day trying to explain some of the fundamentals of modern higher mathematics to a large and perky group of writers on scientific matters, most of them from the local press. The explaining had taken place at Columbia University, under the joint auspices of two sets of initials—S.I.A.M., the Society for Industrial and Applied Mathematics, and R.I.A.S., the Research Institute for Advanced Studies (an affiliate of the Martin Company, itself a division of George Maverick Bunker's enormous Martin-Marietta Corporation)—and the relaxing was undertaken, by both mathematicians and writers, in the Cornell and Pennsylvania Rooms of the Statler Hilton's Ivy Suite. When we arrived at the C. and P. Rooms, the unwinding seemed to be well under way, but we were immediately warned by a man who introduced himself as Jerry Clemans, a Martin-Marietta representative, not to be taken in by the carefree expressions on the mathematical faces. "The process of communication has been a very painful one," he said, in a voice that was only slightly larger than a whisper, "and the mathematicians are all pooped out. One of them was so tired that he had to go home to rest up."

Mr. Clemans then presented us to three of the participants in the pooping briefing, and we soon discovered that all three were harboring doubts about their day's work, though each one was being gnawed by a different worry. Dr. Joseph P. LaSalle, who is S.I.A.M.'s retiring president, and who had been in the chair, was troubled by what Sir Charles Snow has recently been troubled by: How can mathematicians and non-mathematicians talk to each other? "Mathematics is harder to understand than any other science," said Dr. LaSalle, who is bespectacled and has close-cropped brown hair, and who, like most



"Jack Benny!"

of the other mathematicians present, was wearing a blue three-button suit with all the buttons buttoned. “One of our speakers today didn’t want to come—just didn’t see how he could say anything.” Dr. Rudolf E. Kalman, a young man with a frank countenance, who had spoken to the science writers about “Cross-Fertilization,” was upset by another question: How can mathematicians even talk among themselves? “No mathematician of today can possibly hope to know any more than about ten per cent of his field,” he told us in ex-cathedra tones. And Dr. Richard E. Bellman, who had delivered an address entitled “Where Are We Going?,” was preoccupied with yet another question: Why should mathematicians *want* to talk to non-mathematicians? Having unburdened himself of this thought, he proceeded to make three points. “One, the non-scientist believes that the mathematician is a magician,” he said. “Two, mathematics has no application to the real world. Three, mathematics is only one small set of tricks.”

“Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests, fellow-members of the lunatic fringe.”

Shaken by these gloomy assertions, we turned instinctively to the bar, feeling that we, too, merited a little de-pooping. And there, as luck would have it, we ran into Dr. Bernard Friedman, and suddenly all the barriers to communication between mathematician and non-mathematician melted away. Dr. F. is chairman of the Mathematics Department at Berkeley, and he had wandered into the seminar accidentally, been enthralled, and stayed to listen. We, of course, had wandered into *him* accidentally, and we were similarly enthralled. “I think it was Einstein who said that you don’t understand something unless you can explain it to the man in the street,” announced Dr. Friedman, who smiles a good deal, and has a mustache, and emphasizes his points by extending an index finger.

This statement attracted a number of science writers who had been standing and chatting among themselves, and they began to pepper Dr. Friedman with questions. “Most industrial mathematicians do work they don’t consider mathematics,” Dr. F. said to one of his interlocutors. Discussion ensued.

John Osmundsen, of the *Times*, who has a blond beard, asked Dr. F. if he really believed that.

“Most Madison Avenue artists do work they don’t consider art,” Dr. Friedman replied. “I’m an applied mathematician myself, but I must admit that the best work is being done these days by the pure mathematicians.”

“How so?” inquired Arthur Hill, of the Roanoke *Times*.

“It’s the difference between Jackson Pollock and Norman Rockwell,” Dr. F. explained. “The students today find the same excitement in pure mathematics that artists do in Abstract Expressionism, because, you see, neither study has any necessary connection with the real world. Pre-twentieth-century math, like pre-twentieth-century art, always found its inspiration in the real world. Where did geometry come from? The Nile overflowed each year, and it was necessary to measure the extent of the damage it did. That’s all changed now. A leading French mathematician told me just recently that mathematics now has enough problems of its own to occupy every mathematician for at least the next ten years.”

Edward Edelson, of the *World-Telegram*, asked whether it wasn’t true that there were no cut-and-dried distinctions between pure and applied mathematics.

Dr. Friedman laughed. “Well,” he said, “*all* mathematicians must know precisely why they do everything they do—unlike a carpenter, who can simply say ‘This is a *good* piece of wood’ and get away with it.”

Mr. Edelson then asked if it wasn’t true that mathematical thought that wasn’t applied to practical problems didn’t get developed.

“Not necessarily,” said Dr. F. cheerfully. “But please don’t worry. You see, I believe that the world makes sense. Eventually, you know, things will all hook up.”

•

DISCARDED memorandum picked up in Grand Central Station last weekend:

Don’t Forget
tulip bulbs
aspirin
Monster cards
Gin
New Ian Fleming
Fur cape for doll
small cocktail shrimp
ulcer medicine

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?

IT took him a moment to realize what it was that had wakened him. In the light that came through the Venetian blinds, he could see that Linda was sitting up in bed, her arms clasped about her knees. He rolled over onto his side and reached across to the night table for his glasses, put them on, and looked at the alarm clock. It was not quite two-thirty. He had been asleep less than an hour.

"Linda?" he said.

There was no answer. He wondered whether he should risk asking her what was the matter, knowing that he would have to pry the words out of her. But she looked so sad and lonely sitting up in bed next to him.

"Linda, it's almost two-thirty. What's the matter?"

There was another long silence. He considered going back to sleep. But he had started it, and he knew he would have to continue. "Linda, you can't just be sitting there and staring off into the darkness unless something's bothering you. Now, tell me, what is it?"

"Nothing . . ."

"What?"

"Nothing's the matter, Philip."

"Well, then, what are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

"Look, you can't just be sitting up in bed and not thinking. The mind doesn't work that way. You must have been thinking about something. Now, tell me. What was it?"

"It wasn't anything."

"What *was* it?"

She slid down into the bed so that she was lying flat on her back. He could see her eyes were still open. She took a deep breath. "I was—I was thinking about us."

"What about us?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, for God's sake!" He felt like laughing hysterically, insanely. He wanted to grab her shoulders and shake her until her teeth rattled. "Look," he said. "We can't keep going through this again and again. I mean, if you've got something bothering you, then let's talk about it. If . . . if we can't talk about it—us—then we've got a lot of trouble. I mean, we've got a great big zero as far as any sort of life together goes. Now, come on. It shouldn't be hard. Just tell me. . . . Tell me what it is that's bothering you. What—what were you thinking about us?"

"I was thinking that—" She took another deep breath. "I was thinking that I don't—I can't seem to make you happy. Everything I do is wrong."

"That isn't true!"

He reached over to the night table for a cigarette, lit it, and leaned back against the pillow.

There was another long period of silence, he still sitting up in bed looking down at Linda, she lying there with her eyes open, not seeing anything.

"Linda, would you like a cigarette?"

She nodded.

"Where are yours?"

"They're in my pocketbook."

"Where's your pocketbook?"

"I think it's on the chair next to the TV."

He got out of bed and felt his way around the foot of the bed, past her bureau, to the television set, then down to the chair. "Linda, could you turn on a light?"

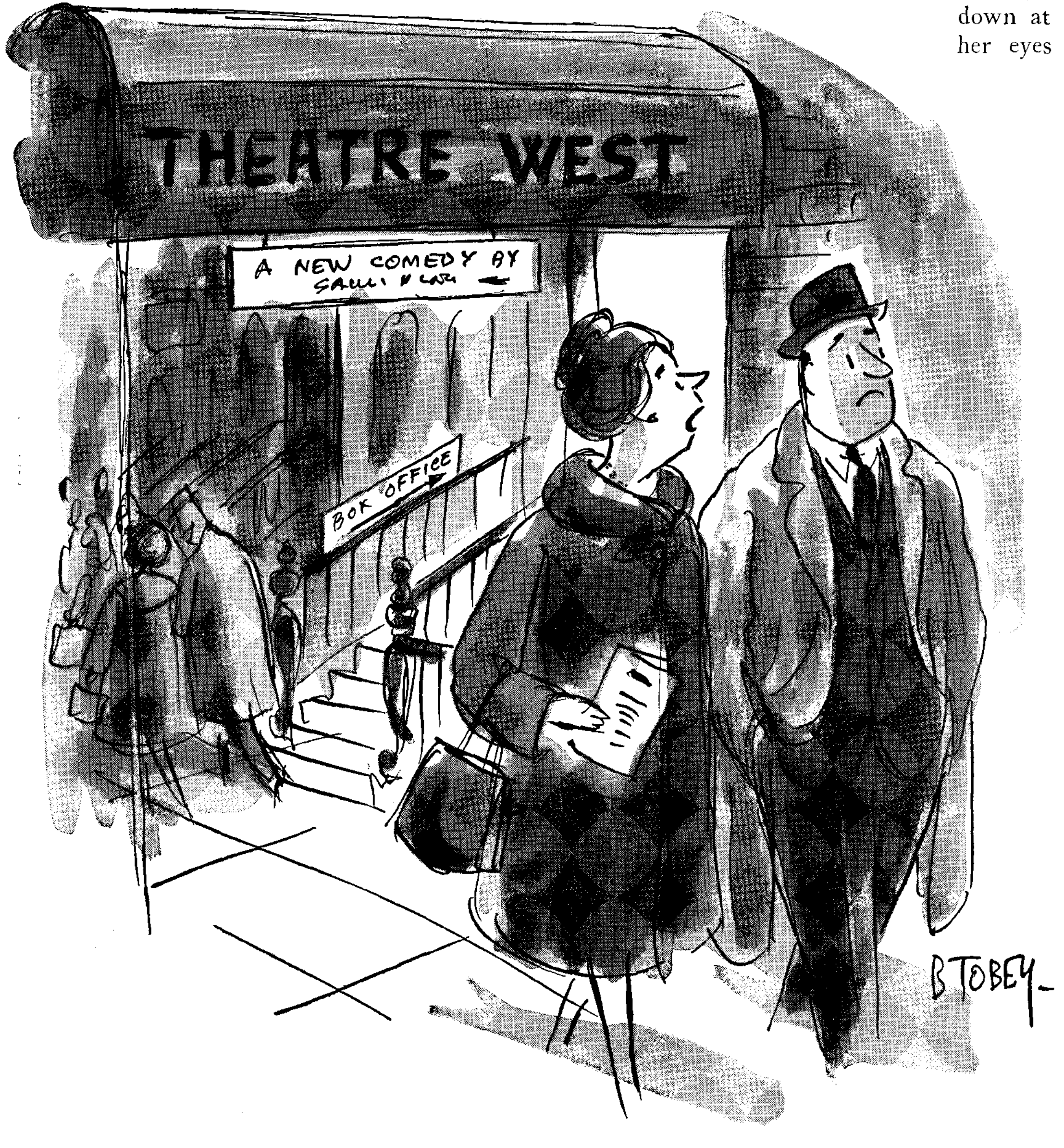
"Sure."

He lifted a pair of her slacks and a blouse off the chair and hunted around inside her pocketbook until he found the cigarettes. He lit a cigarette for her, carried the ashtray and her cigarettes to her, put the ashtray beside her, handed her her cigarette, and then got back in bed on his side.

"You smoke too much," she said.

"I get up. I get out of bed. I get you your cigarettes. I hand you an ashtray. I get back in bed. And what do you say? Not 'Thank you, dear' but 'You smoke too much.' "

"I thought I did say thank you," she said.



"Of course it's absurd. It's supposed to be absurd."

They lay in bed together, not touching, not speaking. He tapped his cigarette ash into the ashtray.

"Phil?"

"Yes?"

"Philip, what's the matter with us?"

"What do you mean what's the matter with us?"

"I mean—oh, I don't know. I mean, there's just something the matter with us, that's all."

"I don't know," he said. "I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"We don't seem to have any fun together."

"We have fun."

"Not as much as the Merritts."

"Well, Charlie and Nancy are different."

"Why?"

"Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe they're not so different."

"But they *are* different, Philip. You said so yourself. Why—what makes them different?"

"Well, maybe because they just seem to know each other better than we do. Maybe they share things. They're so enthusiastic about what the other one is doing. They seem to be able to—well, they grew up together, and they had so much in common before they got married. I mean, they are different." He looked over at her. "Look, take us, for example. We don't seem to be able to talk to each other easily. I don't know why. Maybe it's my fault. But . . . but we never ask each other questions about anything. I mean, what interests you, for instance."

"Are you asking me?"

"What? Oh, sure, I guess so. What interests you?"

"You do."

"That isn't fair! Other than me what are you interested in?"

"I don't know. Nothing, I guess."

"Oh, come on, now, Linda. You know that isn't true."

"Phil, are you glad you married me?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"A simple question. Are you glad you married me?"

". . . At times."

"Not all the time?"

"No, not all the time. I wouldn't be that unrealistic. . . . For God's sake, are you glad you married me twenty-four hours a day?"

"Yes."

"Be honest!"

"I *am* being honest," she said.

"Well, I can't believe that."

"But I *mean* it. I am glad I married you."

"Sure, but twenty-four hours a day? Look, then, let's go back to the first part. What are you really interested in? . . . If you'll pardon the expression, what do you really want out of life?"

"I guess—I guess all I really want is to have children and be happy together, all of us. I want to have a baby."

"Umm."

"What if I can't have a baby?"

"Oh, for God's sake!"

After a few minutes, Linda asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," he said. Then, remembering what he had said when Linda had answered "Nothing," he added, "I was thinking about being a father."

"What were you thinking?"

"I was just thinking how many changes it would bring."

"Umm."

Again silence.

"Would you like another cigarette, Linda?"

"No, thanks."

He got out of bed again. "I think I'll get myself a beer or something. Would you like one?"

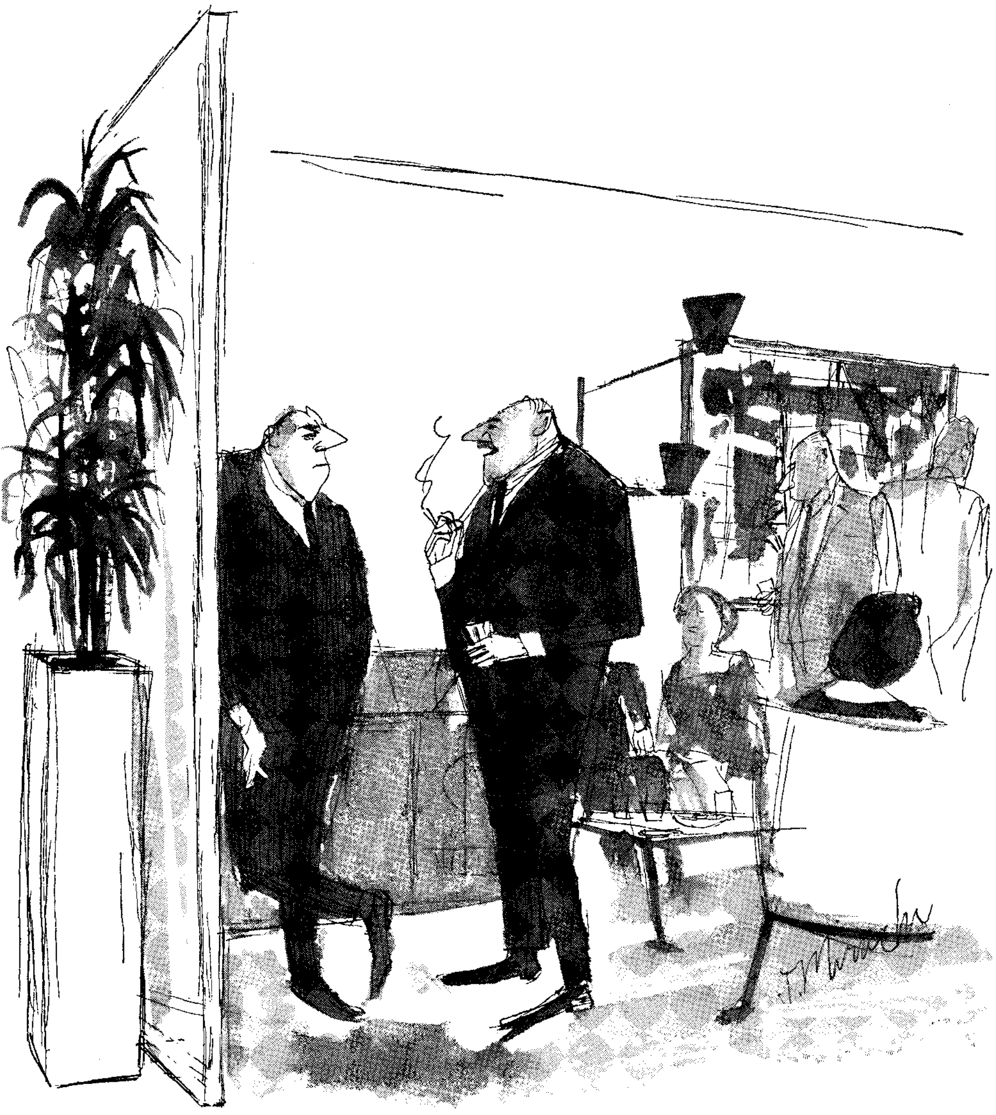
"I'll drink some of yours," she said. "If you wouldn't mind."

"Sure."

He walked into the kitchen and got a can of beer out of the refrigerator. He filled the glass, drank what was left from the can, and walked back into the bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed and handed his glass across to her. "Here. Take some."

Linda pushed herself back up into a sitting position and sipped the beer. Philip got into bed and she handed him the glass. He leaned back against the pillow and rolled the cool glass between his palms. He looked down at the monogrammed top sheet; the sheet had been put on wrong side up.

"God, I think Paul Taylor is a bore," she said. "Well, no, not a bore. He



"But, Ed, don't you see? Once you've accepted the logic of the electric can opener, you've got to accept the logic of the electric toothbrush."

THE BLACK ANGEL

All matronly in her stoop, her wings canted
At an odd angle,
This angel must have seemed
Ridiculous and tender once—
Like a Wedgwood goddess or a Gibson girl,
And as white as a bar of soap.

Whether it be the weather or the work
Of parasites,
A blackness more profound
Than any ever come upon
Has come upon the lady where she stands.
I cannot meet her eye,

But stand beneath her on this little mound,
Turn, and read such names
As Gingerich, Miller, Yoder—
The early settlers of our town.
I picture them in their Sears, Roebuck dresses,
Their boots, their broad-brimmed hats.

Were they like little children in their beds
Who start from sleep
To find the light put out
And know that there is something there—
A kind of mowing as of restless wings—
And do they sleep late here?

Where are the people as beautiful as poems,
As calm as mirrors,
With their oceanic longings—
The idler whom reflection loved,
The woman with the iridescent brow?
For I would bring them flowers.

I think of that friend too much moved by music
Who turned to games
And made a game of boredom,
Of that one too much moved by faces
Who turned his face to the wall, and of that marvellous liar
Who turned at last to truth.

They are the past of what was always future.
They speak in tongues,
Silently, about nothing.
They are like old streetcars buried at sea,
In the wrong element, with no place to go. . . .
I will not meet her eye,

Although I shall, but here's a butterfly,
And a white flower,
And the moon rising on my nail.
This is the presence of things present,
Where flying woefully is like closing sweetly,
And there is nothing else.

—Henri Coulette

* * *

just gets me so angry. He's so sure of himself all the time."

"He isn't that bad." He put the glass on the night table. "Anyway, I watched you tonight at their apartment. You never said a word to him."

"I did, too. Just because he was in the kitchen with you and Nancy Merritt most of the time didn't mean I didn't talk to him. But I really just don't have a single thing I can talk to him about. I liked him at first, but now I don't know. I like Alice much better. I don't understand why she married him."

"They were probably in love," he said.

"She's nice. I like her. But him. I can't stand him when he starts talking about what's wrong with our foreign policy. I mean, almost as though he were running the government. 'I'd do this' and 'I'd do that.' "

"He wasn't serious. He was joking."

"He didn't sound like he was joking to me," she said. "That's why I got so mad."

"I know. That was the trouble. You showed it."

"Why shouldn't I show it?"

"Because—because it's not right."

"Were you ashamed of me?"

"Why should I have been?"

"Because I was so mad?"

"Well, no. I just don't *think* you should have been so dramatic about it. I mean, who throws their napkin down *and storms off nowadays?*"

"Maybe you'd have a better time at those parties if you didn't have to bring me along."

"Now, what the hell does that mean?"

"I mean . . . I mean maybe you'd be a lot better off if you weren't married to me."

"Why do you say that? Do you think you'd be better off if you weren't married to me?"

"No, Philip, of course that isn't what I was thinking."

He took a sip of beer and handed the glass across to Linda. She finished the beer and he looked at the empty glass he received back from her and then at her, then he put the glass on the table. "How come you're thinking about divorce all of a sudden?"

"I didn't say anything about divorce."

"What were you thinking about, then? You said maybe you'd—maybe I'd be happier if I weren't married to you. If that doesn't sound like divorce, I'd like to know what it does mean."

"Would a divorce make you happy?"

"You *haven't answered my question*."

"Answer mine."

"Which one?"

"Do you want a divorce?"

"Do you?" he asked.

"I'm asking *you*," she said. "I don't want one. You know that."

He was quiet.

"You're thinking about it, aren't you," Linda said.

"Well, yes and no."

"You mean yes you would like a divorce but no you wouldn't."

"I mean yes I was thinking about it but no I don't want one. All it means is that I'm tired."

"But the idea did seem attractive."

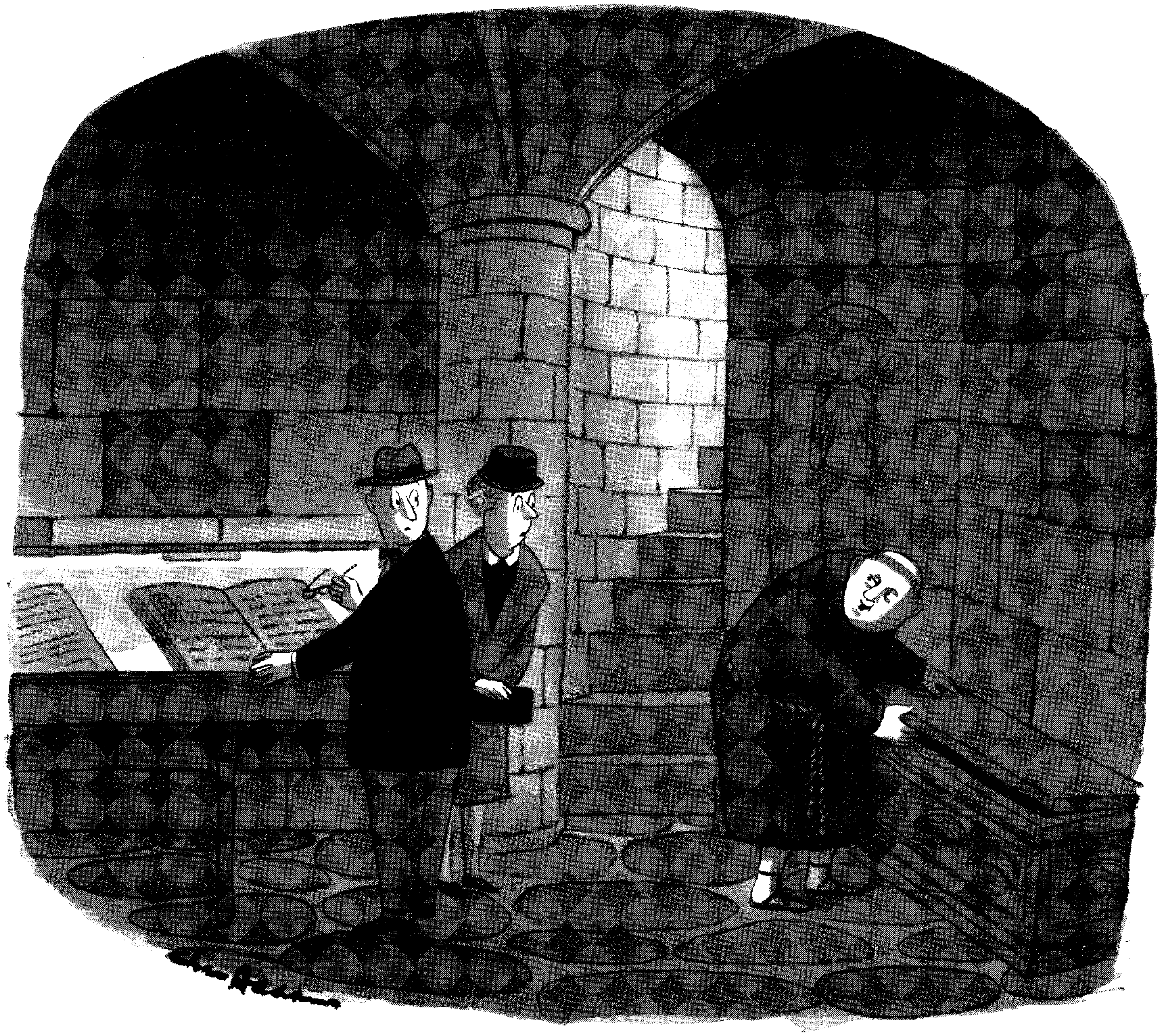
"Bachelor life always seems attractive to someone who's married."

"Does that mean you want a divorce?"

"No, it means I'm very tired." He lay flat in the bed, thinking about the fun he could have if he were a bachelor again.

"Have you reached your decision yet?"

" 'Have you reached your decision yet?' My God, you sound like a quiz master. Linda, at this point I'm so tired I can't even decide whether I'll be more comfortable sleeping on my back or on



"It's an unusually rare fourteenth-century manuscript, and over here we think we have the author."

• •

my side. Can't we just talk this all over at a sensible hour, please? Why do wives always want to talk to their husbands at three in the morning?"

"In other words, this doesn't seem very important to you."

"Of course it does. Of course it is. Can't we talk about it later?" *I don't know if I want a divorce or not. The only thing I know is that I don't* NOT *want one. It's just that I—*

"You mean you're going to drop it right there? Leave it this way? Just the way it stands?"

Linda, I can't tell you the way I feel because you love me. I can't be so cruel. I can't hurt you. Oh, God, I pray things get better between us. He looked over at her. She was sitting up in the bed again, hugging her knees. He pushed himself up on one arm and leaned over and kissed her. *Oh God, she's crying. She's crying!* He lay back on the pillow. He pushed it around beneath him until he was comfortable, then he took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He still had his glasses on, and he rolled over on his side, removed his glasses, and fumbled past the half-filled ashtray, the empty beer glass, the crumpled pack of cigarettes until he found space. He put his glasses down, made certain he had pulled out the pin on the alarm clock, and lay back. He heard Linda move. She turned off the light on her night table. And they lay together listening to each other's breathing.

"Phil?"

"Hmm?"

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, dear."

"I love *you*."

"I love you, Linda." He reached behind him for his wife's hand and squeezed it.

"Good night, Phil."

He let go of her hand. "Good night, Linda." He squeezed the pillow between his fingers, despising his cowardice, despising his youth.

After a while, he fell asleep and dreamed about being back in the Army.

—C. D. B. Bryan

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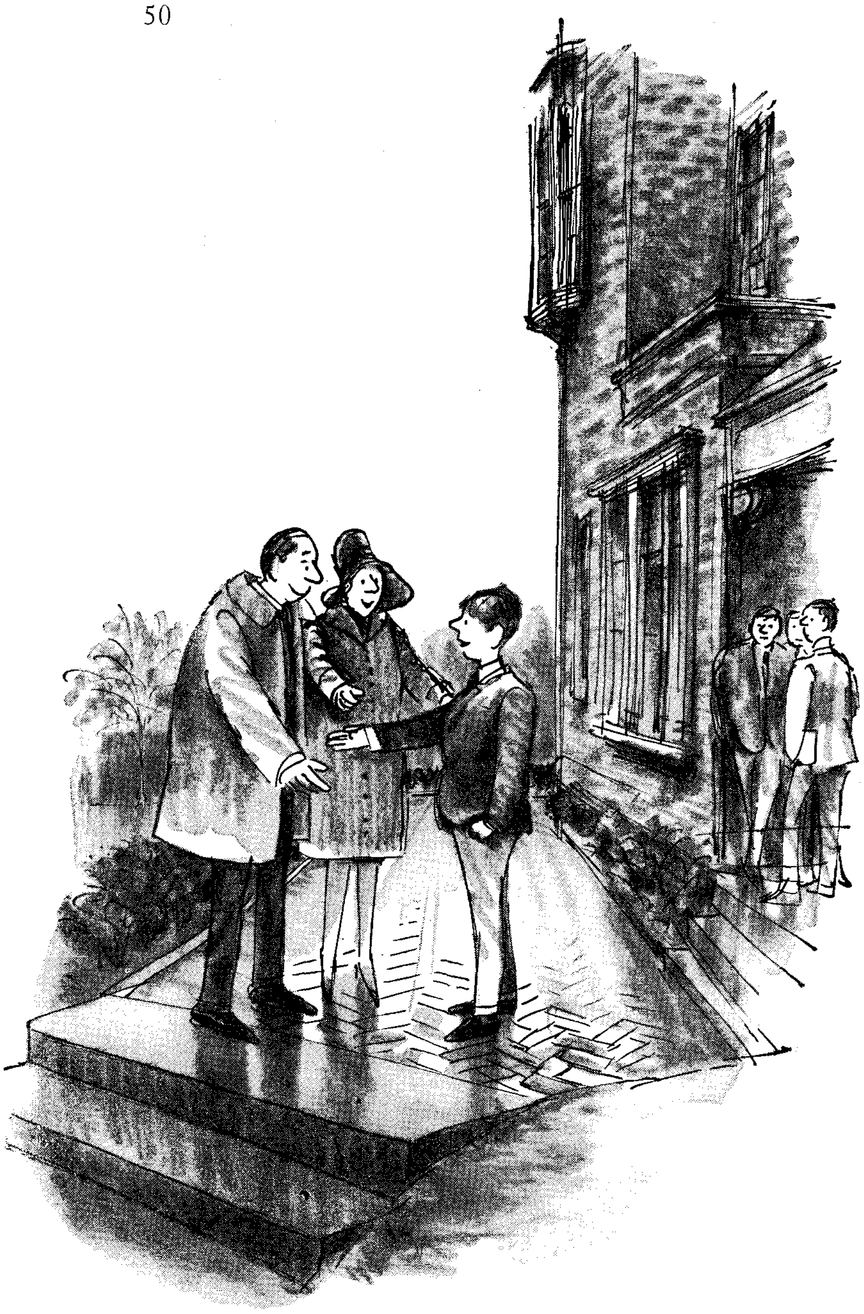
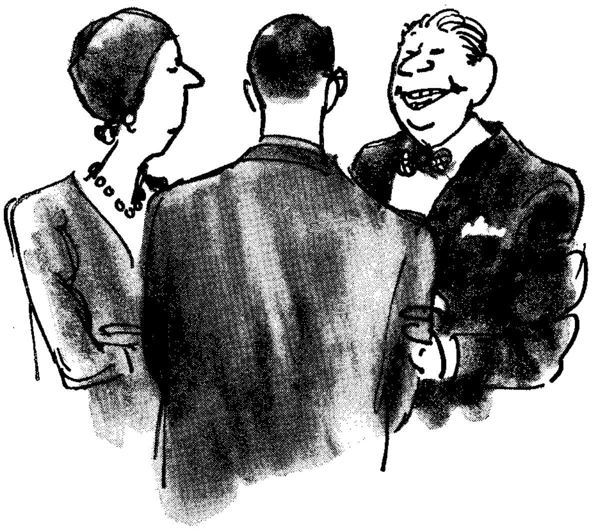
Running along the northeastern side of Monroe is beautiful Bayou DeSiard. The bayou is a typical Louisiana bayou with cypress trees and Spanish moss; it offers an excellent source for skiing, fishing, swimming, and pleasure boating. Lovely residents are found skirting the bayou along its entire length.—*Monroe (La.) Twin City Highlights.*

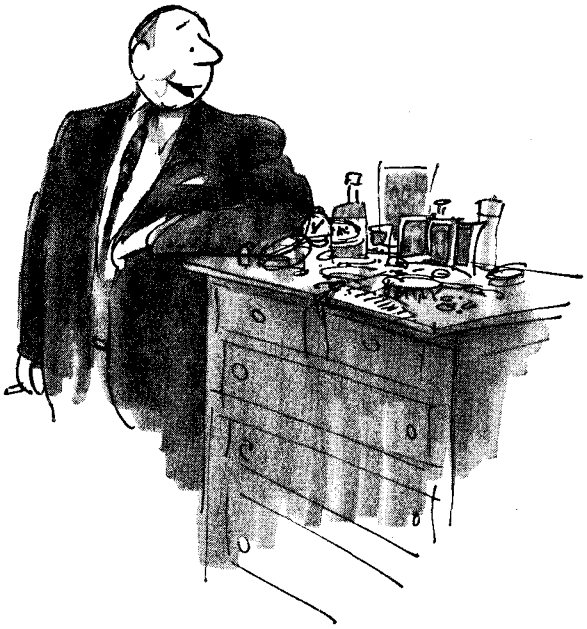
So who wants skiing?



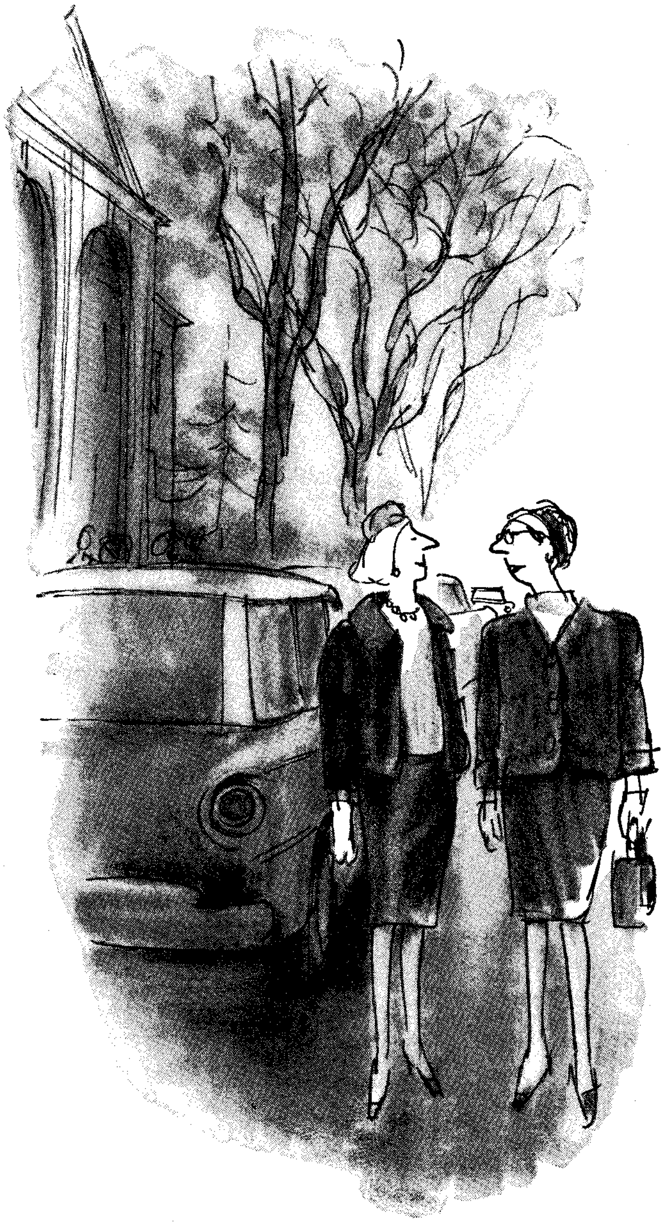
"Good to see you, sir."



"We had a wonderful spirit here in my day. They didn't make such a big thing about grades."

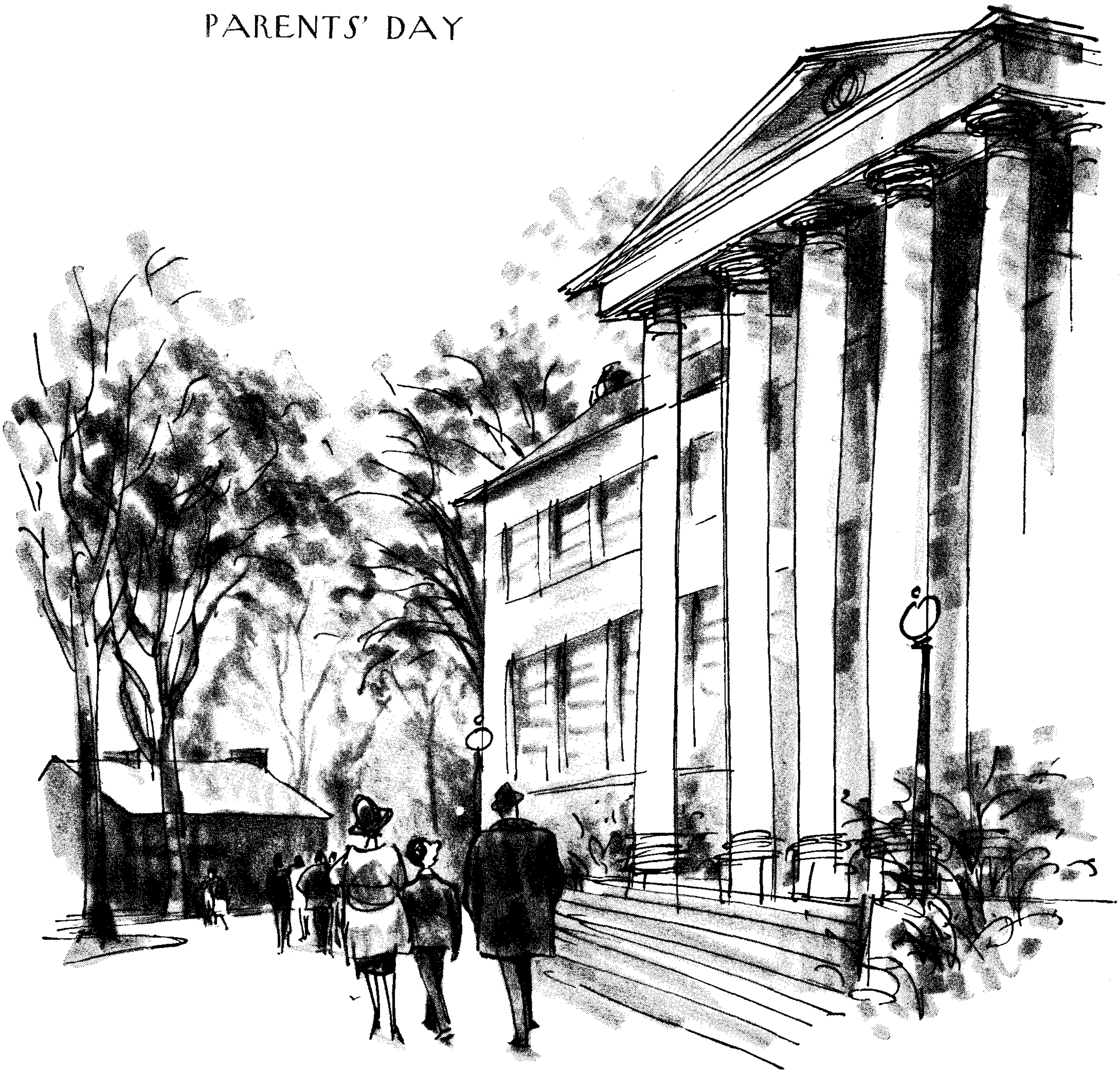


"I didn't know you had a picture of me."

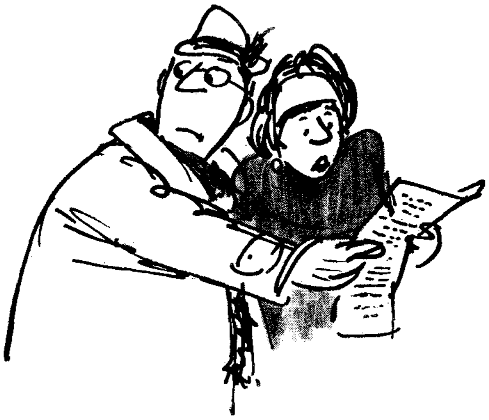


"I feel I should dress like a mother when I come up."

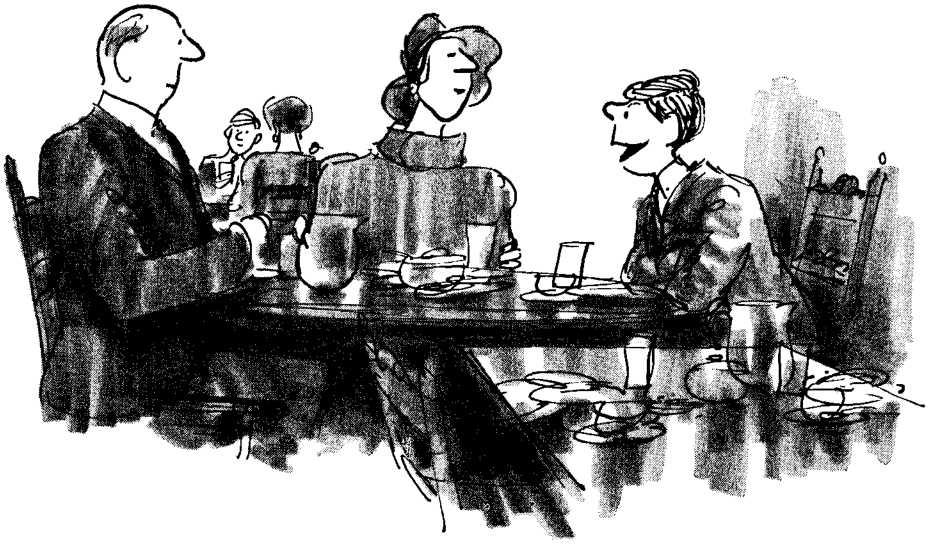
PARENTS' DAY



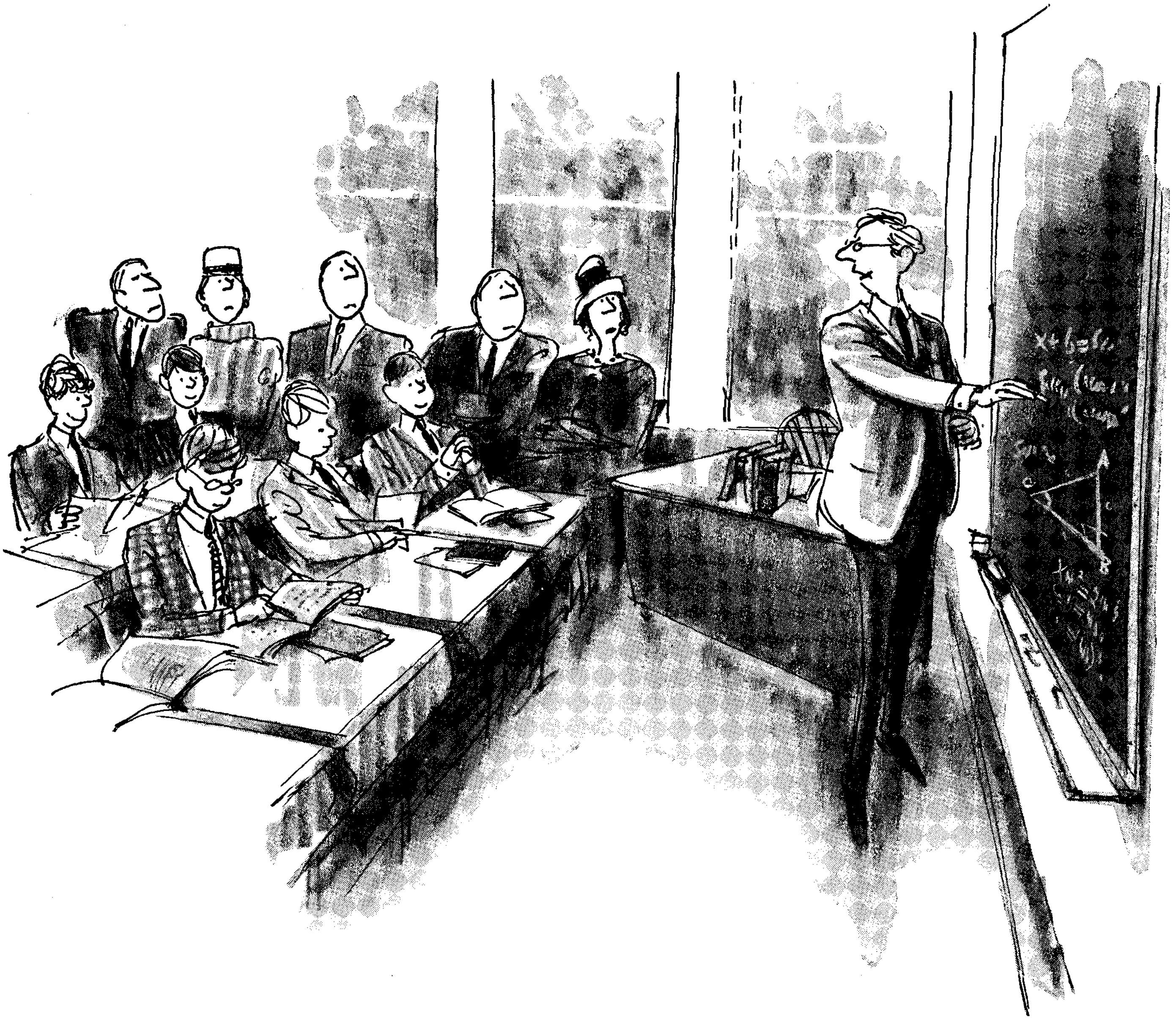
"The guy they named that after nearly flunked out."



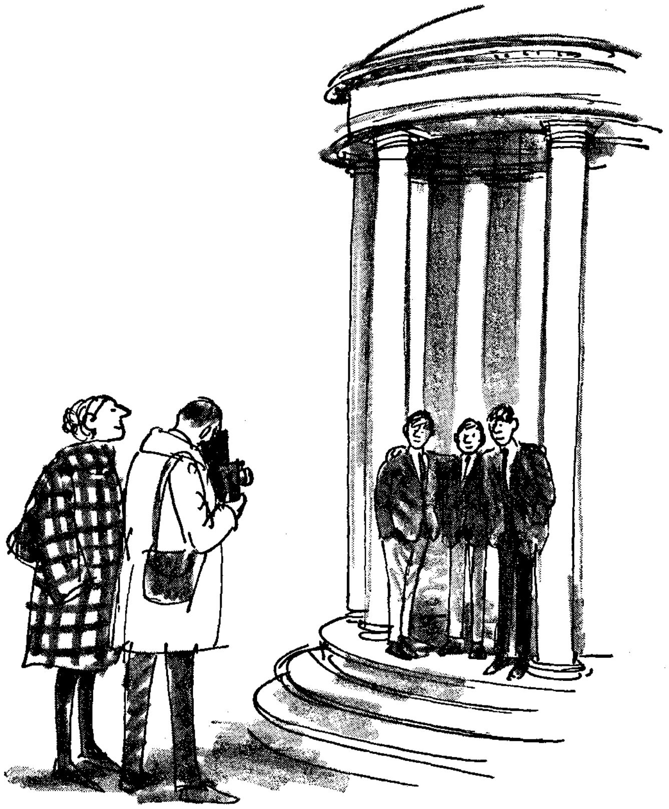
"We're missing Open House at the Infirmary!"

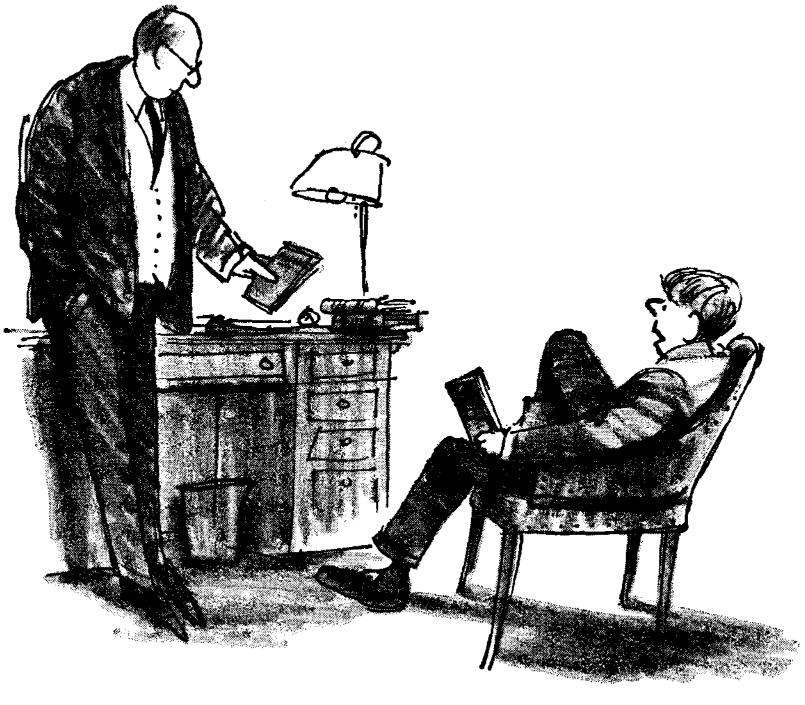


"Go ahead—speak French to me."

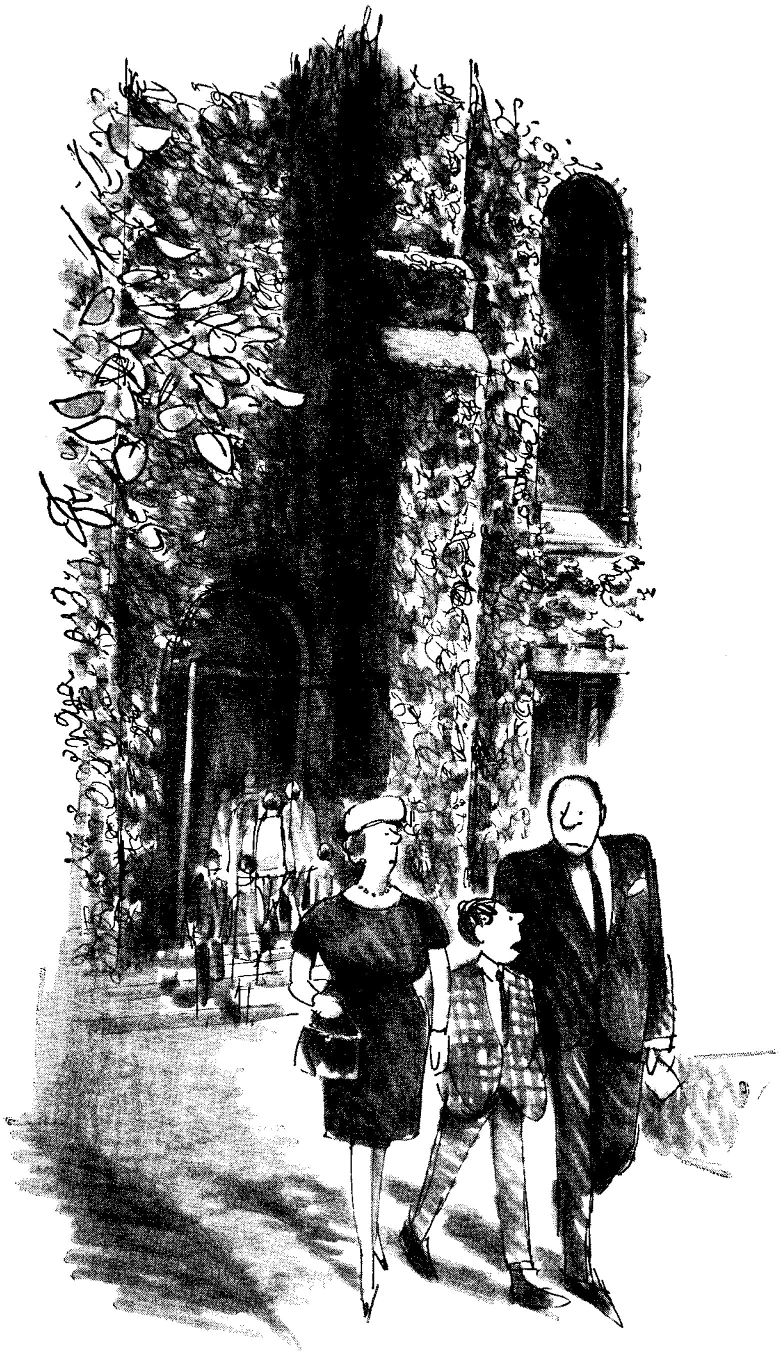


"Any questions?"

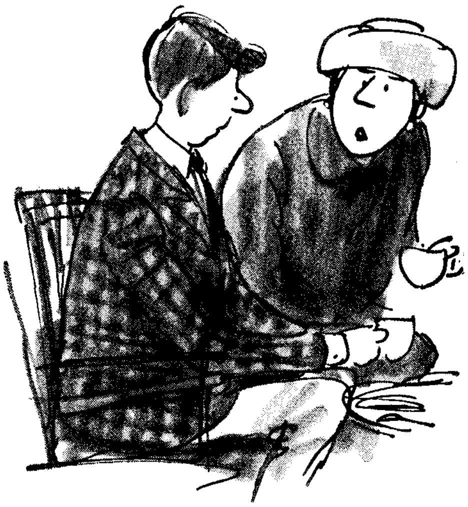




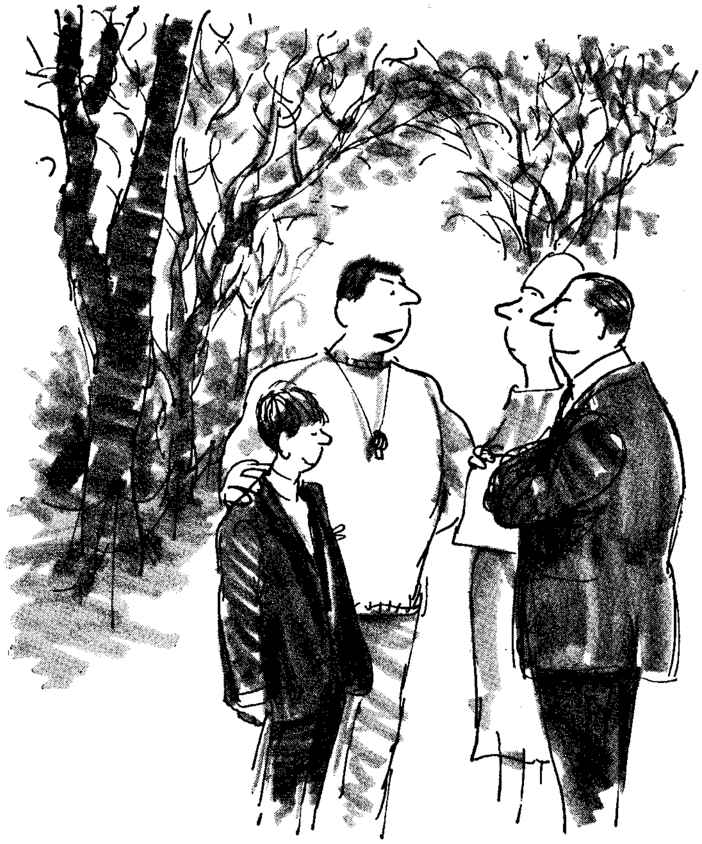
"When I read it at home, I didn't know it had all that stuff in it. Irony and metaphor and all that."



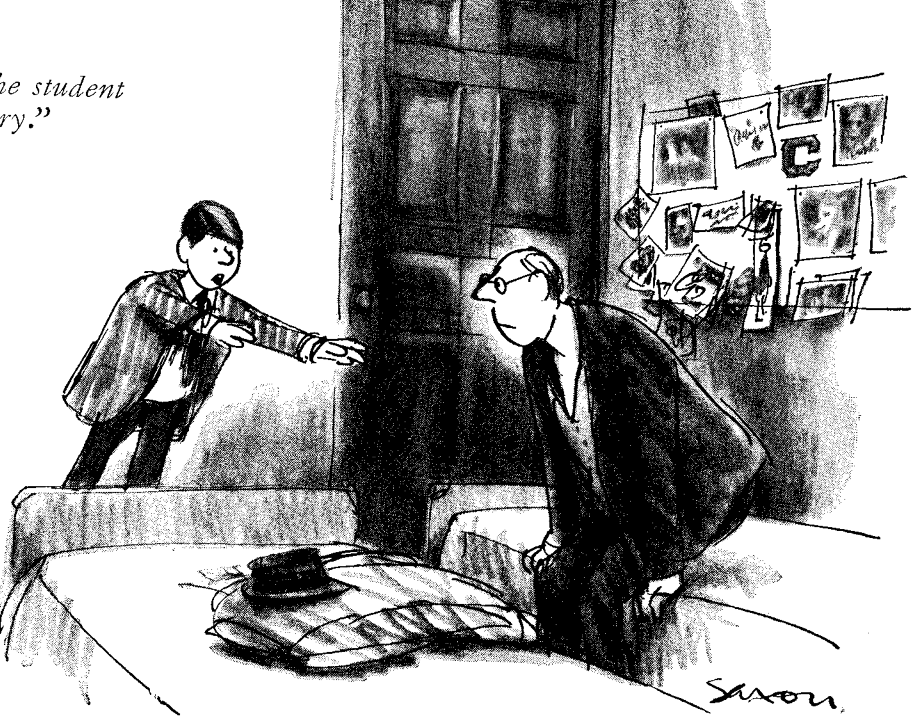
"I want to warn you about my bill at the student store. Almost all of it was necessary."



"Why aren't you wearing your Viyella sweater?"



"I don't know what we'd do without this man on our defensive line."



"Don't sit on that bed! Sit on my bed!"

ERNST IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES

OPENING a window in Willi's room to clear the room of cigarette smoke, Ernst observes that the afternoon sky has not changed since he last glanced at it a day or two ago. It is a thick winter blanket, white and gray. Nothing moves. The black cobbles down in the courtyard give up a design of wet light. More light behind the windows now, and the curtains become glassy and clear. The life behind them is implicit in its privacy. Forms are poised at stove and table, before mirrors, insolently unconcerned with Ernst. His neighbors on this court in the rue de Lille in Paris do not care if he peers at them, and he, in turn, may never be openly watched. Nevertheless, he never switches on the table lamp, dim though it is, without fastening Willi's cretonne curtains together with a safety pin. He feels so conspicuous in his new civilian clothes, idling the whole day, that it would not astonish him if some civic-minded and diligent informer had already been in touch with the police.

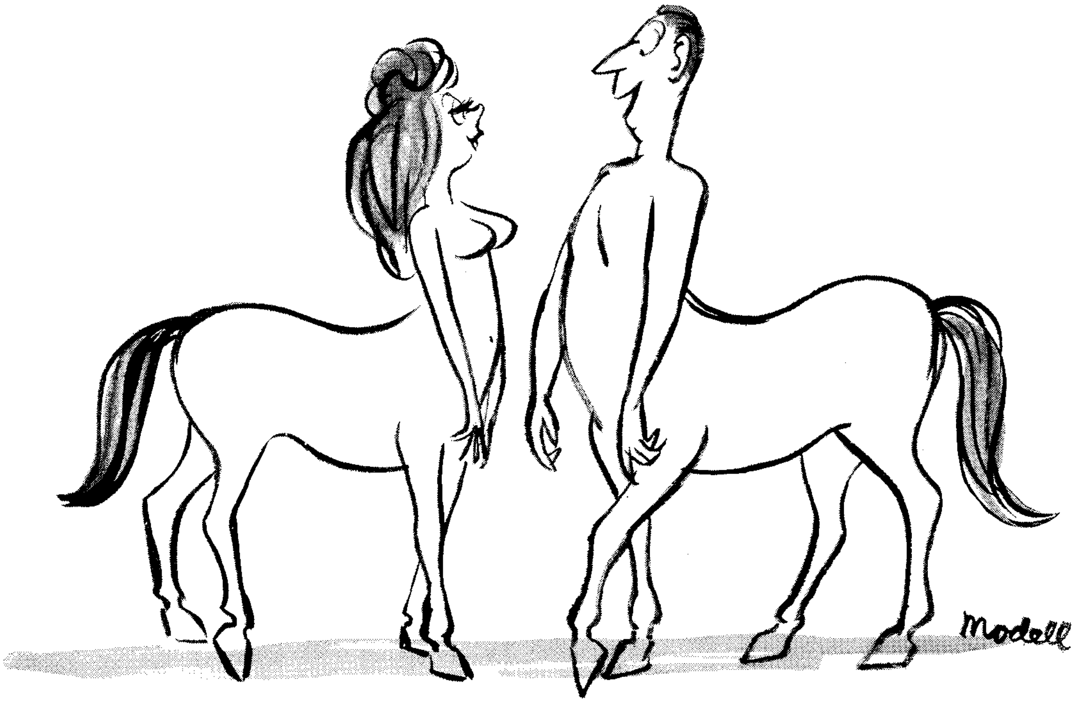
On a January afternoon, Ernst the civilian wears a nylon shirt, a suède tie, a blazer with plastic buttons, and cuffless trousers so tapered and short that when he sits down they slide to his calf. His brown military boots—unsuccessfully camouflaged for civilian life with black Kiwi—make him seem anchored. These are French clothes, and, all but the boots, look as if they had been run up quickly and economically by a little girl. Willi, who borrowed the clothes for Ernst, was unable to find shoes his size, but is pleased, on the whole, with the results of his scrounging. It is understood (by Willi) that when Ernst is back in Germany and earning money, he will either pay for the shirt, tie, blazer, and trousers or else return them by parcel post. Ernst will do neither. He has already forgotten the clothes were borrowed in Willi's name. He will forget he lived in Willi's room. If he does remember, if a climate one day brings back a January in Paris, he will simply weep. His debts and obligations dissolve in his tears. Ernst's warm tears, his good health, and his poor memory are what keep him afloat.

In an inside pocket of the borrowed jacket are the papers that show he is not a deserter. His separation from the Foreign Legion is legal. For reasons not plain this afternoon, his life is an endless leave without the hope and the dread of return to the barracks. He is now like any man who has begged for a divorce and was shocked when it was granted. The document has it that he is Ernst Zimmermann, born in 1927, in Mainz. If he were to lose that paper, he would not expect any normal policeman to accept his word of honor. He is not likely to forget his own name, but he could, if cornered, forget the connection between an uncertified name and himself. Fortunately, his identification is given substance by a round purple stamp on which one can read "Préfecture de Police." Clipped to the certificate is a second-class railway ticket to Stuttgart, where useful Willi has a brother-in-law in the building trade. Willi has written that Ernst is out of the Legion, and needs a job, and is not a deserter. The brother-in-law is rich enough to be jovial; he answers that even if Ernst is a deserter he will take him on. This letter perplexes Ernst. What use are papers if the first person you deal with as a civilian does not ask to see even copies of them? What is Ernst, if his papers mean nothing? He knows his name and his category (ex-Legionnaire) but not much more. He does not know if he is German or Austrian. His mother was Austrian and his stepfather was German. He was born before Austria became Germany, but when he was taken prisoner by the Americans in April, 1945, Austria and Germany were one. Austrians are not allowed to join the Foreign Legion. If he were Austrian now and tried to live in Austria, he might be in serious trouble. Was he German or Austrian in September, 1945, when he became a Legionnaire because the food was better on their side of the prison camp? His mother *is* Austrian, but he has chosen the stepfather; he is German. He looks at the railway posters with which Willi has decorated the room, and in a resolution that must bear a date (January 28, 1963) he decides, My Country. A new patriotism, drained from the Legion, flows over a field of daffodils, the casino at Baden-Baden, a gingerbread house, part of the harbor at Hamburg, and a couple of sea gulls.

Actually, there may be misstatements in his papers. Only his mother, if she is still living, and still cares, could make the essential corrections. He was really born in the Voralberg in 1929. When he joined the Legion, he said he was eighteen, for there were advantages in both error and accuracy then; prisoners under eighteen received double food rations, but prisoners who joined the Foreign Legion thought it was the fastest way home. Ernst is either thirty-four or thirty-six. He pledged his loyalty to official papers years ago—to officers, to the Legion, to stamped and formally attested facts. It is an attested fact that he was born in Mainz. Mainz is a place he passed through once, in a locked freight car, when he was being transported to France with a convoy of prisoners. He does not know why the Americans who took him prisoner in Germany sent him to France. Willi says to this day that the Americans sold their prisoners at one thousand five hundred francs a head, but Ernst finds such suppositions taxing. During one of the long, inexplicable halts on the mysterious voyage, where arrival and travelling were equally dreaded, another lad in man's uniform, standing crushed against Ernst, said, "We're in Mainz." "Well?" "Mainz is finished. There's nothing left." "How do you know? We can't see out," said Ernst. "There is nothing left anywhere for us," said the boy. "My father says this is the Apocalypse." What an idiot, Ernst felt; but later on, when he was asked where he came from, he said, without hesitating, and without remembering why, "Mainz."

ERNST is leaving Paris tomorrow morning. He will take the Métro to the Gare de l'Est at an hour when the café windows are fogged with the steam of rinsed floors. The Métro quais will smell of disinfectant and cigarette butts. Willi will probably carry his duffelbag and provide him with bread and chocolate to eat on the train. He is leaving before he is deported. He has no domicile and no profession; he is a vagabond without a home (his home was the Legion) and without a trade (his trade was the Legion, too). Some ex-Legionnaires have come out of it well. András is a masseur, Thomas a car washer, Carlo lives with a prostitute, Dietrich is a night watchman, Vieko has a scholarship and is attending courses in French civilization, Piotr is seen with a smart interior decorator, Lothar is engaged to marry a serious French girl. Ernst has nothing, not even his pension. He waited for the pension, but now he has given up. He is not bitter but feels ill-used. Also, he thinks he looks peculiar. He has not been to Germany since he was carried through Mainz eighteen years ago, and he is wearing civilian clothes as normal dress for the first time since he was seven years old.

His Austrian mother was desperately poor even after she married his stepfather, and when Ernst put on his Hitler Youth uniform at seven, it meant, mostly, a great saving in clothes. He has been in uniform ever since. His uni-



"How about going out with me tonight and tying on the old feed bag?"

• •

forms have not been lucky. He has always been part of a defeated army. He has fought for Germany and for France and, according to what he has been told each time, for civilization.

He wore civilian clothes for one day, years ago, when he was confirmed, and then again when he was sixteen and a Werewolf, but those were not normal occasions. When he was confirmed a Christian, and created a Werewolf, he felt disguised and curiously concealed. He is disguised and foreign to himself today, looking out of Willi's window at the sky and the cobbles and the neighbors in the court. He looks shabby and unemployed, like the pictures of men in German street crowds before the Hitler time.

It is quite dark when the little boy, holding his mother's hand with one hand and a cone of roasted chestnuts in the other, enters the court. The mother pushes the heavy doors that hide the court from the street, and the pair enter slowly, as if they had tramped a long way in heavy snow. They have returned safely, once again, from their afternoon stroll in the Jardin des Tuileries. The chestnuts were bought from the old Algerian beside the pond near the Place de la Concorde. The smoke of the blue charcoal fire was darker than the sky, and the smell of chestnuts burning is more pungent than their taste. In a cone of newspaper (a quarter-page of *France-Soir*) they warm the heart and hand.

Four days ago Ernst followed these two. They live up above Willi's room. He was curious to know where they were going. The walk came to nothing. When the boy and his mother reached the object of their outing—the old man, the chestnuts, the frozen pond—they turned around and came away, between the black, stripped trees and the cold statues Ernst thinks of as trees. Mercury is a tree; the Rape of Deidamia is another tree. They skirted a sea of feeding pigeons, out of which rose a brave old maniac of a woman with a cotton scarf on her head. It is an illegal act to scatter crumbs for the birds of Paris, but on this Siberian day the guardians of the peace are too frozen to act. The mother, the child, and Ernst behind them, plod on snow like sifted sugar, past the Roman emperors, past the straw-covered beds of earth. In great peril they cross the Quai des Tuileries. The traffic light changes from green to red without warning when they are half over, and they stand still, creating a whirlpool. Along the Pont Royal the wind strikes like an enemy, from every direction at once. After a sunless day there is a pale orange cloud on the Gare d'Orsay. The spires of Notre-Dame and the stalled buses in the traffic block on the Pont du Carrousel appear nacreous and white, as if in moonlight. The mother and child are engulfed and nearly trampled suddenly by released civil servants running away from their offices behind the Gare d'Orsay. They run as if there were lions behind them. It has never been as cold as this in Paris. Breath is visible; Ernst's emerges from marble lungs. The mother and child face the last hazard of the journey—the Quai Anatole France. Even when they have the green light in their favor, they are caught by cars turning right off the Pont Royal. There are two policemen here to protect them, and there are traffic lights to be obeyed, but every person and every thing is submerged by the dark and the cold and the torrent of motorcars and a fear like a fear of lions.

Tiring of this, Ernst threads his way across, against the light, leaving the child and the woman trembling on the curb. He had wondered about them, and wondered where they went every day, and now he knows. That was four days ago. He has seldom been out of Willi's room since.

"Hurry," says the mother when she and the child reach the middle of the court. She takes the chestnuts and the boy's gloves, and the child vanishes behind the rotting wooden door of the courtyard lavatory. The mother, waiting, looks up at a window for a friend. She has a crony—a hag Ernst sees in the store where he and she, without speaking, buy the same ink-thick, unlabelled red wine. She buys one litre at a time, Ernst several. Her window is just below his, to the left.

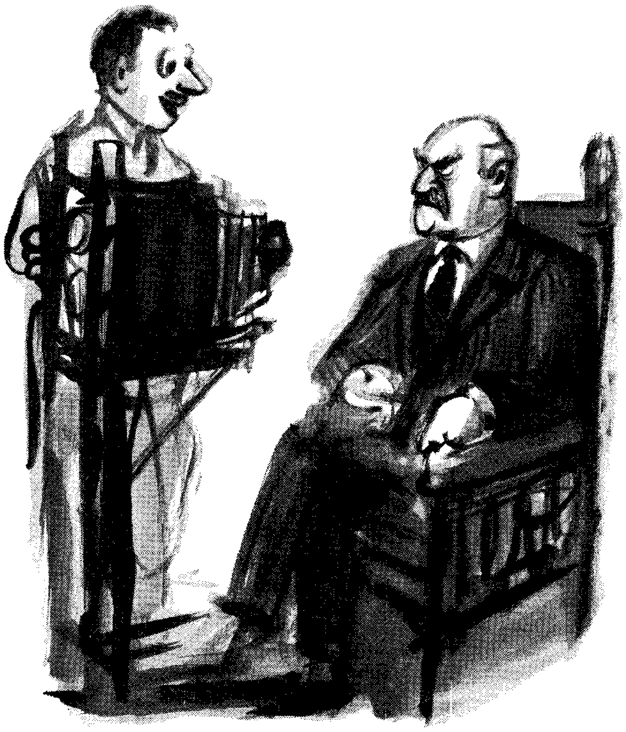
The mother might be twenty-six. She stands in cold light from an open window. Her upturned face is broad and white, the angora beret on her head is white moss. She has wrapped a tatty fur around her neck, like an old Russian countess. Her handbag seems the old displaced-person sort, too—big, and bulging with cancelled passports. She speaks in the thin voice of this city, the high plucked wire of a voice that belittles the universe.

"I've had enough, and I've told him so," she says, without caring who might hear. It sounds at least the start of a tragedy, but then she invites the hag, who, with a tablecloth around her head, is hanging out the window, to stop by and share the television later on. At half past seven there will be a program called "L'Homme du XXe Siècle."

Ernst followed this woman because she was fit for his attention. He would have sought a meeting somewhere, but the weather was against it. He could not have brought her to Willi's room, because Willi has scruples about gossip and neighbors. Ernst could have gone upstairs (he does not doubt his success for a moment), but the walls are card-board and he would have drawn notice to his marked civilian self.

EARLY in the morning, the mother's voice is fresh and quick. The father leaves for work at six o'clock. She takes the child to school at a quarter to eight. The child calls her often: "*Maman*, come here." "*Maman*, look." She rushes about, clattering with brooms. At nine she goes to market, and she returns at ten, calling up to her crony that she has found nothing, nothing fit to eat, but the basket is full of something; she is bent sideways with the weight of it. By noon, after she has gone out once more to fetch the child for lunch, her voice begins to rise. Either the boy refuses what she has cooked for him or does not eat quickly enough, but his meal is dogged with the repeated question "Are you going to obey?" He is dragged back to school weeping. Both are worn out with this, and their late-afternoon walk is exhausted and calm. In the evening the voice climbs still higher. "You will see, when your father comes home!" It is a bird shrieking. Whatever the child has done or said is so monstrously disobedient that she cannot wait for the father to arrive. She has to chase the child and catch him before she can beat him. There is the noise of running, a chair knocked down, something like marbles, perhaps the chestnuts, rolling on the floor. "You *will* obey me!" It is a promise of the future now. The caught child screams. If the house were burning, if there were lions on the stairs, he could not scream more. All round the court the neighbors stay well away from their windows. It is no one's concern. When his mother beats him, the child calls for help, and calls "*Maman*." His true mother will surely arrive and take him away from his mother transformed. Who else can he appeal to? It makes sense. Ernst has heard grown men call for their mothers. He knows about submission and punishment and justice and power. He knows what the child does not know—that the screaming will stop, that everything ends. He did not learn a trade in the Foreign Legion, but he did learn to obey.

GOOD-NATURED Willi danced a java this morning, with an imaginary girl in his arms. Fortunately, he had no partner, for she would have been kicked to bits. His thick hands described circles to the music from the radio, and his thick legs kicked sideways and forward. Ernst saw the soles of Willi's shoes and his flying unmilitary hair, and his round face red with laughter. When the music stopped, he stopped, and after he had regained his breath, used it to repeat that he would come home early to cook the stew for their last supper. Willi then went off to work. Today he is guide and interpreter for seventeen men from a German firm that makes bath salts. He will show them the Emperor's tomb and the Eiffel Tower and leave them to their fate up in Pigalle. As Willi neither smokes nor drinks, and is not even objectively interested in pictures of naked dancers, he can see no advantage in spending an evening there. He weighs the free banquet against the waste of time and chooses time. He will tell them what the limit price is for a bottle of champagne and abandon them, seventeen of them, in hats, scarves, overcoats, and well-soled shoes, safe in an establishment where *Man spricht Deutsch.* Then he will hurry home to cut up the leeks and carrots for Ernst's last stew. Willi has a sense of responsibility, and finds most people noisier and sillier than they were ten years ago. He does not know that ten years have gone by. His face does not reflect the change of time, rate, and distance. He is small in stature, as if he had not begun his adolescent growth. He looks and speaks about as he did when he and Ernst were prisoners in the West of France eighteen years ago.



"Say 'Cheese.'"

This morning, before attending to his seventeen men from the bath-salts factory, Willi went to the market and came back with a newspaper someone had dropped in a bus shelter. What a find! Twenty-five centimes of fresh news! He also had a piece of stewing beef and a marrow bone, and he unfolded an old journal to reveal four carrots and two leeks. The grocer weighed the vegetables and the journal together, so that Willi was cheated, but he was grateful to be allowed to purchase any vegetables at all. The only vegetables on public sale that morning were frozen Brussels sprouts.

"It is like wartime," says Willi, not displeased that it is like wartime. He might enjoy the privations of another war, without the killing. He thinks privation is good for people. If you give Willi a piece of chocolate, he gives half of it away to someone else and puts the rest aside until it has turned stale and white. Then he eats it, slowly and thankfully, and says it is delicious. Lying on the floor, Ernst has watched Willi working—typing translations at four francs a page. His blunt fingers work rapidly. His eyes never look up from the paper beside the machine. He has taught himself to translate on sight, even subjects about which he cares nothing, such as neon tubes and historical principles. They have come only a short distance from their camp in 1945, where someone said to Ernst, "You have lost the war. You are not ordinary prisoners. You may never go home again." At the other end of the camp, on the far side of a fence, the Foreign Legion recruits played soccer and threw leftover food into garbage cans; and so Ernst left Willi with his bugs, his potato peelings, his diseased feet, his shorn head, and joined the Legion. Willi thought he would get home faster by staying where he was. They were both bad guessers. Willi is still in Paris, typing translations, guiding visiting businessmen, playing S.S. officers in films about the last war. It is a way of living, not quite a life. Ernst teases Willi because he works hard for little money, and because he worries about things of no consequence—why children are spoiled, why girls lose their virtue, why wars are lost, won, or started. He tells Willi, "Do you want to go to your grave with nothing but this behind you?" If Ernst really believes what he says, how can one explain

"Cheese."

the expression he takes on then, when he suddenly rolls over on the floor and says, "Girls are nothing, Willi. You haven't missed much. You're better off the way you are."

THIS is a long day without daylight. Ernst's duffelbag is packed. He has nothing to do. He has forgotten that Willi asked him to put the marrow bone and stewing beef in a pan of water on the electric plate no later than four o'clock. In the paper found at the bus shelter Ernst discovers that because of the hard winter—the coldest since 1880—the poor are to be given fifty kilos of free coal. Or else it is one hundred and fifty or one hundred kilos; he cannot understand the news item, which gives all three figures. Gas is to be free for the poor (if consumed moderately) until March 31st. Willi's gas heater flames the whole day, because Ernst, as a civilian, is sensitive to weather. Ernst will let Willi pay the bill, and, with some iridescent memory of something once read, he will believe that Willi had free gas—and, who knows, perhaps free rent and light!—all winter long. When Ernst believes an idea suitable for the moment, it becomes true. He has many troubles, and if you believe one-tenth of anything he tells you, he will say you are decent.

Once, Ernst was a Werewolf concealed in civilian clothes. His uniform was gone, and his arms and identity papers buried in the mud outside a village whose name he cannot remember. It begins with "L." He lay on the ground vomiting grass, bark, and other foods he had eaten. He had been told to get rid of the papers but not the arms. He disobeyed. He walked all one night to the town where his mother and stepfather were. The door was locked, because the forced-labor camps were open now and ghosts in rags were abroad and people were frightened of them. His mother opened the door a crack when she recognized the Werewolf's voice (but not his face or his disguise) and she said, "You can't stay here." There was a smell of burning. They were burning his stepfather's S.S. uniform in the cellar. Ernst's mother kissed him, but he had already turned away. The missed embrace was a salute to the frightening night, and she shut the door on her son and went back to her husband. Even if she had offered him food, he could not have swallowed. His throat closed on his breath. He could not swallow his own spit. He cannot now remember his own age or what she was like. He is either thirty-four or thirty-six, and born in Mainz.

Willi is always reading about the last war. He cuts up newspapers and pastes clippings in scrapbooks. All this is evidence. Willi is waiting for the lucid, the wide-awake, and above all the rational person who will come out of the past and say with authority, "This was true," and "This was not." The photographs, the films, the documents, the witnesses, and the survivors could have been invented or dreamed. Willi searches the plain blue sky of his childhood and looks for a stain of the evil he has been told was there. He cannot see it. The sky is without spot.

"What was wrong with the Hitler Youth?" says Willi. What was wrong with being told about Goethe Rilke Wagner Schiller Beethoven?

Ernst, when he listens to Willi, seems old and sly. He looks like a corrupted old woman. Many of the expressions of his face are womanish. He is like the old woman who says to the young girl, "Have nothing to do with anyone. Stay as you are." He knows more than Willi because he has been a soldier all his life. He knows that there are no limits to folly and pain except fatigue and the failing of imagination. He has always known more than Willi, but he can be of no help to him, because of his own life-saving powers of forgetfulness.

It is the twentieth anniversary of Stalingrad, and the paper found at the bus stop is full of it. Stalingrad—now renamed—is so treated that it seems a defeat all around, and a man with a dull memory, like Ernst, can easily think that France and Germany fought on the same side twenty years ago. Or else there were two separate wars, one real and one remembered. It must have been a winter as cold as this, a winter gray on white and full of defeat. Ernst turns on the radio and, finding nothing but solemn music, turns it off. From the court he hears a romantic tune sung by Charles Aznavour and is moved by it. On an uncrowded screen a line of ghosts shuffles in snow, limps through the triumphant city, and a water cart cleans the pavement their feet have touched. Ernst, the eternally defeated, could know the difference between victory and failure, if he would apply his mind to it; but he has met young girls in Paris who think Dien Bien Phu was a French victory, and he has let them go on thinking it, because it is of no importance. Ernst was in Indo-China and knows it was a defeat. There is no fear in the memory. Sometimes another, younger Ernst is in a place where he must save someone who calls "Mutti!" He advances; he wades in a flooded cellar. There is more fear in dreams than in life. What about the dream where someone known—sometimes a man, sometimes a woman—wears a mask and wig? The horror of the wig! He wakes dry-throated. Willi has always been ready to die. If the judge he is waiting for says "This is true, and you were not innocent," he says he will be ready to die. He could die tomorrow. But Ernst, who has been in uniform since he was seven, and defeated in every war, has never been prepared.

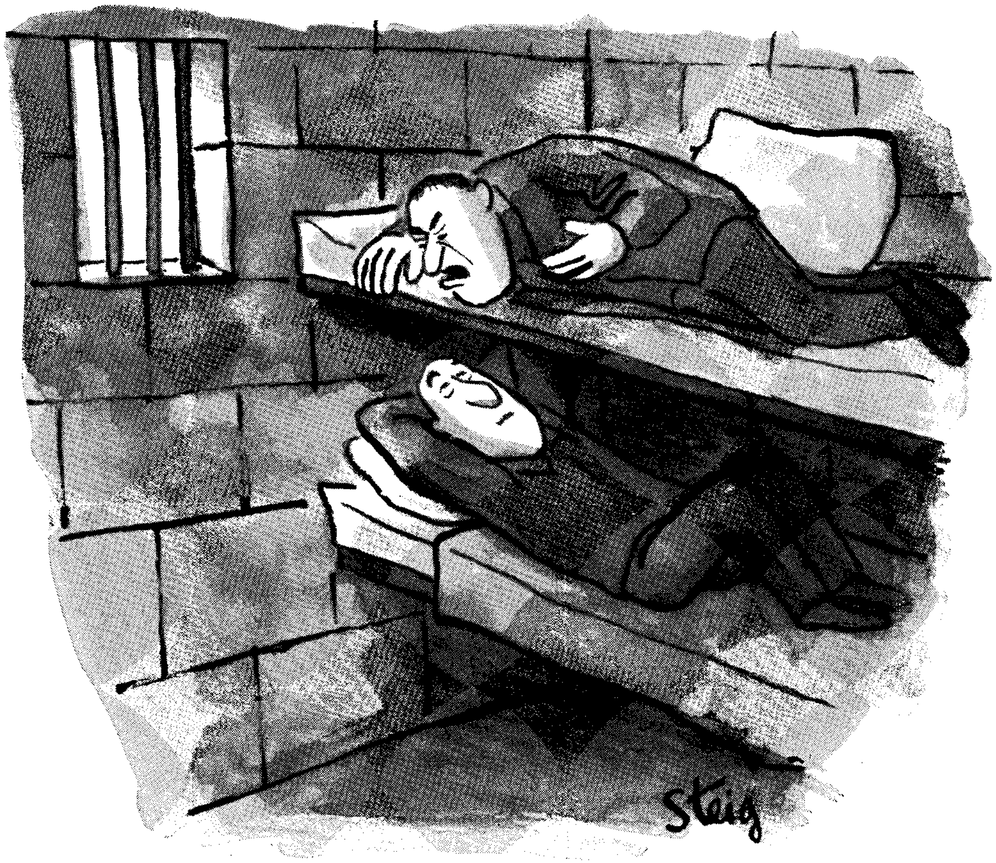
IN the court it snowed and rained and the rain froze on the windows. By three o'clock he could not see without a light. He pinned the curtains together, switched on the table lamp, and lay down on the floor. In the paper he read the following:

A l'occasion d'un premier colloque
européen
LE "DOPING" HUMAIN
a été défini et condamné

It must mean something. Would Willi cut this out and paste it in a scrapbook? Willi, who will be home in two or three hours, is made sick by the smell of cigarette smoke, and so Ernst gets up, undoes the curtains, and airs the room. He must have fallen asleep over the paper, for it is quite dark, and the child and his mother have returned from their walk. The room is cold and smells of the courtyard instead of cigarettes. He shuts the window and curtains and looks for something to read. Willi has saved a magazine article by an eminent author in which it is claimed that young Werewolves were animals. Their training had lowered the barrier between wolves and men. Witnesses heard them howling in the night. When the judge arrives, Willi will say to him, "What about this?" Ernst begins the article but finds it long-winded. He grins, suddenly, reading, without knowing he has shown his teeth. If he were seen at this moment, an element of folklore would begin to seep through Europe, where history becomes folklore in a generation: "On the rue de Lille, a man of either thirty-six or thirty-four, masquerading in civilian clothes, became a wolf." He reads: "Witnesses saw them eating babies and tearing live chickens apart." He buried his arms and his identity in the mud outside a village whose name he cannot remember. He vomited bark and grass and the yellow froth of fear. He was in a peasant's jacket stiff with grease and sweat. Ernst is rusting and decomposing in the soft earth near a village. Under leaves, snow, dandelions, twigs, his shame molders. Without papers he was no one; without arms he was nothing. Without papers and without arms he walked as if in a fever, asking himself constantly what he had forgotten. In the village whose name began with "L," he saw an American. He sat throwing a knife at a mark on a wall. He would get up slowly, go over to the wall, pull out the knife, walk slowly back, sit down, balance the knife, and aim at the mark, holding the knife by the blade.

Ernst is going home, but not to that village. He could never find it again. He does not know what he will find. Willi, who goes home every year at Christmas, returns disgusted. He hates the old men who sit and tell stories. "Old men in their forties," says Willi, who does not know he will soon be old. The old men rub their sleeves through beer rings and say that if the Americans had done this, if von Paulus had done that, if Hitler had died a year sooner . . . finger through the beer rings, drawing a line, and an arrow, and a spear.

Having aired the room, and frozen it, Ernst lights another cigarette. He is going home. In Willi's scrapbook he turns over unpasted clippings about the terrorist trials in Paris in 1962. Two ex-Legionnaires, deserters, were tried—he will read to the end, if he can keep awake. Two ex-Legionnaires were shot by a firing squad because they had shot someone else. It is a confusing story, because some of the clippings say "bandits" and some say "patriots." He does not quite understand what went on, and the two terrorists could not have understood much, either, because when the death sentence was spoken they took off their French decorations and flung them into the courtroom and cried, "Long Live France!" and "Long Live French Algeria!" They were not French, but they had been in the Legion, and probably did not know there were other things to say. That was 1962—light-years ago in political time.



"No, five grand wasn't enough for me. I was a pig!"

Ernst is going home. He has decided, about a field of daffodils, My Country. He will not be shot with "Long Live" anything on his lips. No. He will not put on a new uniform, or continue to claim his pension, or live with a prostitute, or become a night watchman in Paris. What will he do?

When Ernst does not know what to do, he goes to sleep. He sits on the floor near the gas heater with his knees drawn up and his head on his arms. He can sleep in any position, and he goes deeply asleep within seconds. The room is as sealed as a box and his duffelbag an invisible threat in a corner. He wades in the water of a flooded cellar. His pocket light is soaked; the damp batteries fail. There is another victim in the cellar, calling "Mutti," and it is his duty to find him and rescue him and drag him up to the light of day. He wades forward in the dark, and knows, in sleep, where it is no help to him, that the voice is his own.

Ernst, on his feet, stiff with the cold of a forgotten dream, makes a new decision. Everyone is lying; he will invent his own truth. Is it important if one-tenth of a lie is true? Is there a horror in a memory if it was only a dream? In Willi's shaving mirror now he wears the face that no superior officer, no prisoner, and no infatuated girl has ever seen. He will believe only what *he* knows. It is a great decision in an important day. Life begins with facts: he is Ernst Zimmermann, ex-Legionnaire. He has a ticket to Stuttgart. On the twenty-eighth of January, in the coldest winter since 1880, on the rue de Lille, in Paris, the child beaten by his mother cries for help and calls "*Maman, Maman.*" —MAVIS GALLANT

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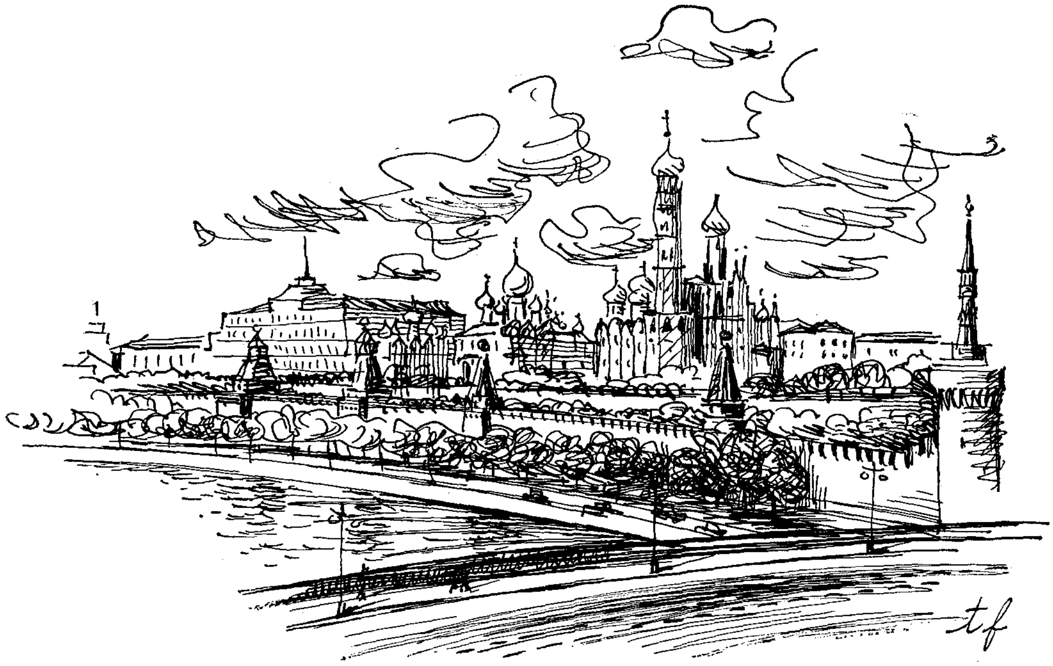
If your house plants develop leaves, they're being over-watered.—*The Post.*

Noted.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

III—MOSCOW



THE Red Arrow, the night train from Leningrad, got me into Moscow shortly before nine on a Friday morning early in April. I had come back to Moscow, after a month away, in order to learn how far the Sovremennik (Contemporary) Theatre company had progressed in its preparation of Ernest Hemingway's "The Fifth Column—A Play in Three Acts." I had already sat in on a number of preliminary rehearsals. Now I was about to see the first rehearsal held onstage. From the station, I telephoned the theatre and was told that the rehearsal was due to start at eleven, and that the entire company—a first cast and a second cast—was on call. Soviet theatres, all of which are organized along repertory lines, employ a rather complicated two-cast system. There are no understudies, as in the American theatre. And while the first cast is usually something like the first string on a football team, this may not be so in all cases; for example, when an actor who would be best suited for a role is already committed to another play, he may be made a member of the second cast in the new play. At the Contemporary, the names of plays that will be performed in a given week are always posted on a bulletin board in the corridor outside the dressing rooms. Under each play's name and date, the cast is listed, so that every actor will know what is coming up for him on his schedule. The names of the actors in both casts appear on every program. Soviet theatre programs are extremely simple. They consist of a single folded sheet—that is, four pages. On the front appear the name of the theatre, its address, the title of the play, the number of acts, and the playwright's name. On the second page, under the heading "Cast of Characters and Performers," are listed the two casts. It is the duty of the usherettes, before each performance, to put check marks beside the names of the actors performing a role that night, or, as is sometimes the case, to write in the name of a substitute actor. Ordinarily, the third page is reserved for the names of the production staff. This listing, too, is curiously brief, consisting usually of the director, the designer, and the composer. (These days, almost every play staged in the Soviet Union has a recorded score—incidental music—composed or borrowed for it. For instance, the Moscow production of "A Raisin in the Sun" used the Rumble music from "West Side Story.") The incidental music for "The Fifth Column" was written by Andrey Volkonsky, perhaps the most talented young composer in the Soviet Union and certainly the most progressive. There are occasionally a few additional credits given; as, for instance, the translator or the costume designer. No first names are given on the program—only initials. One recognizes the sex of the person named by the ending: all women's names end in the letter "a." If a man has received an award, that is mentioned. On the program for "The Fifth Column," the name of the director, Gigo Lodkipanidze, a Georgian who was on loan to the Contemporary from a theatre in Tbilisi, was followed by the words "*Zasluzhennyi deyatel iskusstva*," meaning "Honored Personage of Art." Hemingway's name became "E. Kheminguei."

I got to the theatre a few minutes early, and there found Pyotr Gorin (one of the two actors cast in the leading role of Philip in "The Fifth Column"), who had also arrived early, lounging in the ground-floor corridor that runs from the front office and rehearsal rooms back to the costume and property department. I asked Gorin how soon he thought "The Fifth Column" would have its première. "We should be ready now, but we're not," he said, with a shrug. "You know, there comes a time when all the conscious elements are under control—when, according to Stanislavsky, the subconscious is already coming to bear on a role. Well, we've reached that point. Oh, yes, it's high time we were onstage."

Tanya Lavrova, a former Moscow Art Theatre actress who was now in the Contemporary company, came in and greeted me. She was one of the two actresses cast in the leading role of Dorothy in "The Fifth Column." Gorin asked me if I had seen Tanya's new film, "Nine Days of One Year." I said I hadn't, and he advised me to do so at once. Tanya said she had just seen Gigo, the director, upstairs and heard him shouting at someone but that she didn't know when the rehearsal was to start.

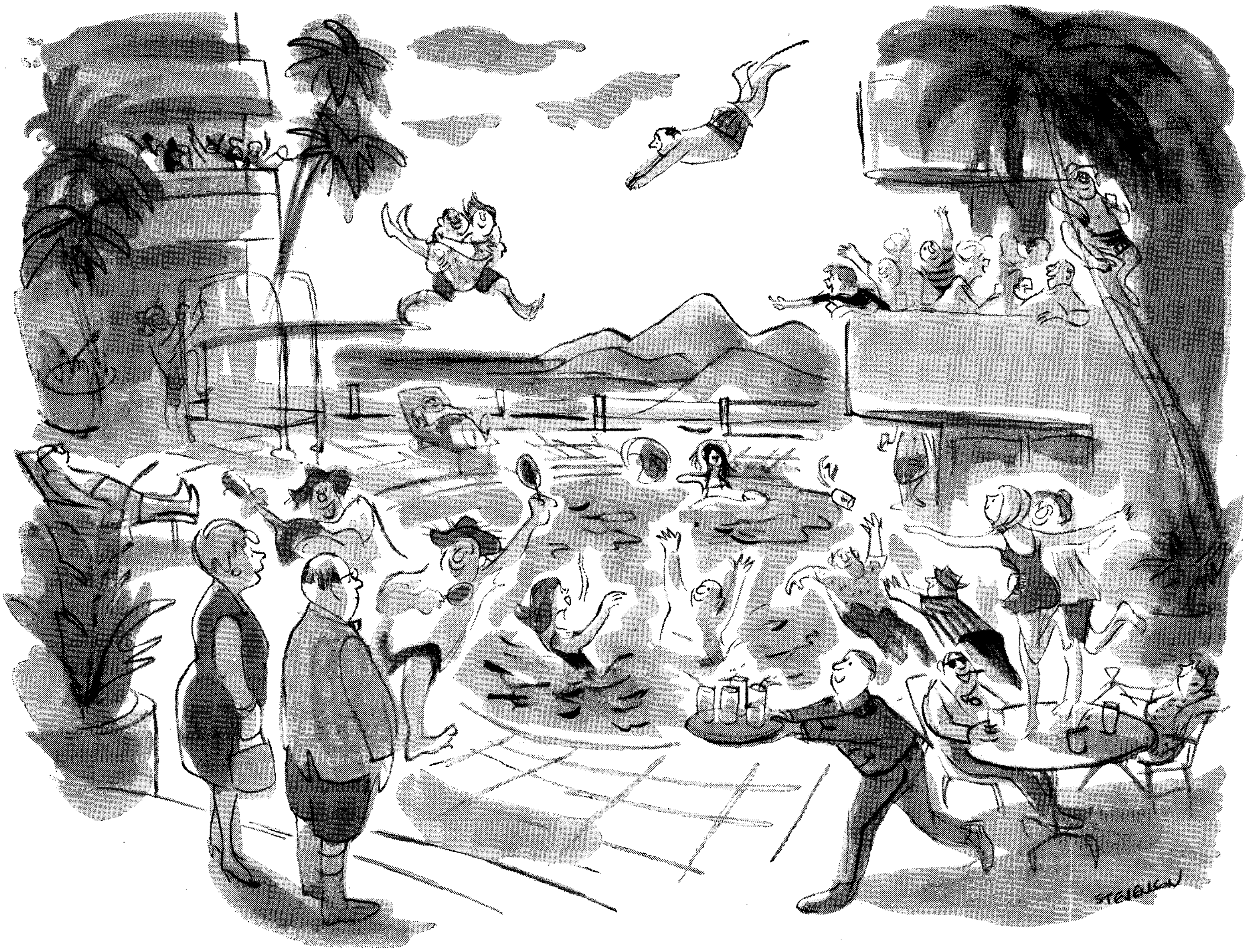
A minute later, Gigo came limping in (he has a game right leg), a look of irritation on his face. He asked why they had left him sitting alone in the rehearsal room all this time.

"We didn't know you were here," said Tanya.

"The devil you didn't! You saw me upstairs," said Gigo.

"Yes, but I didn't know you were here," said Tanya, and smiled sweetly.

Just then, the administrator of the



"Golly, Burt, this hotel looks every bit as warm and gay and wonderful as the travel agent promised."

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Contemporary Theatre, Vladimir Semeonovich Kumanin, walked in, and the conversation turned to the subject of the criticism that members of a theatre audience are invited to offer publicly after the runthrough performances that precede an official opening. After the final curtain, according to this custom, people in the audience, either speaking from their seats or going up onto the stage, comment on everything from individual performances to the cast's interpretation of the author's theme. I said that I had witnessed only one such session—following a runthrough of Dimitri Zorin's "By Moscow Time"—and that in my opinion only a few of the criticisms had been meaningful or helpful. It seemed to me that the actors had been needlessly upset.

"It is not a bad thing for actors to be upset now and then," Kumanin said.

"Remember what Nemirovich-Danchenko [the great Moscow Art Theatre director] said once?" asked Gigo. "He said that all criticism from outside—whether good or bad, favorable or unfavorable—is damaging to actors and to the theatre."

Gorin said, "We don't go to factory foremen and criticize the tractors they turn out. But everyone feels that it is his privilege to come and criticize us."

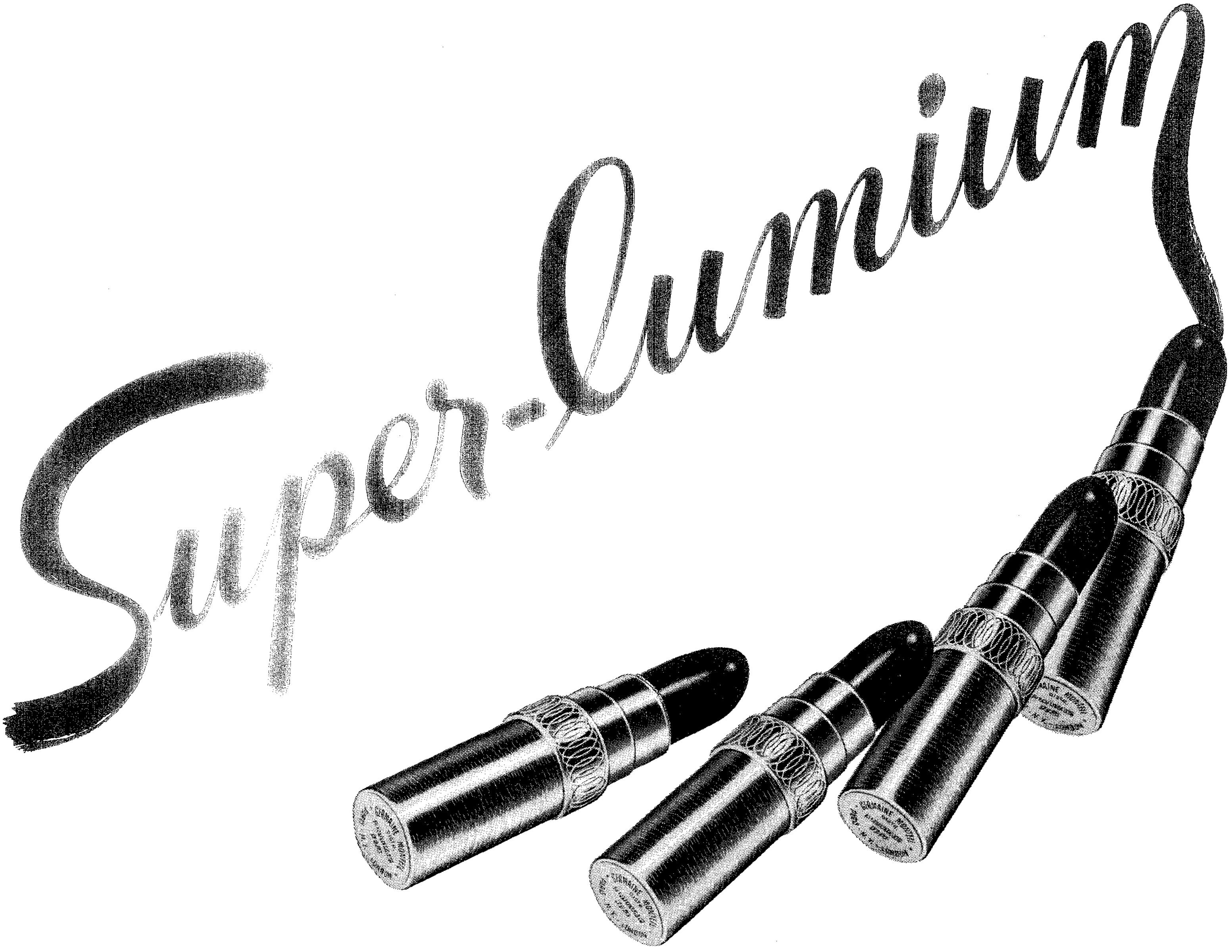
The administrator headed for the door. "Well, *tovarishchi*, that's how it is in our Soviet theatre," he said. "And you are Soviet actors."

Tanya started to describe the playing of a love scene she had seen recently at another theatre. She said it struck her that the heroine was playing as though the state were her real lover.

Gigo said, "You mean, like a play I saw once, where the love scene went like this. Masha says, 'Vanya, you love me? Say you love me! But tell me the truth! *Do* you love me?' And Vanya says, 'Yes, Masha, I *do* love you . . . and the people . . . and the Party.' "

Gigo, who had come storming into the corridor, now seemed content to sit and chat. As they talked, I did not get the impression that the company had progressed very far in the past month. Then, too, there was a restiveness in their attitudes that I had not observed before.

At last, someone came to the door and said that a meeting of the entire company was about to start in the lobby upstairs, so that the actors might take part in a discussion of the company's previous night's performance of "By Moscow Time." Upstairs, we found about fifty people assembled. What had happened, I learned, was that the Raikom—the District Committee of the Party—had sent a delegation of four men and women to the theatre headed by a man named Petrov, the First Secretary, to talk over the play and the company's interpretation of it. As far as the actors knew, such a conference had never before taken place at the


Super-Lumium

New colors—new texture—new appeal

Germaine Monteil

Contemporary. Presumably, the meeting had been called because "By Moscow Time" was the first play to deal directly with the problem of the "cult of personality."

As we entered the room, Petrov was already discussing a scene in which an Old Line (Stalinist) Party Secretary in the play begins to recognize that he has been mistaken in his way of life. He returns home and, apparently for the first time in thirty years, asks his wife, "Do you love me?" She breaks down completely. To the actors, this scene was terrifically moving, but as played it made the audience laugh. First Secretary Petrov (who had obviously given the play close attention and serious thought) suggested that while the scene need not be cut, it would somehow have to be reconsidered and managed differently in order to be effective.

I was not certain at first how seriously the company regarded this conference, though as I looked about me, I could see that everyone was listening attentively and respectfully. "By Moscow Time," I realized, was a direct outgrowth of the Twenty-second Congress—the first theatrical fruit of de-Stalinization. Everywhere in the Soviet Union, the statues of Stalin had been removed from squares and other public places, and, presumably, pounded into scrap. For the first time in years—a lifetime, as far as most of the people assembled in this room were concerned—one could "speak about many things." Representatives of the old order (those who could not adjust to more generous times) were being replaced by "new men"—that is, people who had previously been in prison or in disfavor during Stalin's era. The major current of new thought and feeling was generated by a new freedom from fear—fear of denunciation, of arrest, of "sitting" (the customary euphemism for serving a term as a political prisoner). Zorin's play concerns itself with this moment of transition and, within the microcosm of a local Party Secretariat, is a prototype of the crisis of conscience affecting the entire Soviet Union. The subject under discussion was not far removed from the lives of the actors themselves, so perhaps it was natural that they were giving Tovarishch Petrov close attention. This was, in essence, a personal matter. In Zorin's play, there occurs a confrontation between the New Style First Secretary and his reactionary subordinate—actually the older of the two—in which the new man accuses his subordinate of making people fear him. When the First Secretary brings the subject up, the old-

COUNTRY & CASUAL

$7

"Borrowed" Finery
Fine hairline stripes
and buttoned-down bravado
were borrowed from
the boys to turn this shirt
into ultra-feminine topping for skirts
and skinny pants. Haymaker adds
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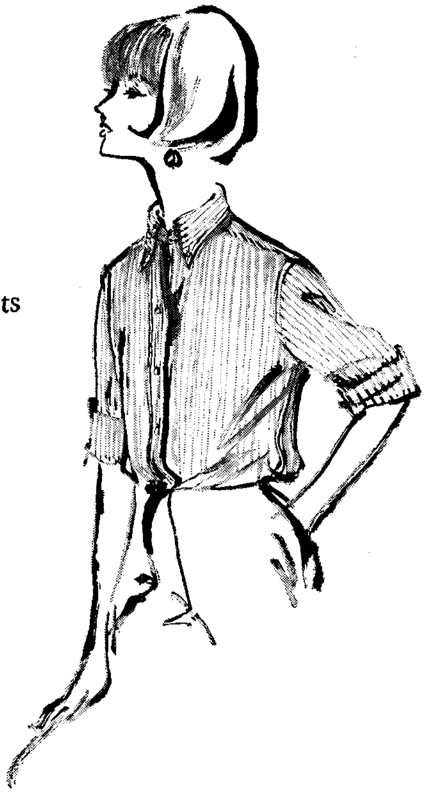

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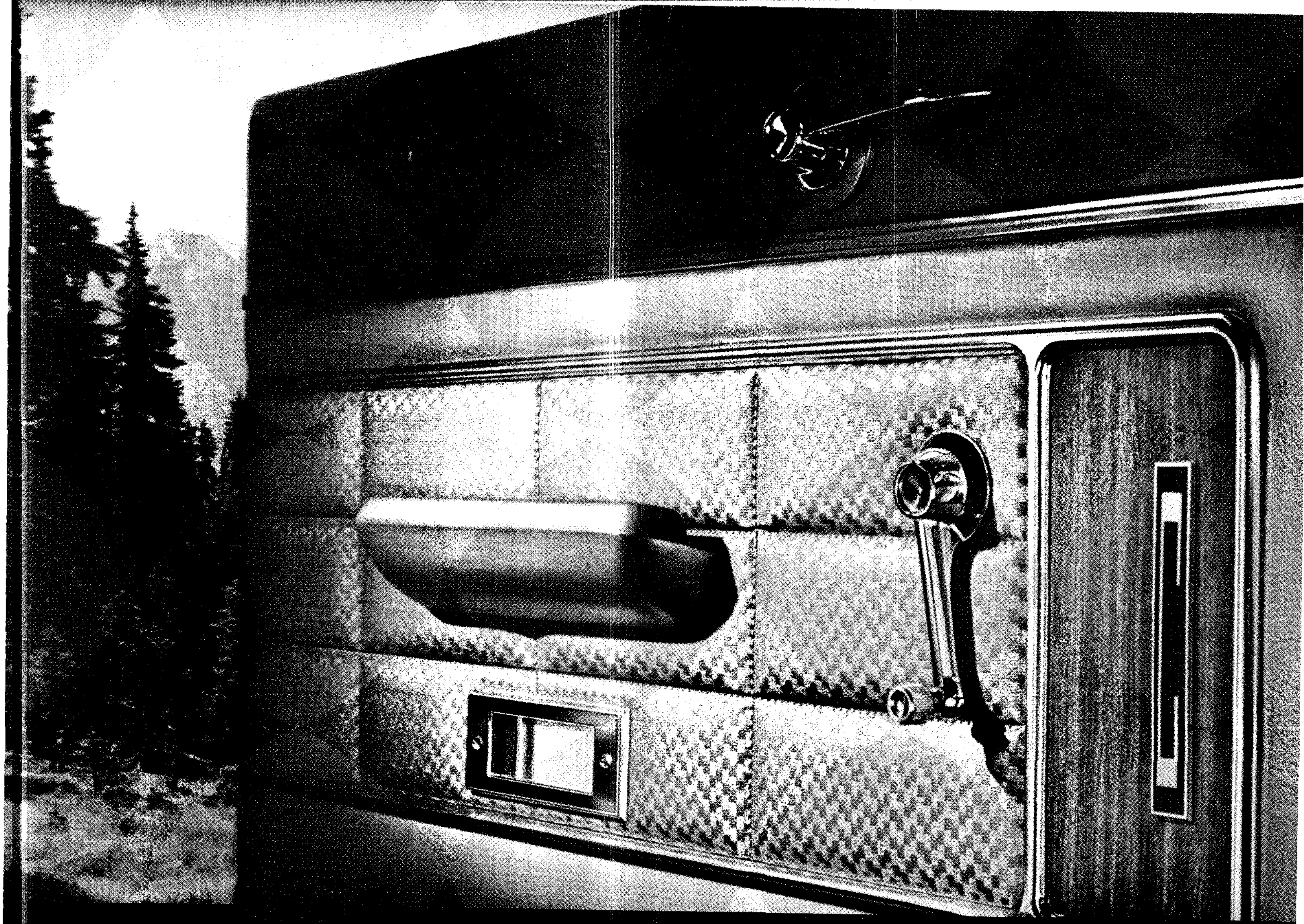

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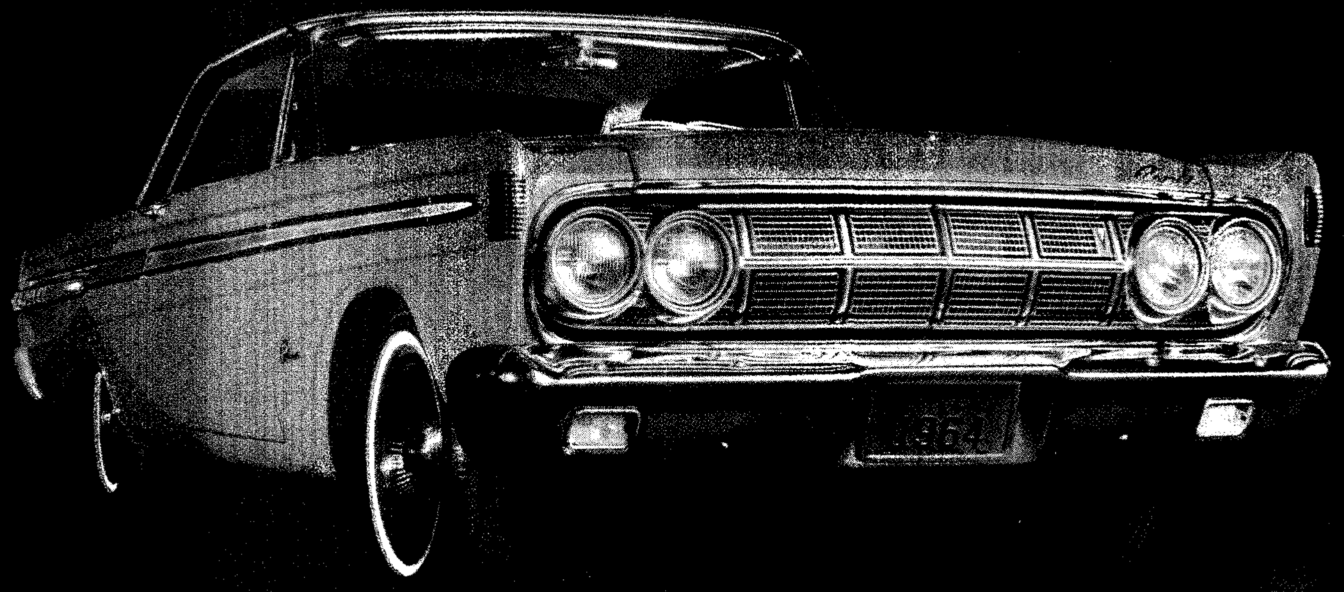

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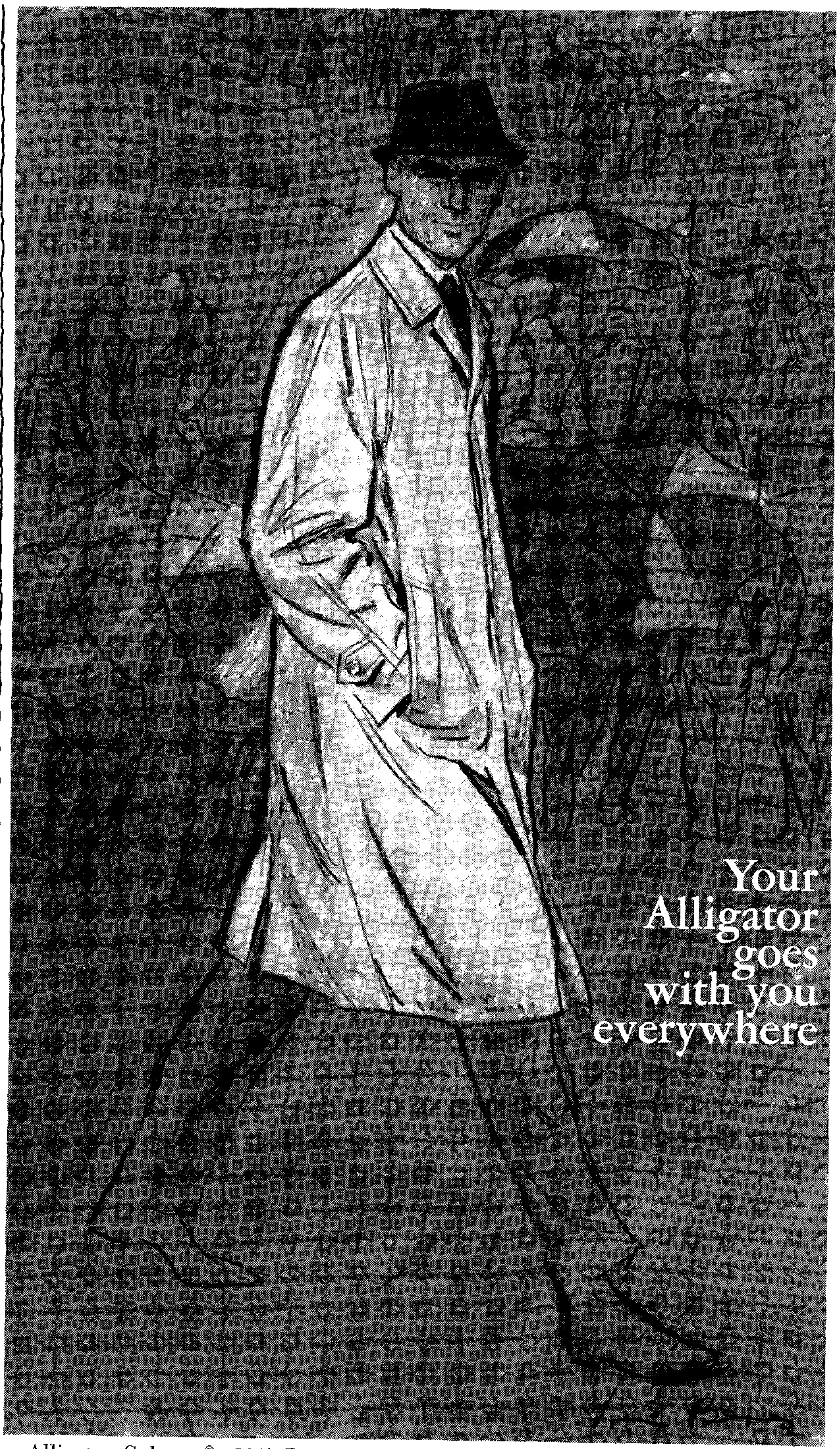
er man makes no sense of what is being said. "Do you know what I have noticed, Pavel Ivanovich?" the First Secretary says. "They are afraid of you." Quite simply, and in a tone that must be meaningful indeed to a Soviet audience, Pavel Ivanovich replies, "Let them fear a little." The First Secretary shakes his head sadly and says, "There is no need. Why should one man fear another? Who has need of that?" They go on to discuss their friendship, the years they have known one another. At last, they embrace. "Then we are friends?" says Pavel Ivanovich. And the First Secretary, the new man, pulls away and answers quietly, "No . . . we are not friends."

First Secretary Petrov—himself a new man, though of an age to have been educated and trained before 1953—objected to the performance of this scene. "There is a fine feeling displayed here," he said, and smiled. "A sense of manly friendship. But then what?" He shook his head. "Your theatre is dedicated to the fight against what is trite, hackneyed. Well, still you deal in clichés." He went on to criticize the "two-dimensional" portrayal of the characters in the play, pointing out that they were too black-and-white in their delineation.

The criticism was valid, I felt. The purely theatrical "error" of "By Moscow Time" had been well described by an ascetic old gentleman who stood to speak from the audience during the criticism period after the runthrough I attended. "From the moment the First Secretary opens his mouth, you know who he is and all about him—how he will act and what he believes," the old gentleman had said. "The same is true of the Second Secretary." Then, pointing an accusing finger at the actors, who were seated disconsolately on the stage at the footlights, he added, "You do not change or grow or develop throughout the entire three acts of the play."

"You are undoubtedly on the correct path," Petrov continued. His tone was encouraging and fervent, and held no hint of condescension. "The correct path, yes. And you must continue to resolve problems—*difficult* problems. For that is the way you have chosen for yourselves. This is a young theatre." He paused—to good theatrical effect, it seemed to me—and then in conclusion he said, "But the answers needed are not only for actors but for all of us. . . . Let me encourage you to meet with the workers in our district. They, too, are humanitarian in their approach to these problems. As an audience, they can aid you no less than the students at the university or the theatri-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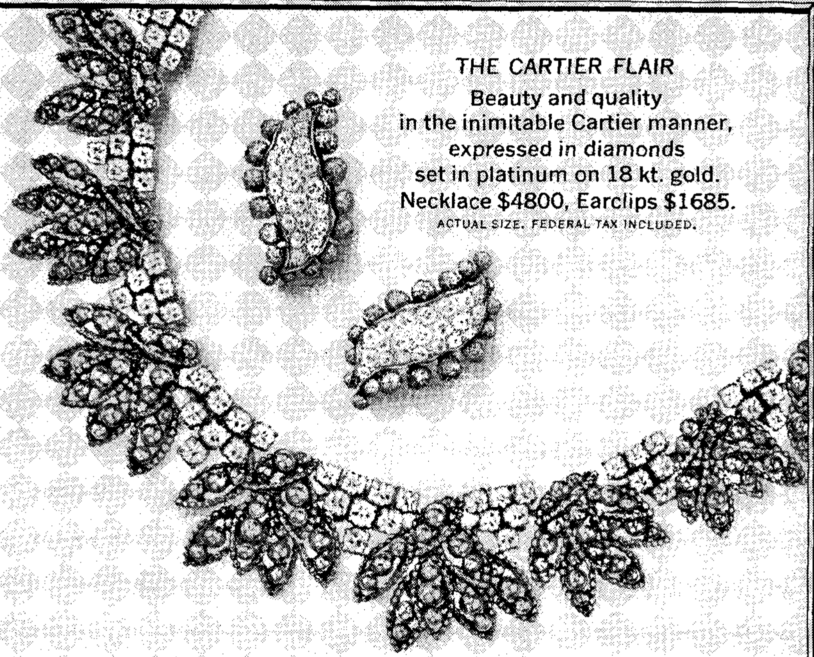

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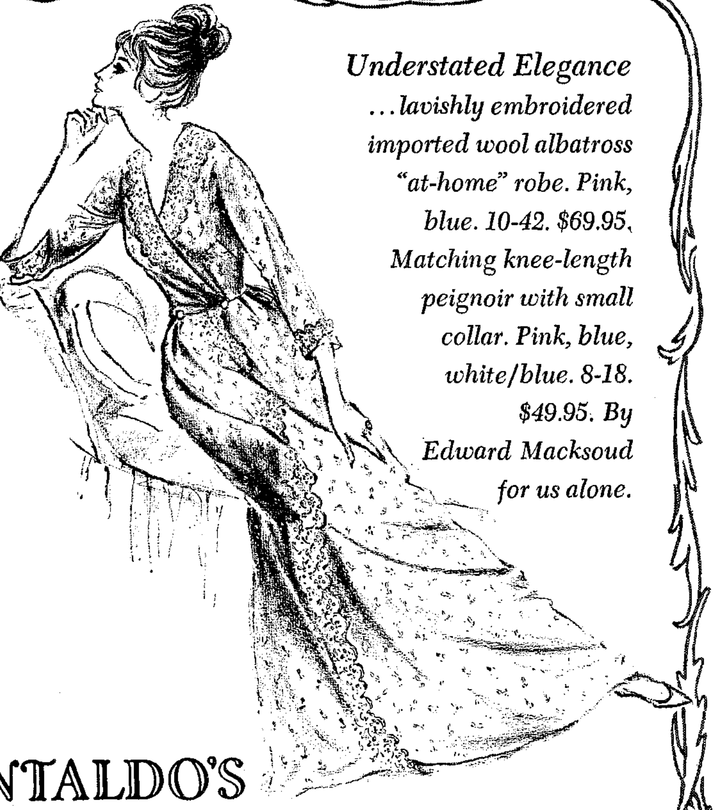

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There was applause, and after Petrov had offered a few additional comments and suggestions, Oleg Nikolaevich Efremov, the chief director of the Contemporary as well as one of its leading actors, stood up to say a final word. He looked haggard and badly in need of sleep. He was now rehearsing the leading role of Philip in "The Fifth Column" full time, and the schedule of rehearsals, combined with his other roles and duties, had obviously put him under considerable strain. "This evening, there will be an entirely new performance of 'By Moscow Time,' " he said to the delegation from the Raikom. "A different cast—many different ideas. You understand, this is something we all agree upon as a good working principle. Come and see our play again. But come after the tenth performance. A play is born only with the tenth performance, Nemirovich-Danchenko said. Meyerhold said not until the thirty-third.... *Thank you, Tovarishch Petrov. Thank you all.*"

Again the company applauded, and then the meeting broke up. From the comments I heard, I gathered that the cast's reception of the criticisms was generally favorable.

BECAUSE of the meeting, the first rehearsal onstage of "The Fifth Column" had to be put off until after the weekend, to allow for an extra rehearsal of "By Moscow Time." On Monday morning, I arrived at the theatre a few minutes before it was due to begin. The stage was illuminated only by two single overhead lamps, but all the furniture for the play's two main sets—Philip's room and Dorothy's room in the Hotel Florida, in Madrid, in 1937, during the Spanish Civil War—had been set in position on a revolving stage. Philip's room was just being moved into front position as I came in. Then the stage continued to turn until Dorothy's room was in full view. (Hemingway's stage directions called for both rooms to be shown simultaneously, but because the Contemporary has a revolving stage, the scenery had been designed so that each room occupied the full stage. When the action called for it, the stage was turned to show a part of each room.) The furniture was surprisingly hard and austere—almost stylized. The beds were no wider than divans—not like anything I had imagined Dorothy

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sleeping on. And everything—chairs, tables, beds, backdrop—was painted a flat gray. Only one splotch of color broke the grayness: Dorothy's bed was covered in a bougainvillaea-purple fabric.

Tanya was already onstage, lying huddled up and cold on the plain, narrow bed. Gigo's assistant, a handsome, dark-haired woman of forty or so called Lydia Vladimirovna, brought in a blanket to cover her. Misha Kozakov mooched about upstage, already getting into the role of Preston, the British journalist. Gigo was sitting on a stool down near the footlights, his broad back to the house, his cane across his knees. At a table at stage right, Lydia Vladimirovna sat with a script open in front of her. Here and there throughout the theatre were actors and members of the staff who had come to watch the first onstage rehearsal. Almost all of them wore overcoats, for it was quite cold in the theatre. Efremov entered from the wings, dragging a chair behind him. He seated himself at Lydia Vladimirovna's table and began to study his role. Marina Dobrovolskaya, the alternate Dorothy, arrived, wearing her familiar red wool dress and a black *rebozo* wrapped around her arms and shoulders. She sat beside me in the front row. As we were talking, a heavyset woman in her middle fifties entered the theatre. She came down the aisle, greeting some of the actors along the way, and took a seat at the end of the second row. Tanya and Efremov walked down from the stage to speak to her. A minute later, Kozakov joined them. Marina turned to me and said that the lady was one of two collaborating translators of "The Fifth Column"—Evgenia Davidovna Kalashnikova. Tanya then introduced me to her. Gigo called Kozakov and Marina to the stage to rehearse, and I took a seat between Tanya and Evgenia Davidovna. The translator apologized for her English, which she said was rusty—actually, it was very good—and we began to talk about Hemingway's play. She told me that she had also translated Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

An actor named Tolya Adoskin, who was the second Preston, had been leaning against the wall to our left, and now he came and sat behind us. He was totally different from Kozakov in physique, temperament, and character, for whereas Kozakov was of medium height, olive-skinned, and black-haired, Adoskin was tall (at least six feet three), with thinning sandy hair and the look of a scholar—a look accentuated by steel-rimmed glasses. Adoskin introduced

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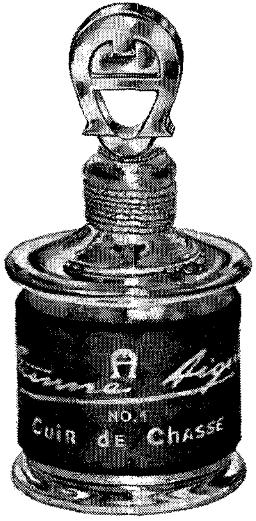

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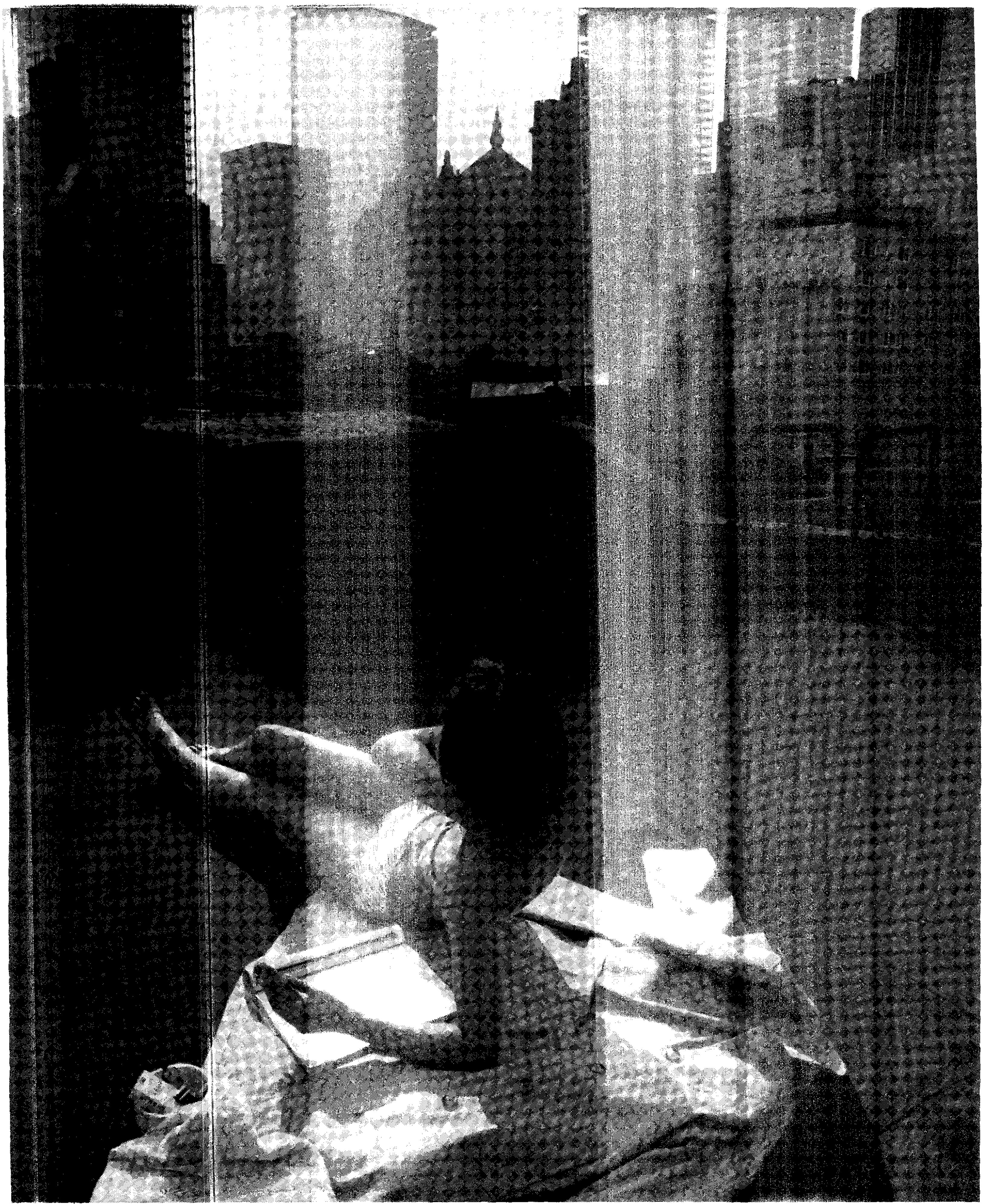

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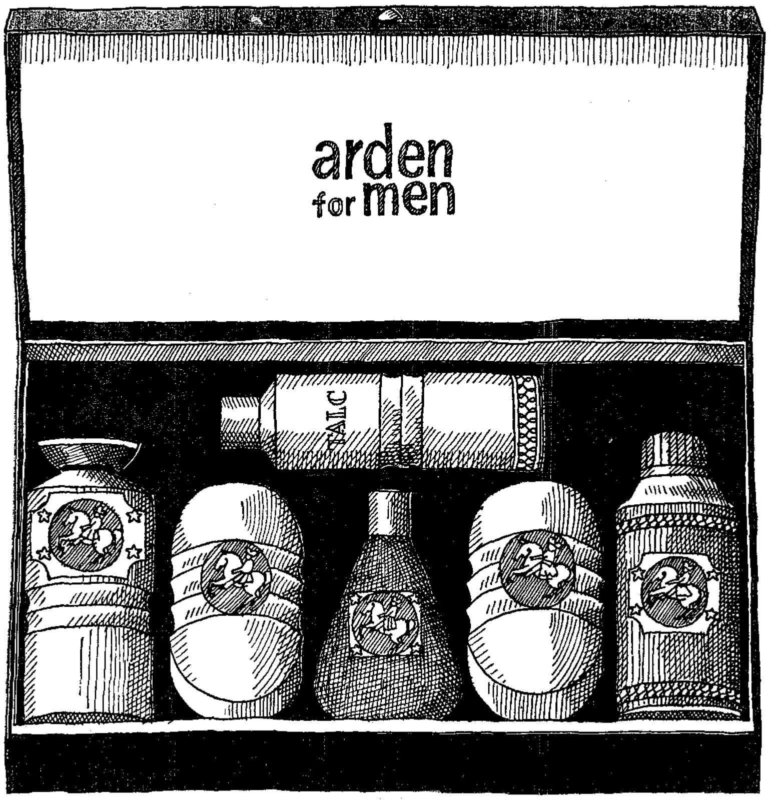

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himself, and asked what I thought of Gigo's style of directing.

I said it seemed very athletic.

"That's national character—Georgian," Adoskin said. "You must realize, too, that the Georgian theatrical tradition is quite different from ours. They are splendid with Shakespeare. They give romantic, hot performances. Take 'Romeo and Juliet.' Or a Georgian 'Oedipus.' That *is* something to see. They have conserved a romantic style and a naïveté that are, I fear, lost to us."

Lydia Vladimirovna called for places. Probably because it is such a brief and trivial scene, Gigo had not yet bothered to rehearse the first scene of Act I. Now the actors played the scene for the first time. It takes place in the hotel corridor, and the stage is turned to show the doors of Rooms 109 and 110. Two girls cross the stage with two soldiers of the International Brigades. Tacked up on the door of Dorothy's room, 109, is a hand-printed sign, reading, "Working. Do Not Disturb." One of the girls stops and looks at the sign.

FIRST SOLDIER: Come on. We haven't got all night.

GIRL: What does it say?

(*The other couple have gone on down the corridor.*)

SOLDIER: What does it matter what it says?

GIRL: No, read it to me. Be nice to me. Read to me in English.

SOLDIER: So that's what I'd draw. A literary one. The hell with it. I won't read it to you.

GIRL: You're not nice.

SOLDIER: I'm not supposed to be nice. (*He stands off and looks at her unsteadily.*) Do I look nice? Do you know where I've just come from?

GIRL: I don't care where you come from. You all come from some place dreadful and you all go back there. All I asked you was to read me the sign. Come on then, if you won't.

SOLDIER: I'll read it to you. "Working. Do Not Disturb."

(*The girl laughs; a very high, hard laugh.*)

GIRL: I'll get me a sign like that too.

CURTAIN

Gigo said to continue. The stage turned. In the second scene, Preston and Dorothy are alone onstage; she is bored and in a bickering mood. Preston, in "very muddy boots," is playing—or overplaying—the dedicated foreign correspondent. When there is a knock on the door, Dorothy thinks it is Philip, but it is the manager of the hotel. Zhenya Evstigneev, who played the Manager in the first cast, was absent. The second Manager was a serious young actor with a high forehead and a perpetually concerned look, whose name I didn't know. I asked Tanya who he

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was, and she said, "His name is Valya. Valya Nikulin. That's Korean. You know, Ni Ku Lin. Fortunately, he had a Russian mother."

Onstage, there was some confusion. Perhaps a disagreement had taken place, for Gigo took Marina out and put Tanya in. "No fights," said Gigo, "we have too much to do." They began to rehearse again, with no interruptions from Gigo, who came down and sat with us. When the Manager made his entrance, however, Gigo yelled at Nikulin to pay attention to the rhythms of his speech. Behind her hand, Evgenia Davidovna whispered to me, "Gigo is absolutely correct. You see, the way Hemingway wrote it, both the prostitute Anita and the Manager speak broken English. The Manager is described by Hemingway as 'a dark, plump little man who speaks extraordinary English.' But that is tremendously difficult to render in Russian."

The Manager has come onstage as if he intended only to stay a minute, but by the end of this speech he has seated himself comfortably, apparently unaware of Preston's disapproval.

DOROTHY: Everything's marvellous, now the heater's fixed.

MANAGER: With a heater always is continually trouble. Electricity is a science not yet dominated by the workers. Also, the electrician drinks himself into a stupidity.

PRESTON: He didn't seem awfully bright, the electrician.

MANAGER: Is bright. But the drink. Always the drink. Then rapidly the failing to concentrate on electricity.

At this point, Efremov rose and started offstage to prepare for his entrance.

PRESTON: Then why do you keep him on?

MANAGER: Is the electrician of the committee. Frankly, resembles a catastrophe. Is now in 113 drinking with Mr. Philip.

Dorothy, delighted to learn that Philip is home, telephones him. He promises to come to her room. At this, the Manager decides to leave.

MANAGER: I come another time. Maybe perhaps if you receive too much of anything, you unable to eat always very welcome in the house. Where family constantly hungry, unable understand lack of food. Thank you to another time. Goodbye.

Gigo said, "That's the way. You're like that. Always, you want to stay. Each time you start to leave, it is because you can't think of any reason to stay longer. All right, everybody. Ready?"

Efremov made his entrance.

PHILIP: *Salud*, Comrade Bastard Preston. *Salud*, Comrade Boredom Bridges. How are you comrades doing? Let me

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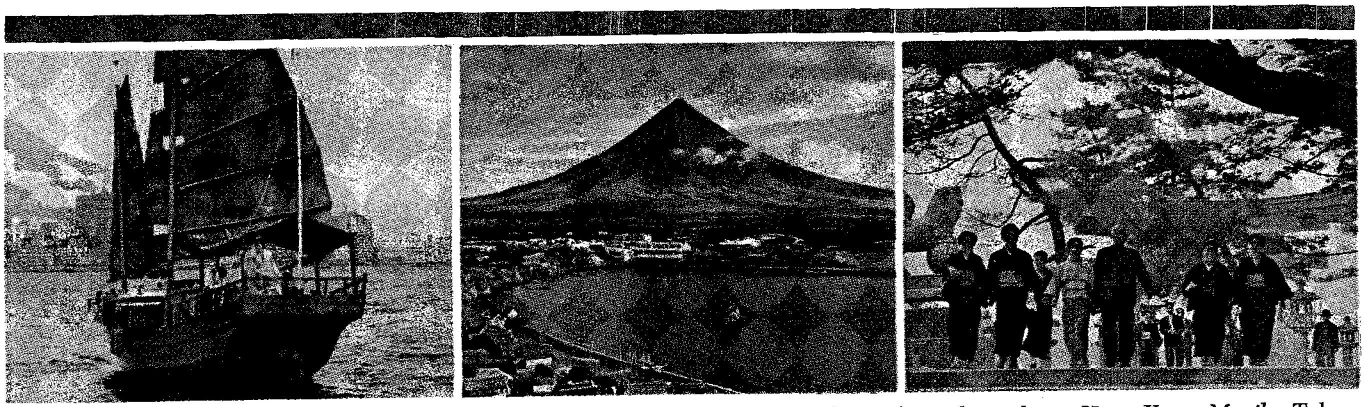

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(*A very small and quite drunken electrician, wearing soiled blue overalls, espadrilles,* and *a blue beret, comes in the door.*)

ELECTRICIAN: *Salud, camaradas.*

DOROTHY: Well. Yes. *Salud.*

PHILIP: And here's a Moorish comrade. You could say *the* Moorish comrade. Almost unique, a Moorish comrade. She's awfully shy. Come in, Anita.

(*Enter a Moorish Tart from Ceuta. She is very dark, but well built, kinky-haired, and tough-looking, and not at all shy.*)

MOORISH TART (*defensively*): *Salud, camaradas.*

The actress playing Anita at this rehearsal was Nina Doroshina. She was a dark, handsome girl, with a strong chin. Her hair was done in one long braid, which she toyed with when she was nervous. She had the flexible body of a dancer and, as Anita, used her body to accentuate the mood of the role. The Electrician, played by Volodya Sergachev, leaned against an imaginary wall, swaying drunkenly from time to time and getting laughs from those watching in the house.

Gigo interrupted the actors to tell Sergachev that his entrance must be more definite. Efremov nodded in agreement and then made the Electrician's entrance himself; in a preliminary lunge through the door, he tripped over the sill, then recovered and came into the room, still wobbly but with dignity. They played that section of the scene again. This time, Philip led the Electrician through the door, without touching him—as though he were delicately drawing a dummy on wires, and finally settled him against the imaginary wall. Then he returned to the corridor for Anita.

PHILIP: This is the comrade that bit Vernon Rodgers that time. Laid him up for three weeks. Hell of a bite.

Efremov held up Nina's arm as though she had won a prizefight. Then he lifted her and seated her on the chest of drawers.

DOROTHY: Philip, darling, you couldn't just muzzle the comrade while she's here, could you?

Tanya, still on her couch, hesitated in the middle of the line and had to refer to her text.

Efremov looked sternly at her. "Lavrova, why don't you know your text?"

Tanya grinned sheepishly, and said, "I *do* know it—except for parts."

They took the entrance again. This time, on the Moorish Tart's greeting, Gigo began to thump his stick and hum

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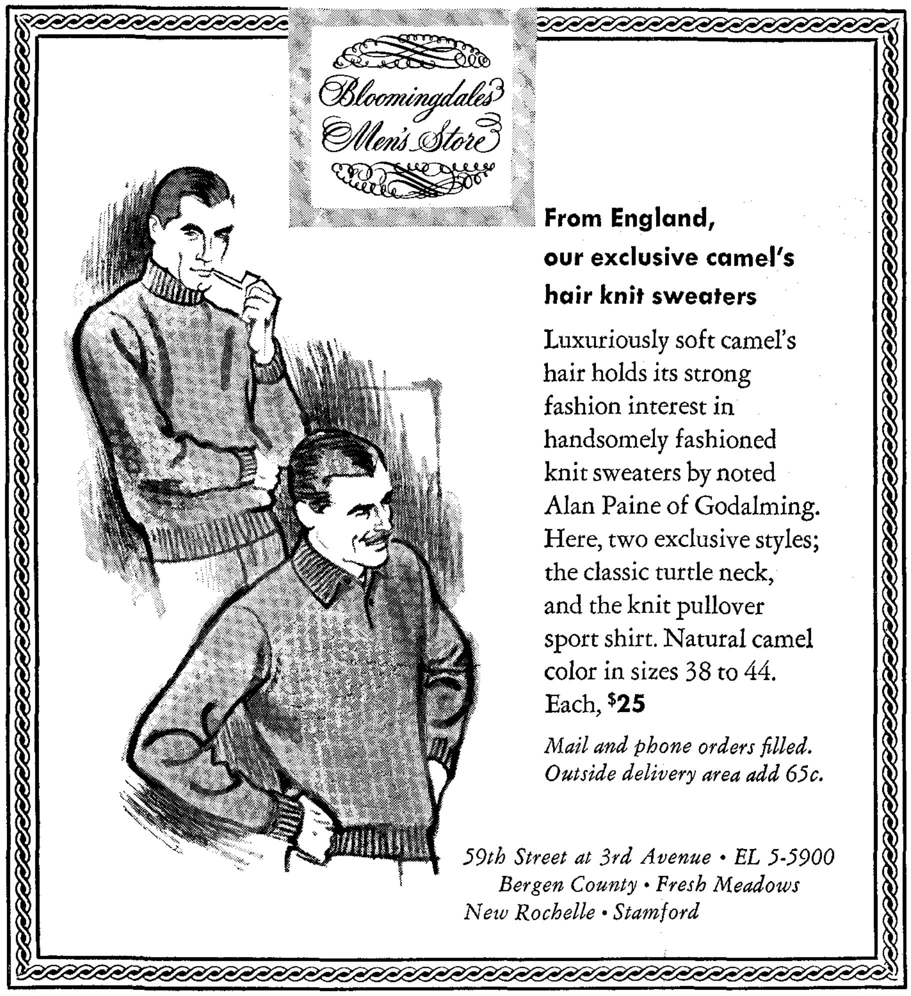
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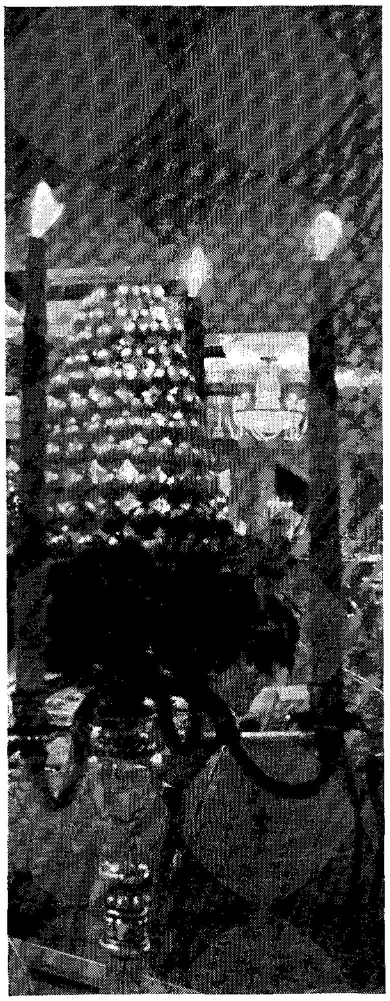
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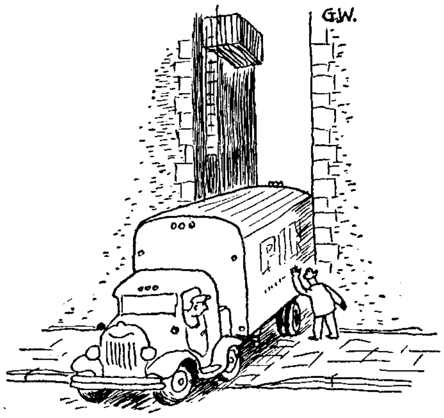
the Habanera music from "Carmen." Taking the improvised cue, Nina circled once about the stage, swaggering a little, like a successful *torero*. This bit of business got an enthusiastic response from all the actors. Now Dorothy was standing, and Preston, disgusted by the sight of Philip and his friends, had seated himself on Dorothy's couch. Using Preston's disgust, Efremov added another piece of business. Instead of taking Anita's hand, as he usually did, he settled on the couch and addressed Preston, who turned his back: "This is the comrade that bit Vernon Rodgers that time." He motioned to Anita, who leaped onto the couch beside him. "Show him your teeth," he said to Anita, who, going along with Philip's teasing, pretended to bite Preston. Gigo, pleased, told them to go on.

Moorish Tart (*to Dorothy*): You got nice place.
Dorothy: So good of you to like it.
Moorish Tart: How you keep from be evacuate?
Dorothy: Oh, I just stay on.
Moorish Tart: How you eat?
Dorothy: Not always too well, but we bring in tinned things from Paris in the Embassy pouch.
Moorish Tart: You what, Embassy pouch?
Dorothy: Tinned things, you know. *Civet de lièvre*. *Foie gras*. We had some really delicious *poulet de Bresse*. From Bureau's.
Moorish Tart: You make fun of me?
Dorothy: Oh, no. Of course not. I mean we eat those things.
Moorish Tart: I eat water soup. (*She stares at Dorothy belligerently*.) What's a matter? You no like way I look? You think you better than me?
Dorothy: Of course not. I'm probably *much* worse. Preston will tell you I'm *infinitely* worse. But we don't have to be comparative, do we? I mean in wartime and all that, and, you know, all working for the same cause.
Moorish Tart: I scratch your eyes out if you think that.
Dorothy (*appealingly, but very languid*): Philip, *please* talk to your friends and make them happy.

The actors continued to play the scene: Anita spoiling for trouble, Dorothy conciliatory and almost meek. Fi-



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TRADEMARK

nally, Anita demands that Dorothy take down the sign from her door—the one that says, "Working. Do Not Disturb." Surprised at Anita's unexpected vehemence over the sign, Dorothy reacts with amused tolerance.

MOORISH TART: You gotta take sign down.
DOROTHY: What sign?
MOORISH TART: Sign outside door. All the time working, isn't fair.
DOROTHY: And I've had a sign like that on my room door ever since college and it's never meant a thing.
MOORISH TART: You take down?

Gigo had staged it so that Anita, in a rage, seized a bottle from the table and went for Dorothy, Philip barely managing to restrain her.

PHILIP: Of course she'll take it down. Won't you, Dorothy?
DOROTHY: Certainly I'll take it down.
PRESTON: You never do work anyway.
DOROTHY: No, darling. But I always mean to. And I am going to finish that *Cosmopolitan* article just as soon as I understand things the *least* bit better.

That line is the cue for a bombardment to begin. The first of the shells lands on Madrid. There was a terrifying whistle followed by an explosion that sounded as if it had occurred fifty feet behind the proscenium; the cast scattered in a panic that seemed almost real. Another shell lands, and another. Between explosions, Anita again insists that Dorothy take down the sign. She does, then opens the window and returns downstage right, to where Anita is standing and the Electrician is slumped on the floor. Mark, the sound-effects man, used several different amplifiers for his explosions, the last of which made the shellburst so close, so violent, that it seemed almost to take place in the orchestra pit. In Hemingway's stage directions, the next shell is described: "... *A sound like a giant banjo twang and an incoming rush like an elevated train or a subway train coming toward you. Then a third great crash, this time followed by a shower of glass.*" The direction was duplicated precisely, and with devastating realism. I had never heard such frightening stage effects before.

Gigo shouted at Tanya and Nina to cling together—"Like sisters! Out of fear!"

The Electrician rises, flings wide his arms, and cries, in his "loud and almost prophetic voice," "*Camaradas, no hay luz* [there is no light]!" Preston leaves for the shelter with Anita and the Electrician. Philip and Dorothy are left alone, standing across the stage from each other. When the next shell whis-

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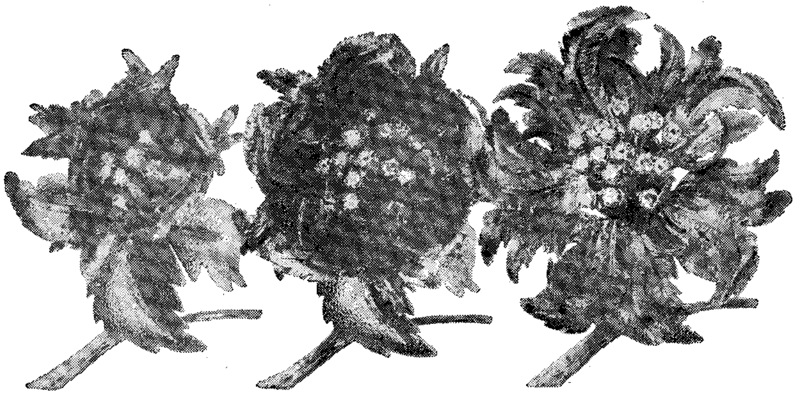

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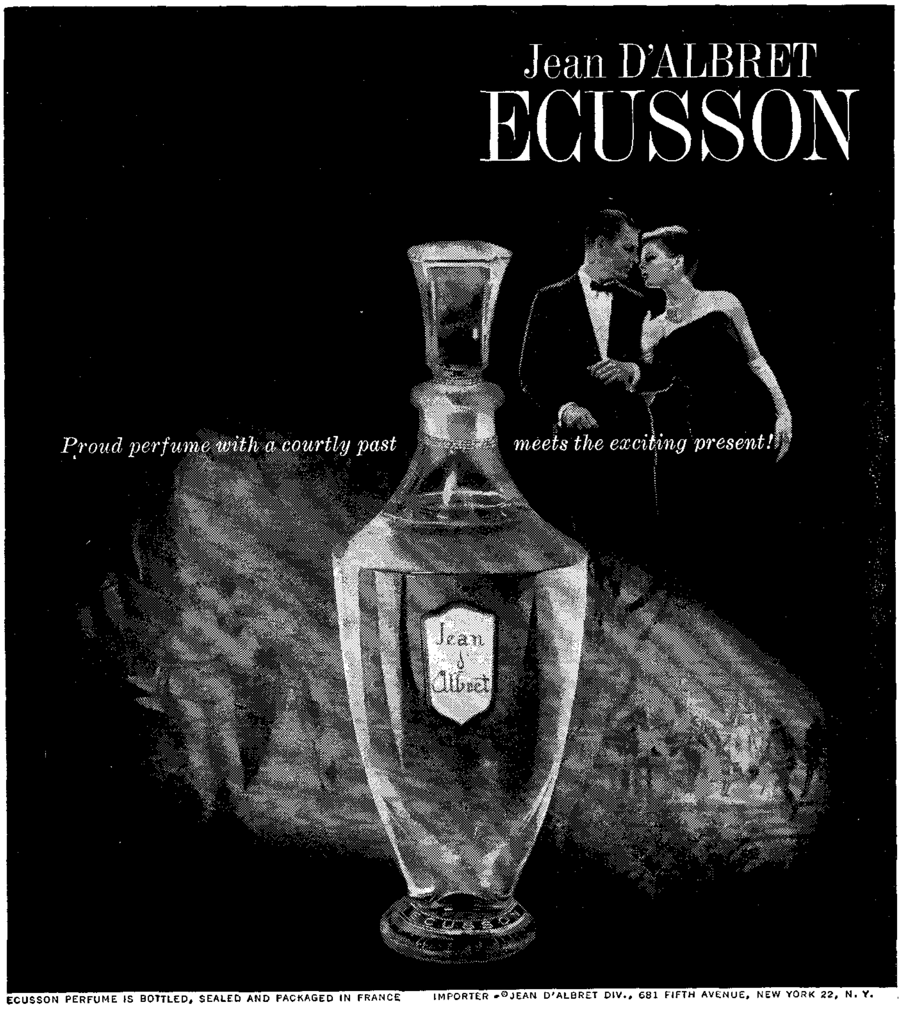

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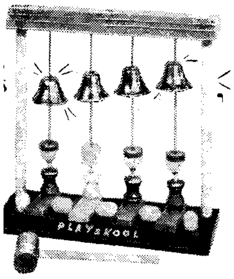

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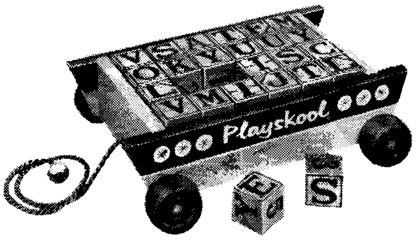

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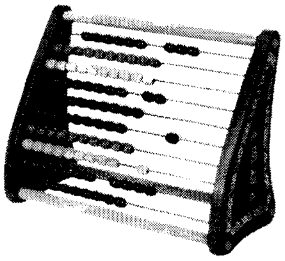

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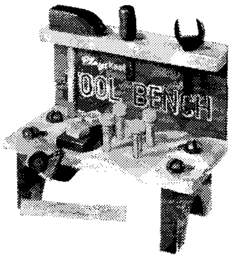

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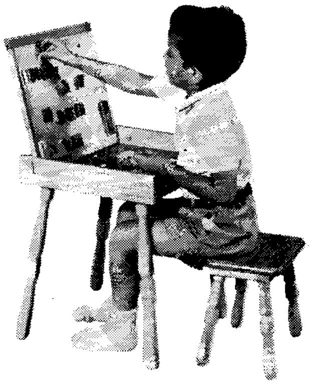

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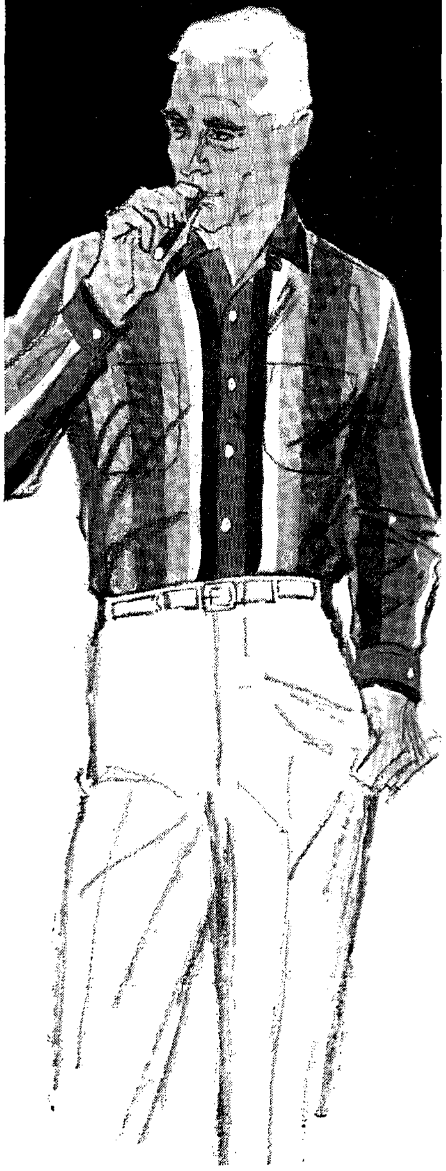

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tles, she runs to him. He reassures her, and then he goes to the Victrola—the old wind-up sort, with a playing arm that had a head—and puts on a record.

The music came up—Cole Porter's "Night and Day," played in ragtime. Tanya reacted with dismay. "Where in the world did they find *that!*" she said. Then she asked Gigo if he intended to use Chopin, as Hemingway had directed. "Of course," he said. "The Mazurka in C Minor, Opus 33, No. 4. It's being put on tape. You worry about your acting and let me take care of Chopin." Tanya and Efremov continued their scene.

PHILIP: It's very thin and very old-fashioned [the Chopin], but it's very beautiful.

(Then comes the heavy whang of the guns firing from Garabitas hill. A shell whishes in with a roar and bursts in the street outside the window, making a bright flash through the window.)

DOROTHY: Oh darling, darling, darling.

PHILIP *(holding her)*: Couldn't you use some other term? I've heard you call so many people that.

You hear the clanging of an ambulance. Then, in the quiet, the phonograph goes on playing as the—

CURTAIN COMES DOWN

It was almost three, and the rehearsal was over.

I left the theatre with Evgenia Davidovna, and we walked a few blocks together. I asked her what translations she was now working on. "Something I have wanted to do for years," she said. "I have just finished Steinbeck's 'The Winter of Our Discontent.' Also, for a long time, ever since I first read the book, I have wanted to translate 'The Great Gatsby.' Now, after I take a short holiday, I will begin on that." She said she would be coming to the theatre from time to time, and hoped we might speak someday about the current American literary scene—"about Mr. Bellow and Mr. Salinger and Mr. Malamud."

IT was a warm, cloudless Thursday in April. There was a smoky brightness in the air, and the ice was breaking up on the Moscow River. I met Tolya Adoskin, the second Preston, coming out of the Metro station at Mayakovsky Square. As we walked across the square to the theatre, he told me that an announcement had been published giving the date of the première as April 28th—just about two weeks off. "This will be the very worst time of all, these next days," he told me glumly. "But then it is always like that, you know."

At the theatre, we found Tanya standing in the dressing-room corridor

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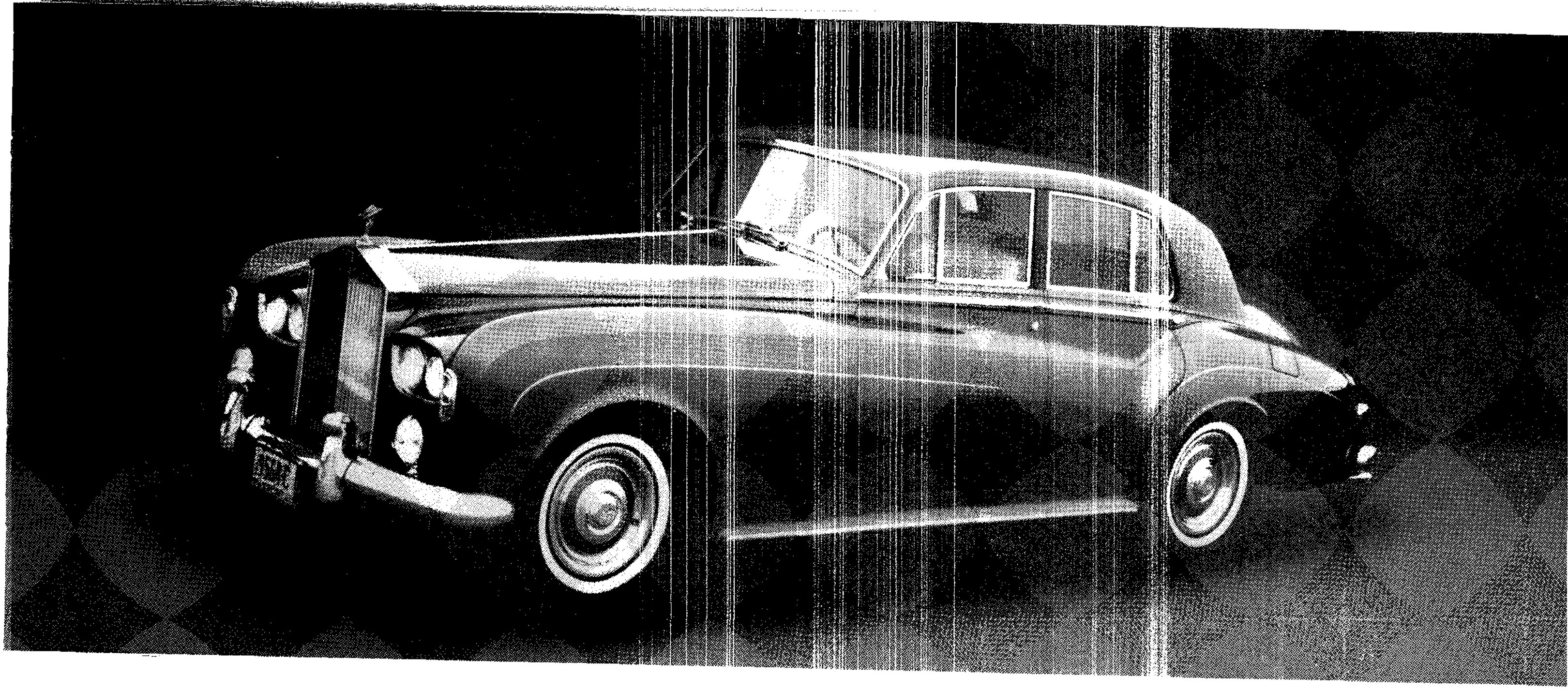

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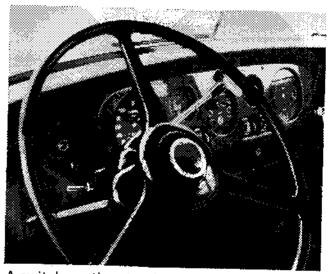
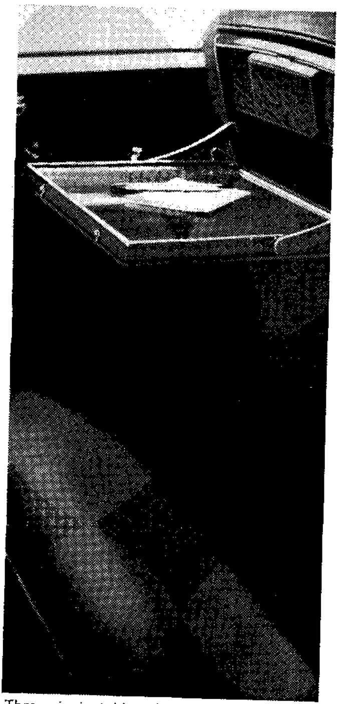


A switch on the steering column lets you adjust the shock absorbers to suit driving conditions. You can make the car ride harder or softer as you prefer.



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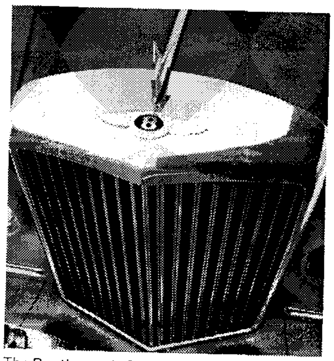

The Bentley costs $300 less because its plated radiator shell is a brass pressing, instead of stainless steel, which is used on the Rolls-Royce. It is, however, top brass.

with Kozakov. She had dyed her hair blond for the role of Dorothy, and looked quite striking. She was wearing a beige wool dress, and, as usual, had no makeup on. The bell rang, announcing the start of the rehearsal, and all of us set off for the auditorium. On the way, I asked Tanya how she felt about her role. She shrugged, made a lemony mouth, and said, "Nothing much to talk about yet."

Today, the stage was fully lit, and the back wall of Dorothy's room was hung with pleated curtains of the same gray as the furnishings. Right in the middle of the auditorium, in an aisle separating the front section from the rear, Gigo was seated at a table, with a lamp on it. When we came in, he half rose to shake hands. Other actors, drifting about in the darkened theatre or standing talking in small groups, waved or called out a greeting. "Where is Efremov?" asked Tanya. Gigo said he was sick. "Really sick?" she asked. Gigo shrugged, and said Efremov had telephoned to say that he was feeling bad but might be in anyway. Gigo called the actors onstage. Members of the second cast—Gorin, Adoskin, Marina, Nikulin—were to rehearse first. Tanya sat beside me, brooding. I asked her why she was so moody. "I've got *murmurashki*," she said. This is the Russian translation of Hemingway's word "horrorous"—a kind of superhorrors that Philip complains of. The Russian word "*murashki*" means "the creeps, the shivers," so the new word was a nice approximation of Hemingway's intention. Tanya watched what was happening onstage for a moment, then shook her head. "It looks vulgar, doesn't it?"

"You mean the acting?" I asked.

"I mean, to have dark eyes and blond hair," she said.

No, I said, it looked very nice to me.

Onstage, they were running through the second scene. Gigo began shouting at Adoskin. Something collapsed with a crash backstage. "Thursday is a good day for breaking things," said Tanya, slipping down in her seat as far as she could. Then she smiled for the first time, and started to talk about the Contemporary Theatre's new plans. They had decided to do William Gibson's "Two for the Seesaw," she said. It was the first I had heard about this. I knew that Efremov had seen Gibson's "The Miracle Worker" two years before, when he visited New York as a member of a Russian cultural-exchange delegation, but I did not know that either play had been translated. Tanya became very

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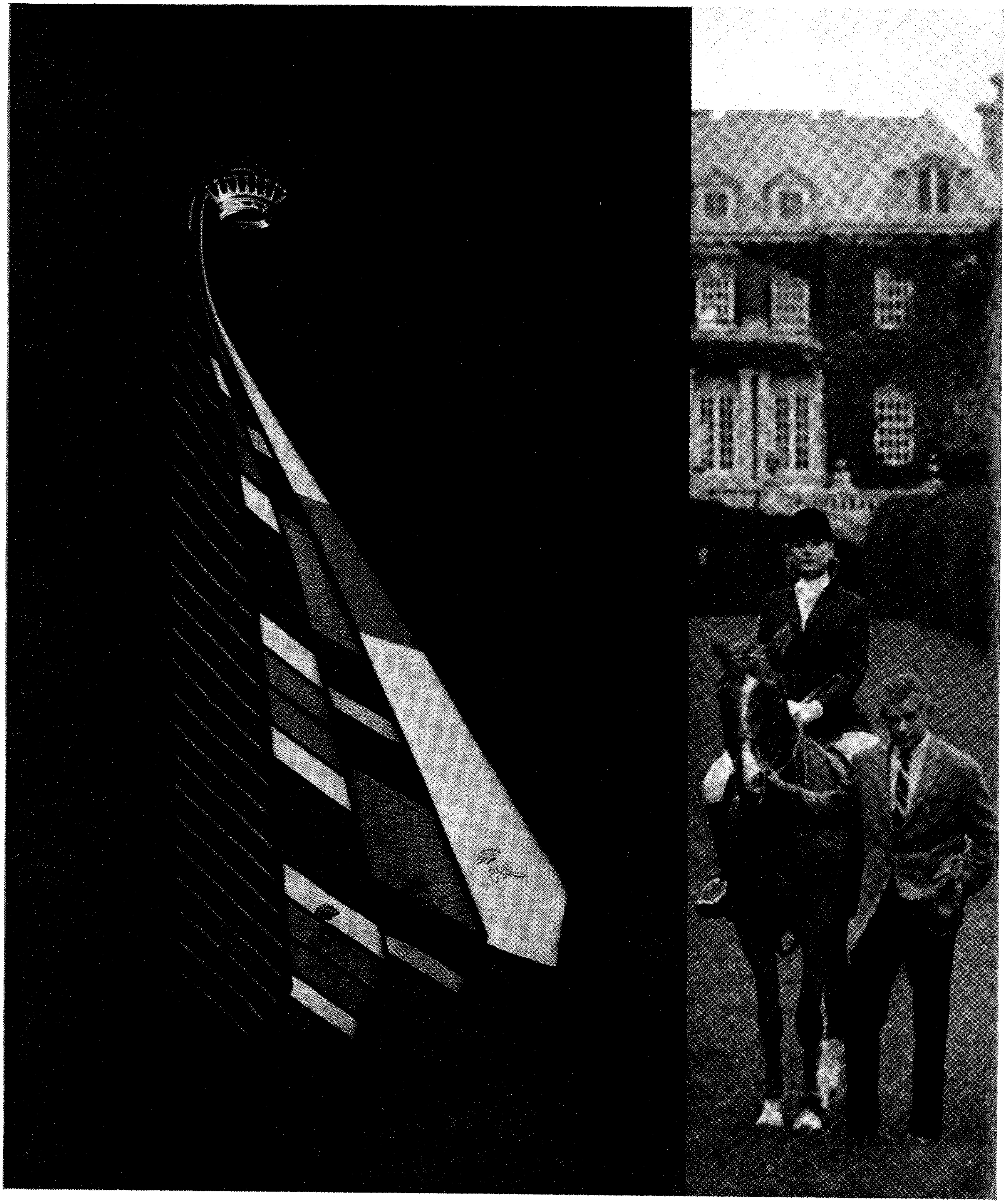

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excited as she talked about "Two for the Seesaw." "I am not sentimental," she said. "But it is so moving. Those people, those two, they are real. No matter where they live, they *do* live. Loneliness, like love, is not halted by frontiers. What a playwright he is!"

Once, I had mentioned to Tanya that Hemingway did not consider "The Fifth Column" a good play. Her enthusiasm for the character she was playing made it difficult for her to understand what I meant. Perhaps Hemingway's play meant so much to her and to the other actors because his characters had so much reality compared to the characters they had been portraying in contemporary Soviet plays—plays filled with characters who, in the words of the old man in the theatre audience, "do not change or grow or develop throughout the entire three acts of your play." As simple and, in their own way, as clichéd as Hemingway's characters were, they possessed a dimension that the characters in "By Moscow Time" and Konstantin Simonov's "The Fourth" lacked.

A moment later, Efremov arrived. He was dressed in a gray pin-stripe suit, and looked wan and foxish. He kissed Tanya on the cheek, gave me the International Brigades salute—raised right arm, clenched fist—and wandered down toward the stage, where Gigo was thumping his cane and complaining that this theatre was beginning to resemble a kindergarten. "Well," said Tanya, "Stanislavsky used to say that the actor should be like a child. So they are behaving quite correctly."

Gigo called for Tanya to play Dorothy and Efremov to play Philip, and both took their places. They rehearsed from the entrance of Philip, the Electrician, and Anita. Nina came onstage dressed in a black sweater with broad red-and-white horizontal stripes—a sweater quite unlike any I had seen on sale in Soviet stores. Her black skirt was close-fitting, and most of the time it rode above her knees. I had noticed that many of the girls in the troupe wore their skirts very short. Tanya stood downstage left, her coat thrown over her shoulders. (Everyone was feeling the cold.) Sergachev leaned against the door, as if locked into the Electrician's drunkenness. Efremov, sitting on the couch at center stage, lit a cigarette and began to explain the touch-and-go antagonism between Anita and Dorothy. The others remained silent and attentive as he ad-libbed various lines of Anita's and went through Dorothy's reactions. Then Gigo began to describe for the cast

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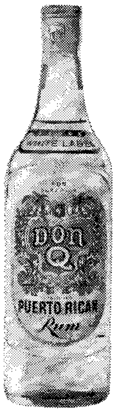


the mood and temper of Madrid in 1937.

GIGO: The embassies were full of refugees. In one alone—the Finnish, I think—there were said to be seven hundred people. But it was the same for all embassies. The hotels, too, were full of strange people. Who are they? What are they up to? You don't know if they are Fifth Column or not. It is the beginning of winter. Already there is no government in Madrid.

ADOSKIN: It is late autumn, no?

GIGO: Yes. And the city has been abandoned to the people.

EFREMOV: And about Wilkinson—something is unclear there. [Wilkinson is a young American whom Philip uses as a decoy in an attempt to capture a member of the Fifth Column.] It must be made more concrete.

GIGO: In particular?

EFREMOV: Who is it I want to arrest?

GIGO: The man who escaped from the two Interbrigades guards.

EFREMOV: Right. Why do you think Philip tells Wilkinson to have a good walk and a glass of beer?

GIGO: He is to serve as bait.

EFREMOV: Exactly. And *they* take the bait. But it is one thing to liquidate, another to make an arrest. I need Wilkinson to help me take this man alive, now that the two guards have failed.

GIGO: And?

EFREMOV: What do you mean, "and"? Look, we are at war. Wilkinson made a mistake. He sat with his back to the door.

GIGO: The concreteness in this scene must be ours. It is not spelled out by Hemingway.

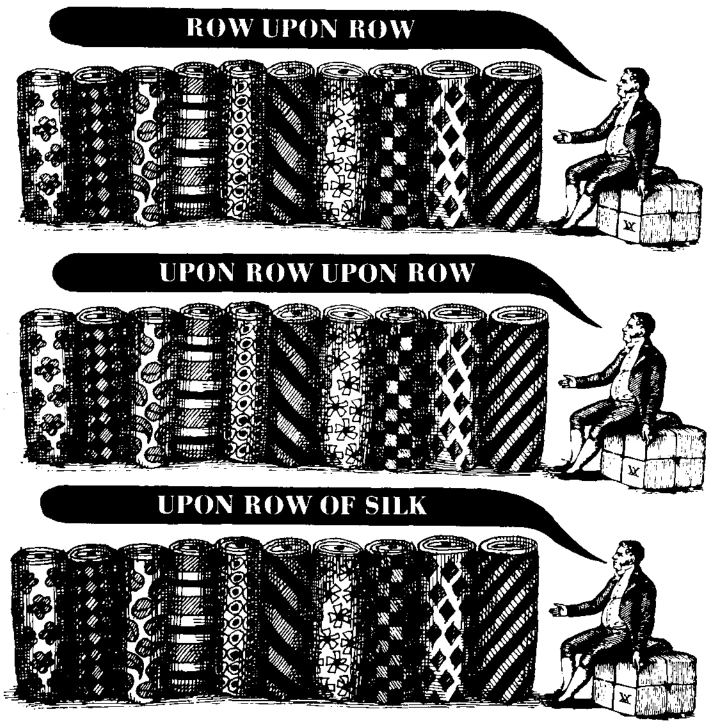
EFREMOV: They kill the boy. That is concrete enough. A concrete mistake.

GIGO: Why does Philip say, after Wilkinson goes out, "Awful pity. Yes. An awful pity"? He must be ninety per cent certain the boy will be killed.

EFREMOV: At least ninety per cent.

GIGO: Why else does Philip want him to wait in his room all day? Philip told him only half of what his job would be. Take a walk, he said, and then come back and register. Look, in the Florida there may be fifty, a hundred of the Fifth Column living. Everyone knows it. So Philip wants Wilkinson to attract attention, wants him to be interesting—an official personage who will be noticed by the Fifth Column. What if, here in Moscow, in the Hotel Peking, one hundred rooms are occupied by doubtful characters? You can't just go and arrest them all. Not any more. You must be selective.

ADOSKIN: Do you realize that they



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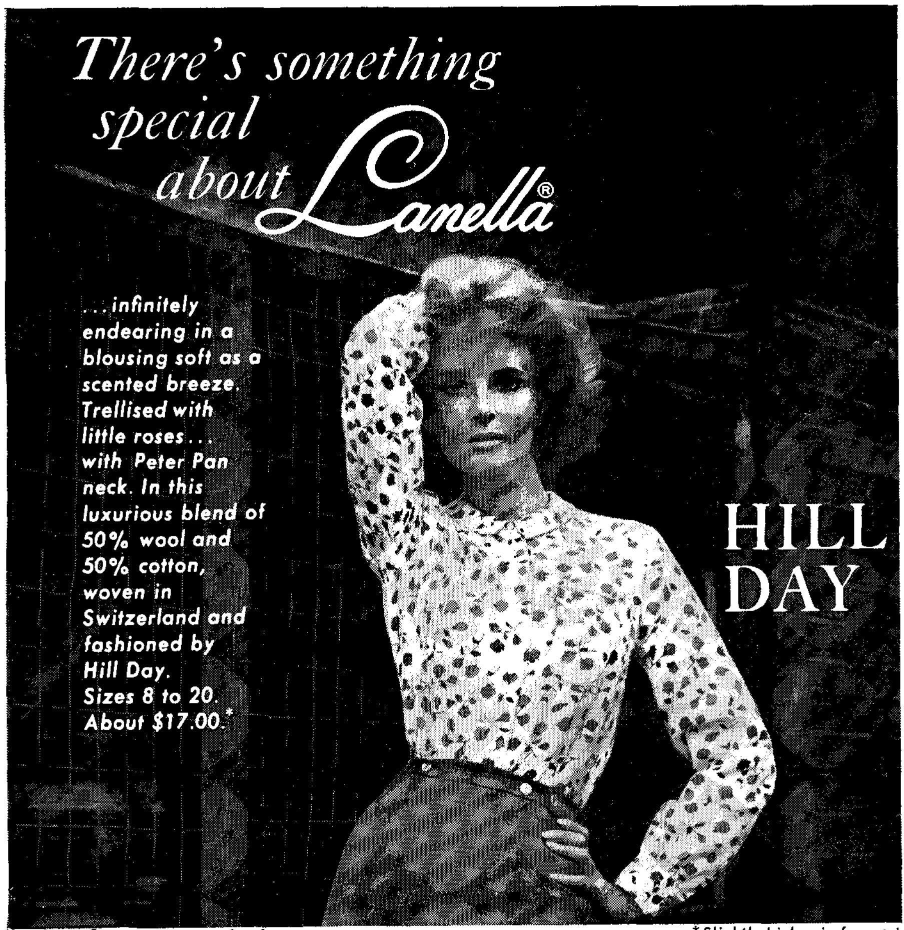
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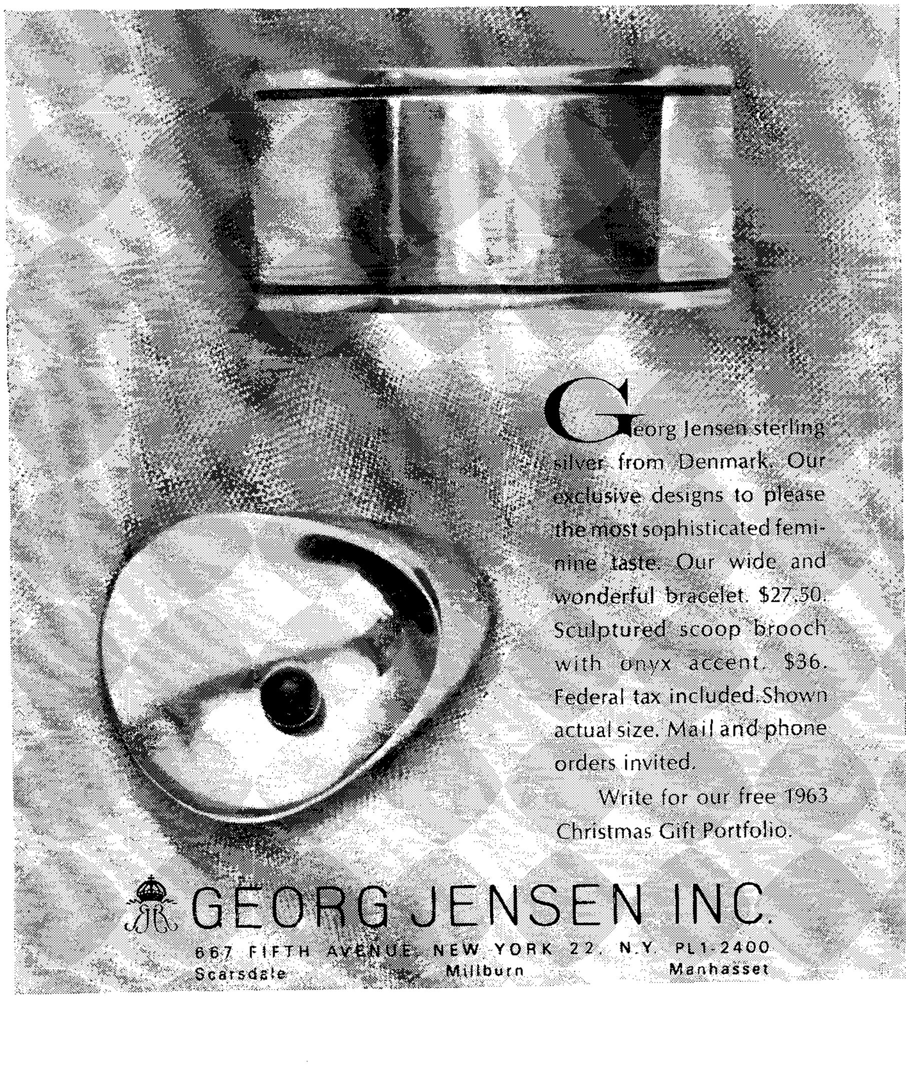
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killed the Electrician just because he was in a trade union?

GIGO: Sometimes I feel like killing my actors for even less. All right. Let's break for fifteen minutes.

DURING these breaks, some of the cast usually hurried down to the basement buffet to gobble soup or cutlets or a *buterbrod*—a thick slice of bread with butter and cheese or sausage on it—and a glass of hot tea. (The buffet did not serve coffee.) On this occasion, Efremov stayed onstage, studying his role. When the cast reassembled, Marina took over as Dorothy, and I sat down with Tanya. Gigo began to stage Wilkinson's shooting. He decided that when the shooting takes place, the turntable should be in such a position that the audience could see part of each room. He was worried that the audience would not see Philip and Dorothy together in her room, and Wilkinson and his killer—who shoots from the door—in Philip's. Gigo called for Oleg Tabakov, the first Wilkinson (who could very well be taken for an American college boy), to take his place. Then he tried the sets in various positions until he found one that seemed satisfactory. A group of stagehands appeared and stood about in the wings to watch the runthrough.

Gigo called for an earlier part of the same scene, in which Philip sees Preston with his head in bandages and learns of the loss of his prisoner. Then he shouted up to the sound booth, which was above the audience behind a vertical bank of lights on the left side of the house, "Mark! Find your effects and start the music." Mark answered that he was ready. The stage darkened and the music began. Volkonsky's music for this scene was very soft—rather Spanish and yet somehow abstract. Philip, on his couch, awoke as the lights came up. When Nikulin, as the Manager, knocked, entered, and said, "Good evening," Gigo roared at him that the line was "Good morning," and that it was time to start thinking. Then he shouted to Mark that they'd had enough music. Beside me, Tanya opened her pocketbook—a big one—and took out two apples. She gave me one. From behind the stage window came a hideous squeaking. "What the devil is that?" Gigo yelled. The rehearsal stopped. Two of the stagehands corrected whatever was wrong. Efremov sat on his couch and stared offstage. As the rehearsal resumed, Efremov began to put on his shoes. He took a long time about it. Impatient, Gigo called out, "Do we have to take off and put on

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our shoes ten times?" Then he told Nikulin not to play the whole scene from the stomach. Nikulin nervously muttered something to himself. Gigo jumped on him again: "And don't expend temperament where it isn't called for!" At the rear of the house, where several actors and members of the theatre staff were watching, someone coughed. Gigo twisted around and glared accusingly into the darkness. Tanya gave me a raised-eyebrows look. Gigo told the actors to start over. "And Philip," he said, "you can't recall what happened last night. Nothing of what you did to Preston. You were drunk as a kettle. That's all you know." They played the scene again. It went well until the entrance of two Interbrigades guards. One guard does most of the talking, and his manner was booming, histrionic, and rude. Gigo interrupted to say that this wasn't what Hemingway had intended—that the guard was overplaying and creating unnecessary confusion. "When Hemingway shows temperament, he shows temperament to the utmost," he said. "When he uses quiet, it is in the same fashion." As they played the scene again, Gigo told Efremov to be drier, more menacing. "Don't shout," he said. Then, through clenched teeth, he recited Philip's lines: " 'You let a man get away that I wanted. You let a man get away that I needed. You let a man get away who is going to kill. . . .' " As he spoke, he tore up a piece of scratch paper he had grabbed from the table in front of him. "All right," he said. "Again." When the two delinquent guards have been taken away to *Seguridad* headquarters, the Manager returns and warns Philip to be careful. This is the cue for the stage to turn. It started turning the wrong way, and Gigo hollered for it to stop. The stage was returned to position and revolved in the correct direction.

By then, it was two o'clock. Gigo announced that they would have a

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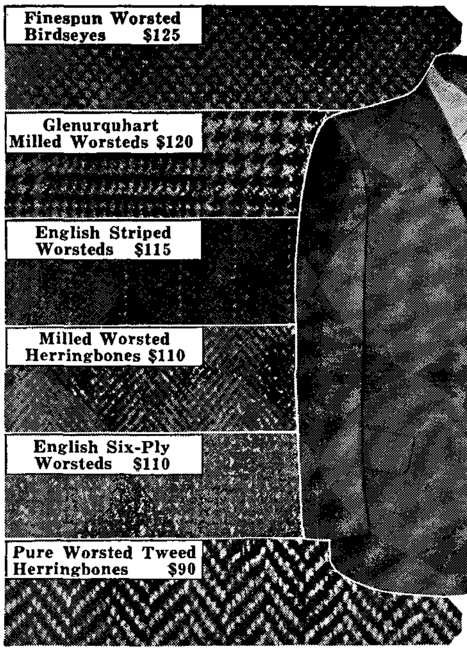
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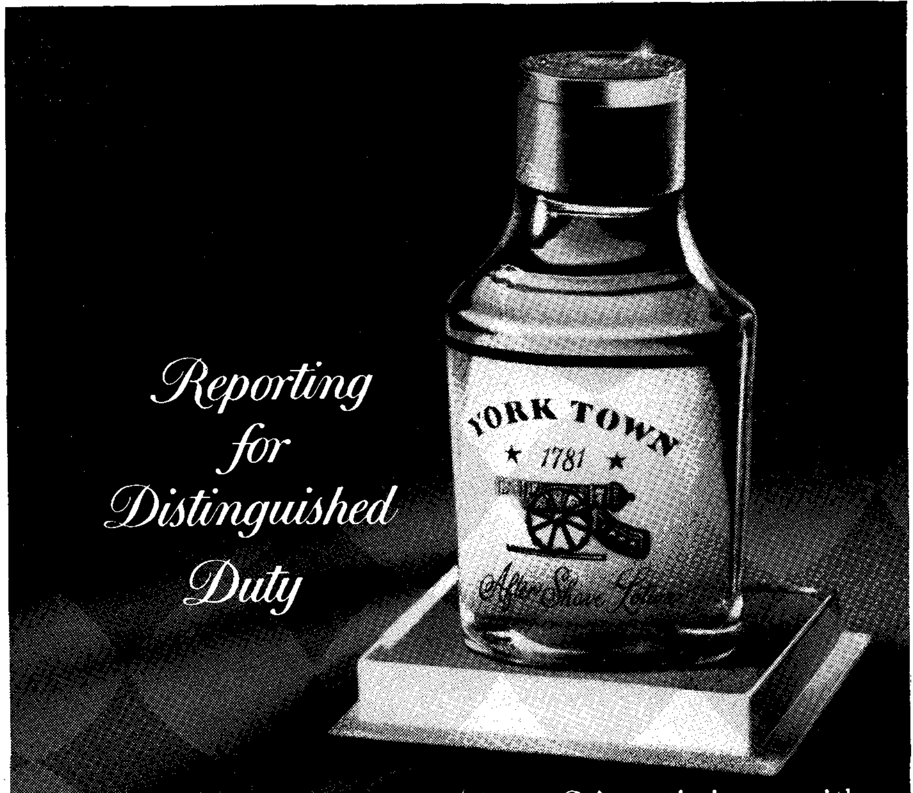

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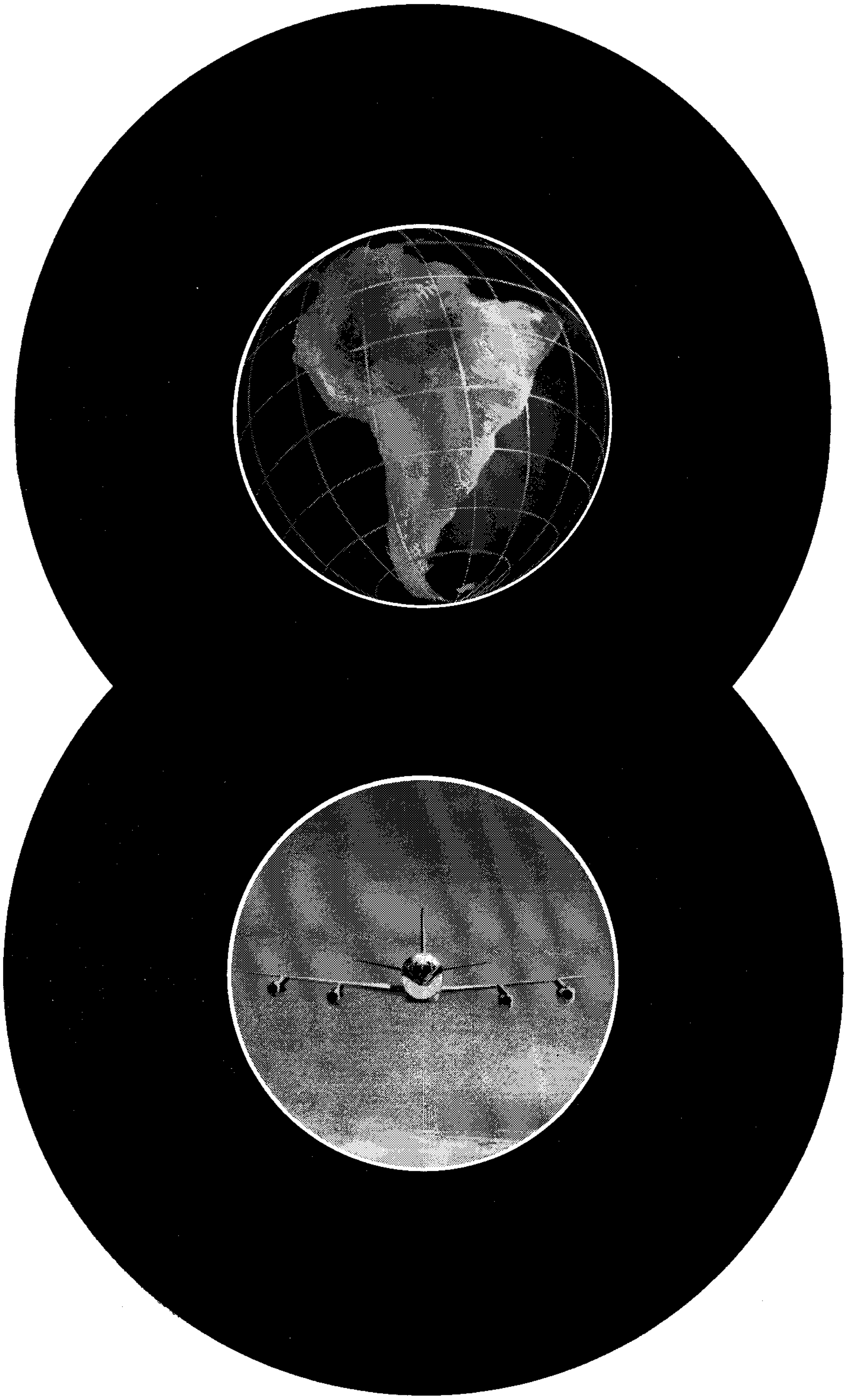

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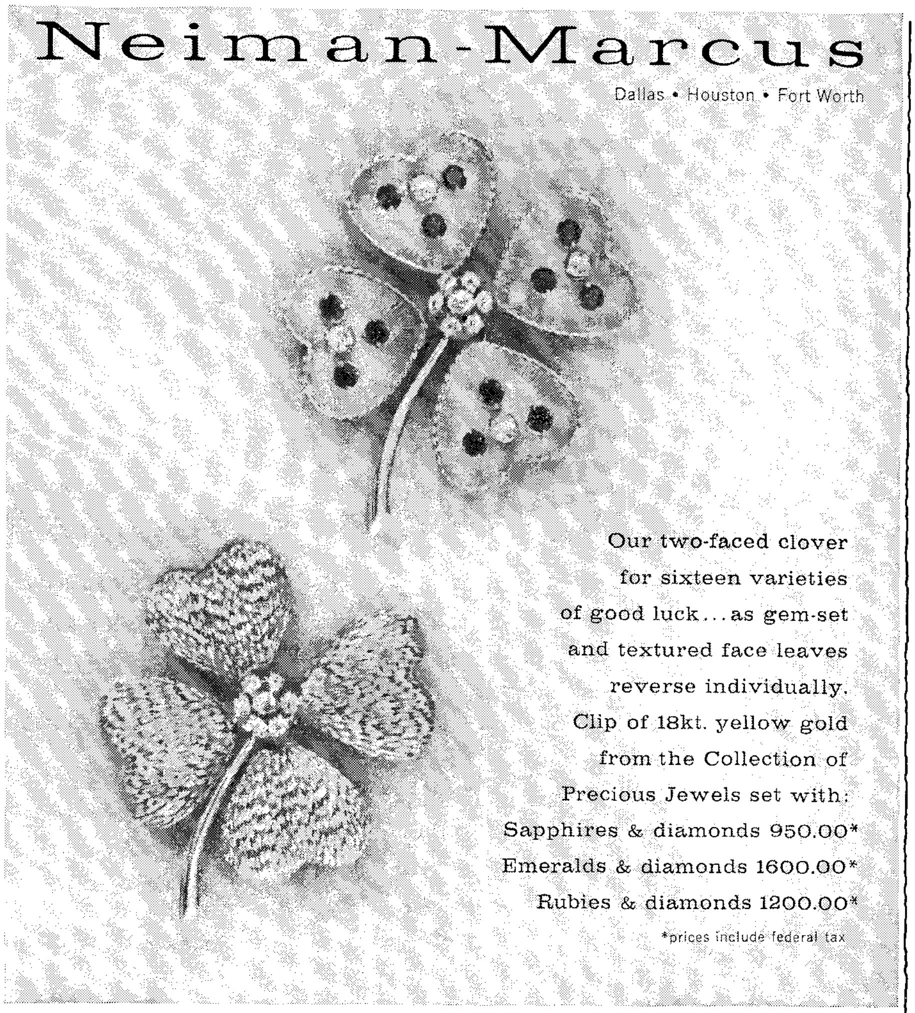
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progon of Act I. I asked Kozakov what the word meant. He said that it was an uninterrupted runthrough, and added, "Actually, the word '*progon*' means a straight stretch on a railroad line, the distance between two stations. But you watch—we will be derailed." Kozakov was not wrong. Evstigneev took over from Nikulin. On one of the Manager's first lines, Efremov interrupted.

EFREMOV: Excuse me, Gigo. (*He turned to Evstigneev.*) Zhenya, go to the door.

EVSTIGNEEV: Oleg, please. I'm still unsure of the text.

EFREMOV: All the same, on that line cross to the door.

EVSTIGNEEV (*to the others, as if Efremov were losing his mind*): You hear? He says go to the door!

EFREMOV (*with maddening deliberateness*): On that line, *go to the door.*

Evstigneev delivered his line again, still standing.

EFREMOV (*quietly*): Go . . . go . . . go . . .

EVSTIGNEEV (*imploring Gigo*): *Will* you have him taken away!

GIGO (*laughing*): Oleg, go and sit down.

Evstigneev spoke the line again, but he moved a few steps toward the door.

EFREMOV (*now sitting*): Go . . . go . . .

They continued to rehearse without further interruptions. Through the window in the set, I could see Marina seated in the wings, combing her long hair with slow, strong strokes. She appeared to be the only calm person in the theatre.

THE following day, I arrived at the theatre to find Gigo testing sound effects. Sitting in the dark, he imitated the sounds he wanted: "Rrrrrr . . . *boom!* . . . Right. Have we got a drum? A real drum? Let's hear what you have." Two stagehands brought out a fretted wooden panel and, banging on it, produced a booming echo. "All right, Mark, let's hear it!" Gigo shouted. Shells began to whistle. The stagehands made their panel go boom. "Mark, what happened to the banjo twang?" Again there was the whistle and explosion of a shell, followed this time by the twang, like the vastly amplified snapping of a taut guitar string. It reminded me of the effect called for by Chekhov in "The Cherry Orchard"—signifying that life, the old life, had been broken. Next, Mark put on the Chopin. Gigo looked radiant. "That's the Ballade," he said. "Now, Mark, the Mazurka. . . . Di-rum da-

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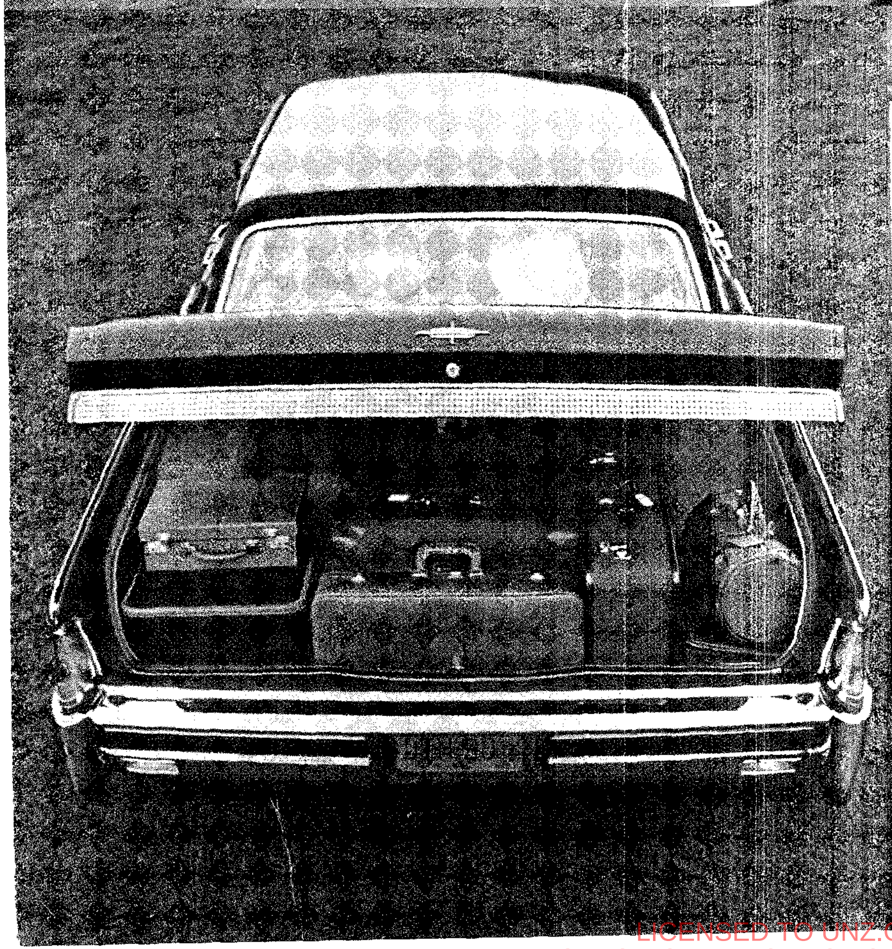

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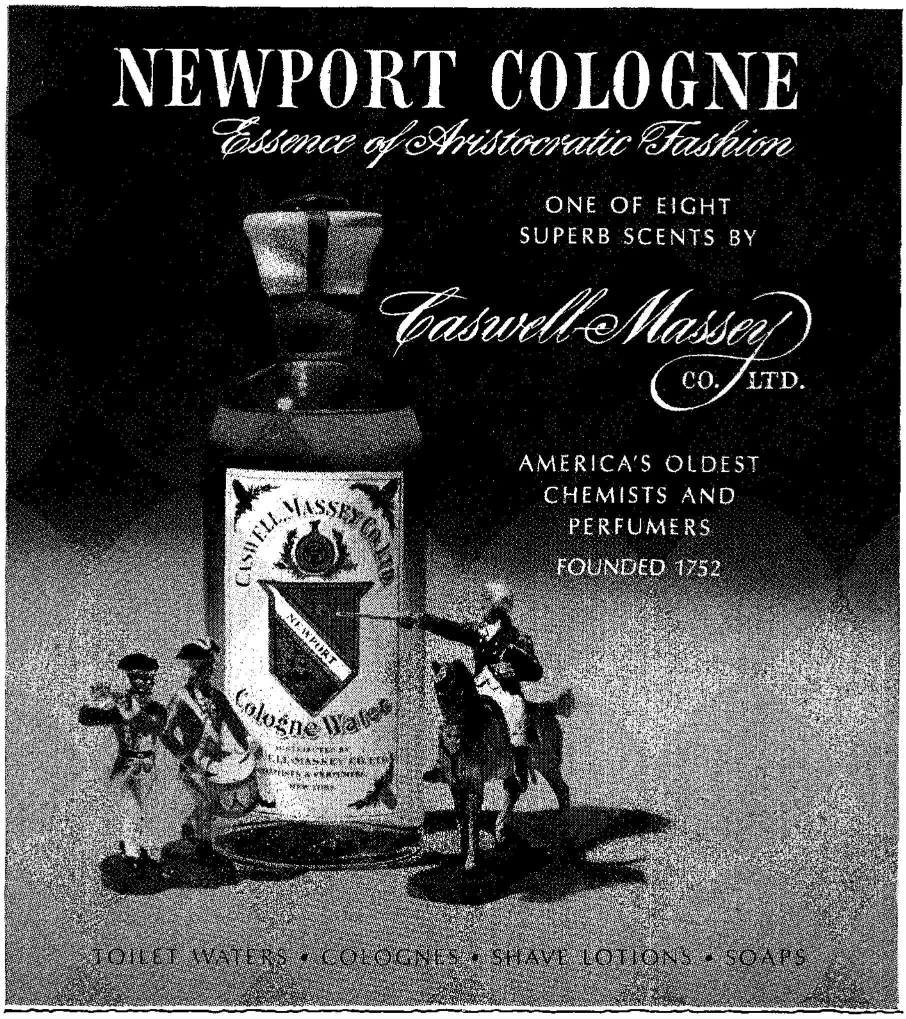
rum . . . So . . . Ouii! I adore it." Mark, calling down from his booth, asked if *that* was played when they danced onstage. "Who dances?" Gigo said. "That's someone else's play. When they *kiss*." He chuckled. He was apparently over yesterday's foul humor.

Tanya came in. Gigo said that the Ballade would be played at the end of Act I, the Mazurka during the bombardment. Tanya told me that the première of "The Fifth Column" had been postponed and was now set for May 5th. Gigo mentioned that the music would be on one sound track, the special effects on another. Efremov arrived, looking elegant in a gray suit and a black-and-white checked overcoat.

At last the gears had engaged; a pre-opening excitement and sense of urgency had begun to cut through the illusion of unlimited rehearsal time. Gigo had called for a runthrough of Acts I and II. By one-thirty, all the actors were in the theatre. Gigo asked Lydia Vladimirovna to check the playing time of the first act. Lydia Vladimirovna stuck her head out from the wings to ask for quiet. Adoskin was playing Preston, and Kozakov took a seat in the house. Tanya, in a dress of olive-green wool, took her place on the couch and, as Dorothy, began to look very bored. Gigo said to begin.

About thirty people were scattered through the darkened house. Gigo was on my right and next to him was a small but sturdy built gray-haired man, whom Gigo introduced as Alexei Vladimirovich Eisner. Sergachev, who was playing the Electrician, called down from the stage to ask Eisner about his pronunciation of the Spanish phrase "*No hay luz.*" Eisner explained that the vowel sound in the word "*hay*" was pronounced like the vowel sound in the Russian word "*aist*," (which means "stork"). He spoke with assurance and seemed to know Spanish well, including the Castilian pronunciation of "*luz.*"

Adoskin, now replaced onstage by Kozakov, came down and sat in the row behind us. I asked him, in a whisper, who Eisner was. "He is our consultant. The man who was *there*. He was in Spain," said Adoskin. "For a while, he was adjutant to General Lukacz, commander of the XII Brigade." The scene began. Evstigneev, playing the Manager, entered with full stage presence, and knowing his lines. He had *become* the Manager. Efremov got the first real laugh from the audience when he tipsily shook a finger at Preston, as if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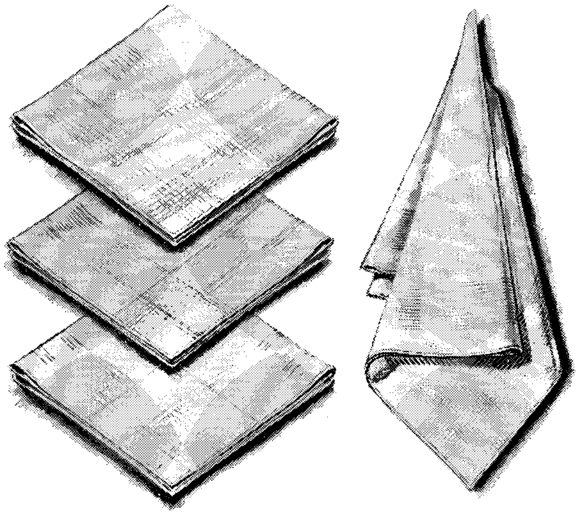

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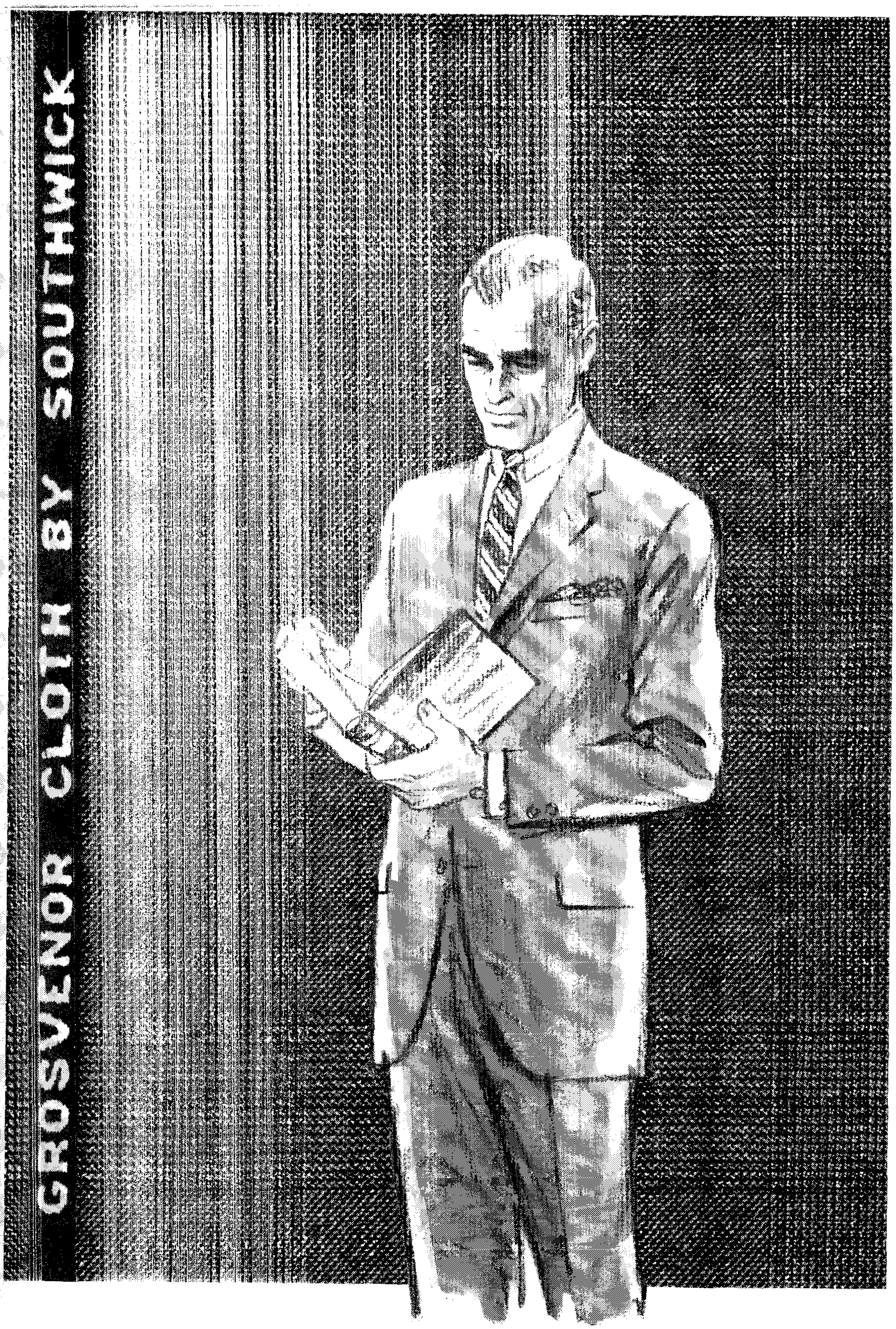

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warning him not to try anything naughty with Anita, the shy Moroccan. Sergachev, as the Electrician, spoke in a liquor-husky voice. Every line seemed funny—and serious. The second scene ran sixteen minutes, without a hitch, except that Mark was late with the last shell explosion. Gigo bellowed at him for that.

In the next scene, the stage was late revolving, and Gigo roared again. The music was on cue and properly muted. At one point, there was a rustling at the rear of the house. Gigo turned with one of his accusing scowls. The noise continued, however, and Gigo, after turning three times, finally said, "Sit down back there, *tovarishchi!* That's enough!" Dorothy and Philip then played their scene through to the end.

Eisner sat speaking softly to Gigo when the act ended. In his hands, Eisner was holding a thin, square paper parcel, on top of which lay a forage cap, presumably a relic from Spain. The cast came down and gathered around him while he commented on the correct pronunciation of "*camarada*" and "*Casa del Campo*." He seemed a very intense man, and spoke with an expert's authority when discussing Spanish matters. "There could well be more explosions," Eisner said. "The only dangerous place is near the window." Then, nodding toward Tanya, he said, "By the way, she should not open the window at the time of the blast. But Philip knows that . . ." He paused, thinking. "Philip is iron. Like Hemingway. Yes, he comes in *borracho*. That—being *borracho*, or drunk—in Spain, it is a bad thing. For a Spaniard to be a *borracho* is like calling a Russian scum. Remember in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' when Pilar curses Pablo? He is drunk. Your Electrician, he should not be comic. No, he must be a sad drunk. Always a Spaniard is ashamed of himself when he is drunk." Then, after another moment's thought, he added, "It seems to me that Hemingway *said* he was a sad drunk. Even the things he says, that Electrician, they have to do with his work. Do you see that?"

The cast was quiet and respectful while Eisner talked. Finally, Efremov said, almost apologetically, "We want him to be charming."

Eisner shook his head, as if to say that no Spaniard, drunk and ashamed, was ever charming. "There is terrible pride in Spain. Of course, he is your business, that Electrician. For the Spaniard, no, it was never manly to be drunk."

Efremov said that they wanted to

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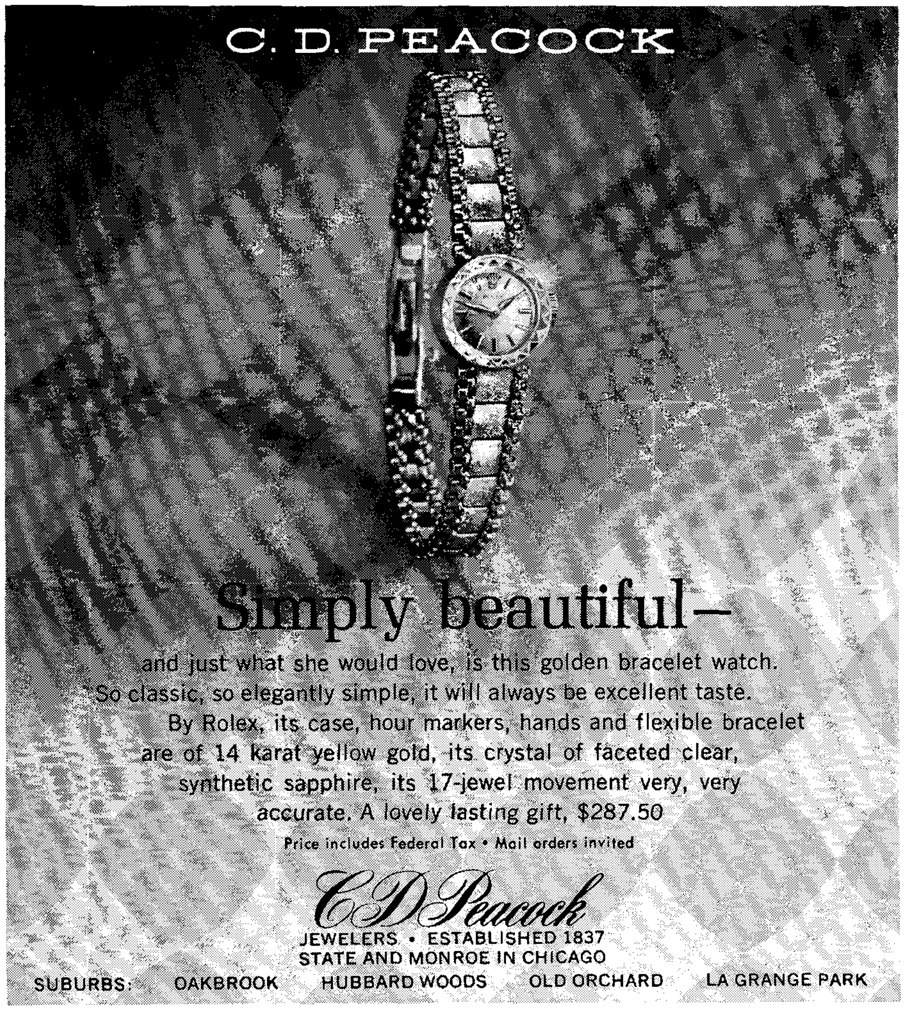

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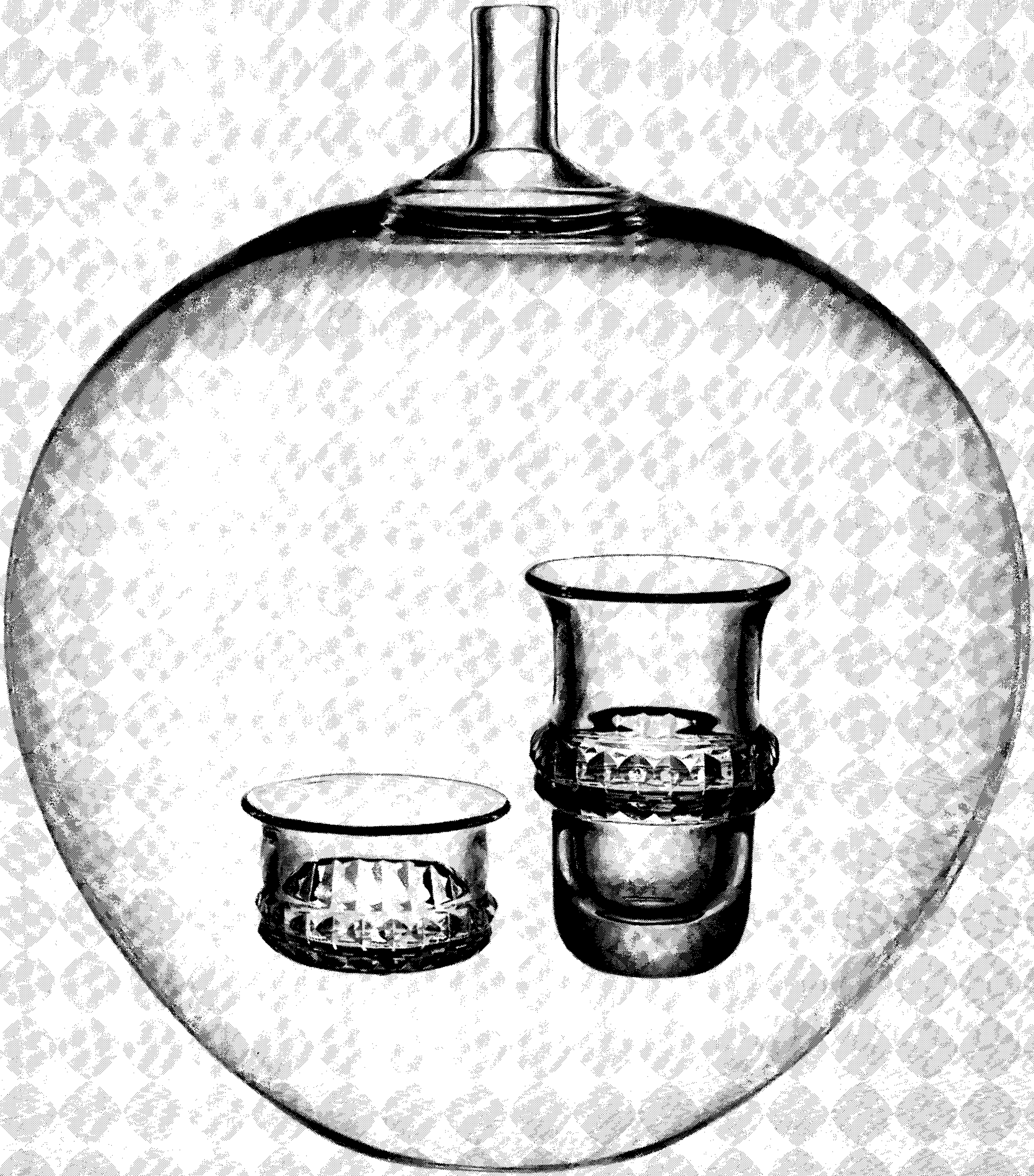

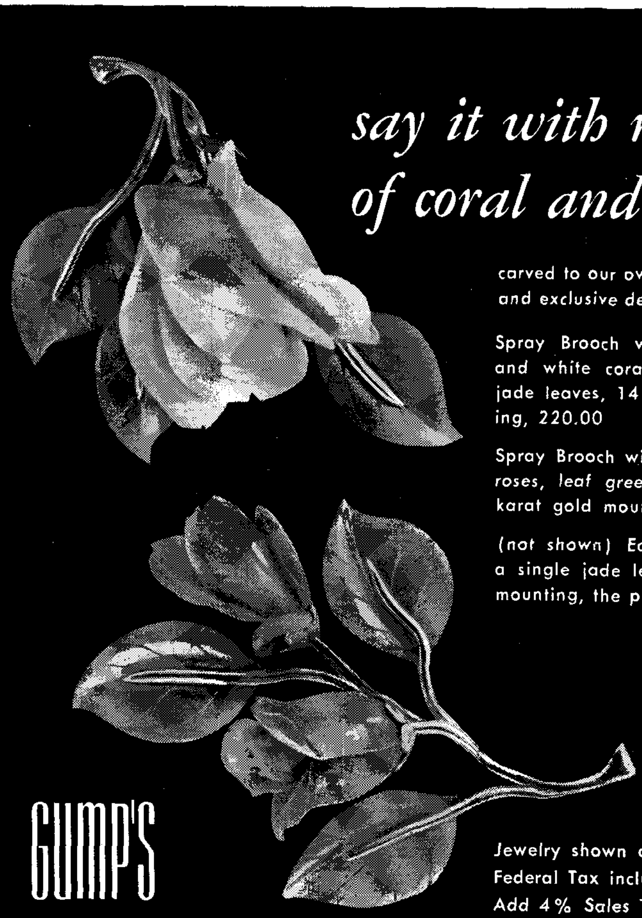

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show the kind of relations that existed between Philip and the Electrician.

Eisner insisted that even if a Spaniard were poor and dirty, he would maintain his pride. "A shining pride! They are proud as hell, those people!" Eisner looked around at all the cast and said with finality, "For me, he doesn't resemble a Spaniard."

Eisner's lecture on Spanish pride and character had a disconcerting effect on Gigo and the others. Everyone liked the character enormously as Sergachev was developing him. His interpretation of the Electrician had already become sharp, convincing, and very funny. Now this severe criticism from the man "who was there," as Adoskin had put it, seemed to depress everyone. After a few moments of silence, Adoskin offered a compromise: that the Electrician should be quiet. "No," Eisner said. "He should be dignified. It is his business that there should be light, and he says there is no light." Eisner handed the Spanish soldier's cap to Efremov to try on. With the cap on his head, Efremov resembled a lanky, Russian Cantinflas. Everyone laughed and seemed to feel better.

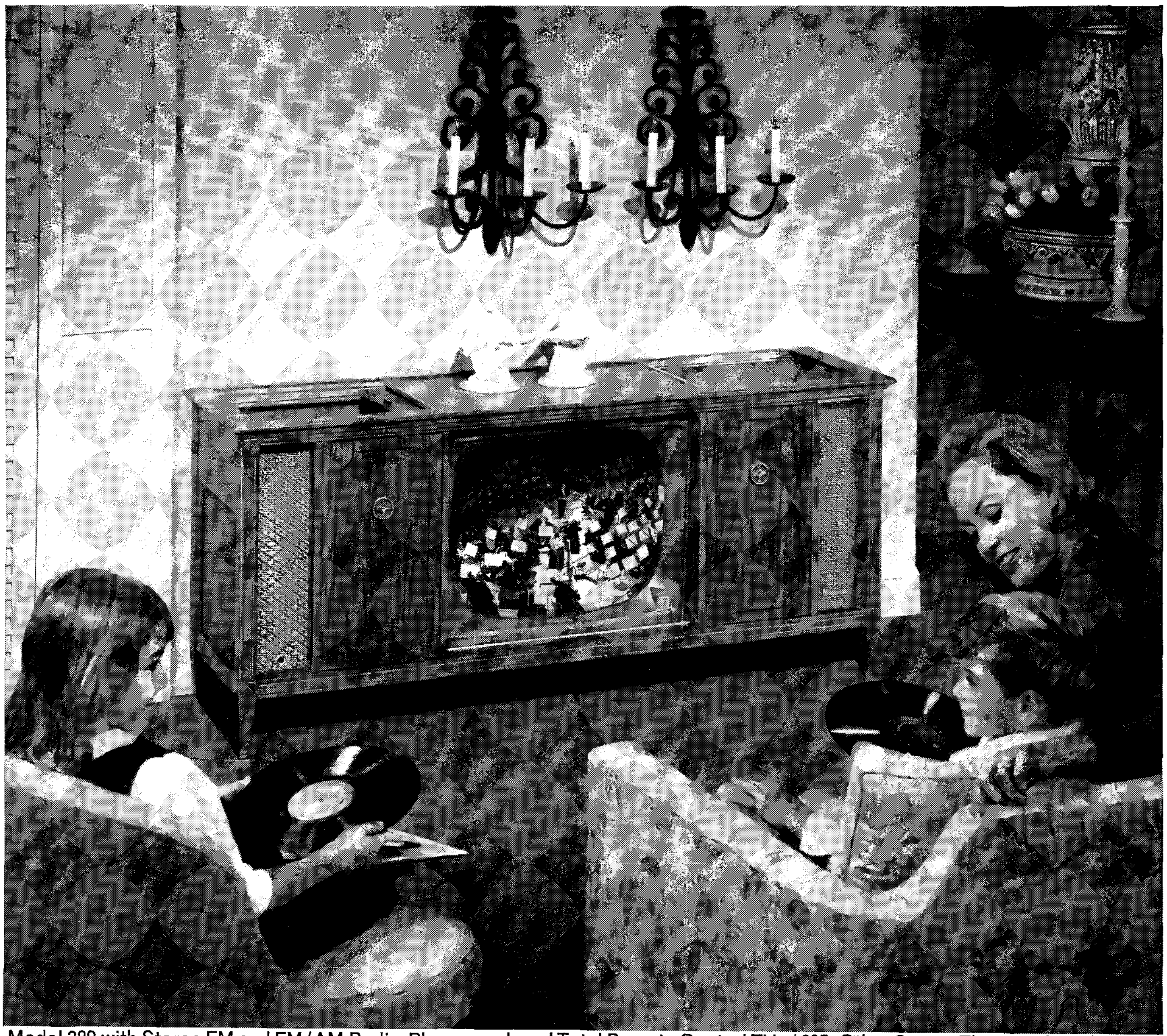
Gigo announced that from the day after tomorrow they would be rehearsing in costumes. "And no more fooling around," said Gigo. "*Tovarishchi*, this is the time to be serious."

Eisner opened his package. He took out an ordnance map and started to unfold it. "This map I brought you," he told Gigo, "it is a precious souvenir. An aide in the XIIth Brigade made his notes on it. See? There . . . and there. Do take care of it."

Gigo gave his sacred oath.

Lydia Vladimirovna called, "Quiet! Places, everybody, for Act Two."

NEXT day, when I came into the theatre, the stage was in position to show both Dorothy's room and Philip's. A stagehand, perched on a high ladder, was adjusting a light in the bank above the orchestra pit. Gigo arrived, unshaven and looking exhausted. Then Efremov came in and announced that he hadn't slept a wink all night. "Bedbugs," he said, and looked about him suspiciously, as if to see if any of the creatures had followed him to the theatre. Gigo said, "An army is marching. What can you do?" Kozakov and Evstigneev joined us. They agreed with Gigo that there was nothing you could do. "Except move out," suggested Evstigneev. "Or burn the place down first. And then move out." Efremov made a courtly bow of thanks



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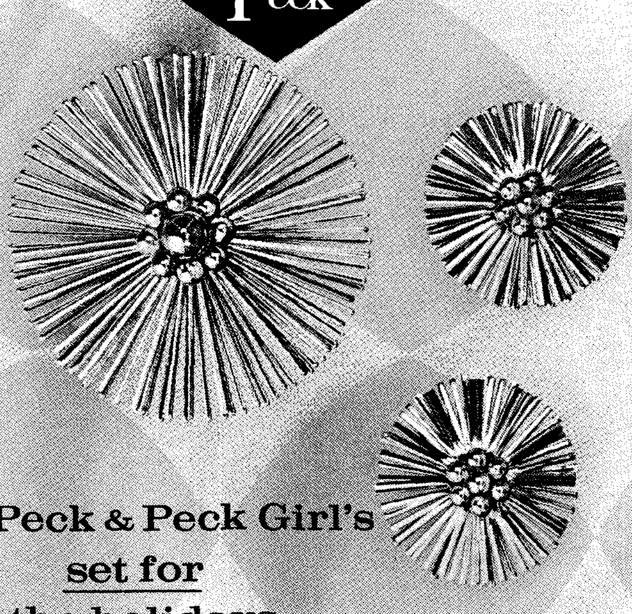

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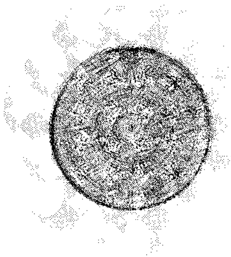
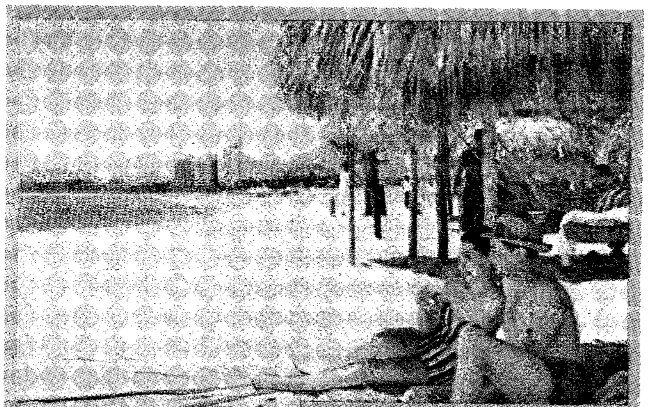
for the advice. Gorin arrived and came over to shake hands. To Gigo's annoyance, the stagehands had still not finished their preparations. While we waited, Kozakov passed out cigarettes. Gigo produced matches. When he was about to light a third cigarette from the same match, I suggested that Evstigneev—the third man—might be bumped off. Efremov said no, that only happened in wartime. "And the Boer War, at that," said Eisner, arriving just at that moment. He greeted us, took a seat, and prepared a note pad.

Half an hour later, the stage was ready. According to the bulletin board downstairs, this rehearsal was to be a walk-through only, but of the full three acts, for the purpose of checking all cues—the lighting, the sound effects, the entrances and exits. Gigo gave the word to begin. The curtains were drawn, the theatre darkened. From the rear of the house, a projector threw a giant portrait of Hemingway on the closed curtains. It was a well-known photograph showing the bearded, grizzled Hemingway of the later years. As the face appeared on the curtains, the music began. First there was a passage for bagpipes, playing traditional Basque folk tunes, and then, as a chorus of women began to sing, Hemingway's own voice was heard, speaking in English: "This Spanish earth is dry and hard, and the faces of the men who work on that earth are hard and dry from the sun. . . ." It was a young voice, taken, as was the introductory music, from the sound track of a Joris Ivens and John Ferno film called "The Spanish Earth." There was a momentary break in the sound, and a Russian voice, recorded on tape, carried on through the rest of the prologue, which consisted of excerpts from the introduction that Hemingway had written for his play. (I later learned that the voice was Kozakov's.) In the Soviet theatre, almost no play begins without a prologue of some sort. Often, for example, a voice amplified through the darkened theatre directs the audience back, in memory, to the terrible winter during the blockade of Leningrad, or to the early days of the Revolution. Nearly as common as the prologue in the Soviet theatre is the device of back projection. Almost always there is a train crossing the backdrop, or a snowstorm in the city, or great, cycloramic clouds blowing in from the wings. (In Act III of "The Fifth Column," the lights of a car swept an observation post, with succinct realism, in accordance with Hemingway's directions.) Rarely does one of these





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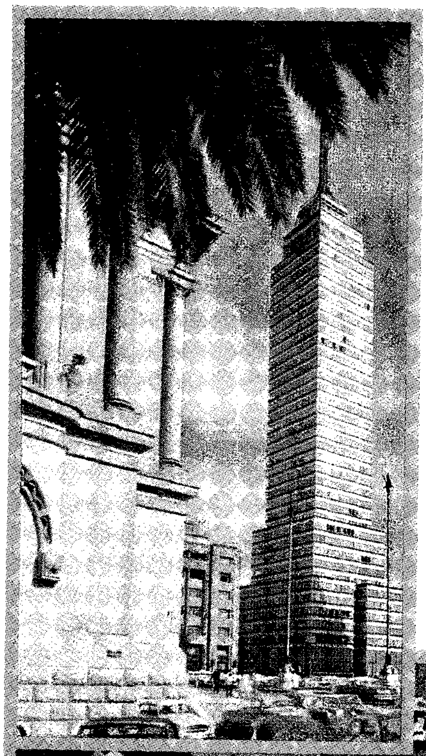

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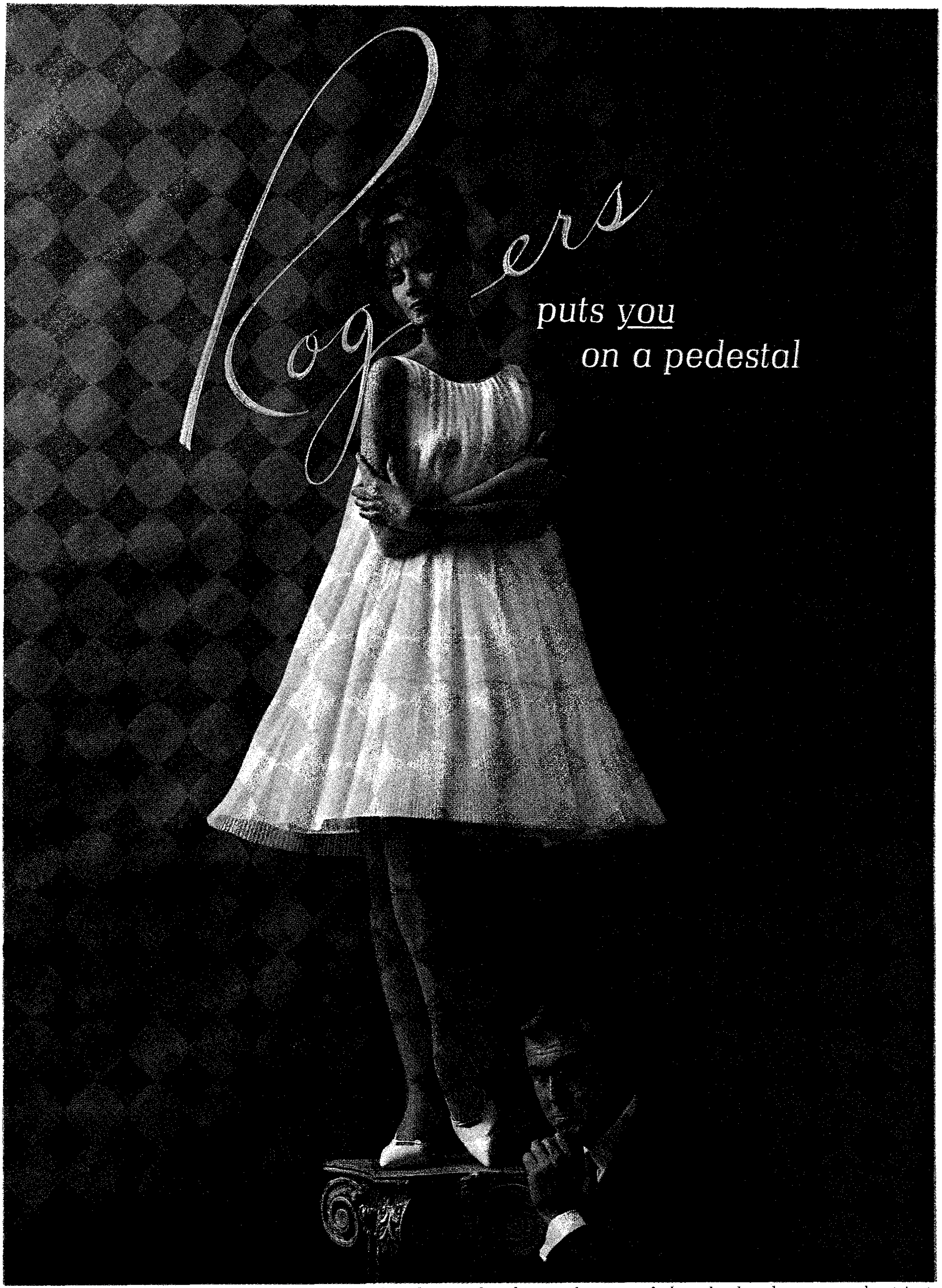

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devices fail to draw applause from the audience. But today, in the total darkness, the use of Hemingway's young voice and his portrait seemed justified, as did the explanation of Madrid and the events of that faraway war to a Moscow audience. The prologue ended, the portrait faded out. The music concluded, and from the orchestra pit the soldiers and their girls made their entrance onto the stage as the curtain rose and the lights came up on the corridor of the Hotel Florida.

The actors walked through their entrances and exits, playing bits of scenes here and there. Tanya, who had arrived looking morose but had said nothing, played with much more control. Her boredom all at once was something palpable. The Manager achieved the proper pseudo-serious note, and the Electrician was positively terrifying in his gloomy self-disgust. Mark fired an extra shell by mistake. "Enough is enough!" shouted Gigo. When everyone scattered again, Anita tripped, and kicked Dorothy in the shin. Upset, Nina interrupted the scene to ask Tanya if she was hurt. The Electrician was, by then, so overcome with Iberian shame that he delivered his line about there being no light from a sitting position.

From outside the theatre came a muffled sound of drilling. Gigo, thinking that the noise came from backstage, again interrupted the rehearsal and shouted at Mark about the noise. "Not here!" Mark shouted back. The drilling continued. Something was wrong with the lighting for the scene. There was full illumination only from the banks of lights on the sides of the stage, with no light overhead. When the drunken Electrician slumped down at stage right and clung to the wall with one hand, a lamp blazed full on his cuff. When Tanya stood close to the wings at stage left, her hair was illuminated by an orange lamp. The rehearsal stopped while the lights were adjusted. Then they rehearsed the bombardment scene again. The first shell landed, and Gigo shouted, "Quick! Out with the lights!" He told Mark he would like one more explosion after Preston, Anita, and the Electrician exited. From up in the balcony, someone called out that the glare of the explosions was too bright. The lighting for the following scene was wrong, too. Long shadows fell across the backdrop. One of the stagehands, a young girl in blue jeans and sweater, came out front to look and assured Gigo that it would be taken care of after the rehearsal. The two Interbrigades

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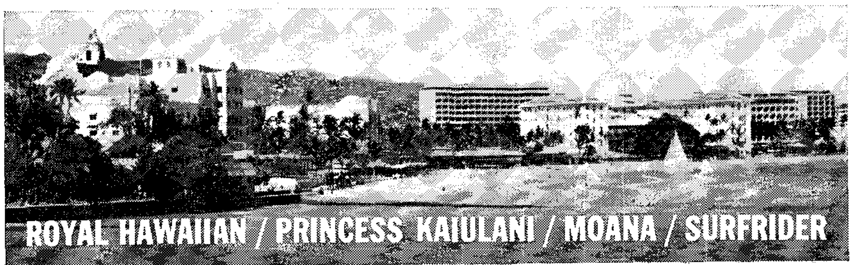

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guards entered to tell Philip that their man had escaped. Gigo let the scene continue for a minute, and then, with a full head of steam, he broke in.

"How many times do I have to repeat it!" Gigo said to the Interbrigades guards. "They got away! You're trying to excuse yourselves. He's telephoning to *Seguridad* for men to come and arrest you! You're in for real trouble. But what comes out of you? Blublupluplup! You keep throwing the scene away!"

The first guard asked if they could do it again.

"Why not?" Gigo said, adding sourly, "We can rehearse it for two hundred years if we have to."

They rehearsed again, from the entrance of the two Interbrigades guards. The arresting soldiers from *Seguridad* entered, carrying ludicrous wooden rifles, which brought on another diatribe from Gigo, this time against the prop department.

The stage was revolved. In Dorothy's room, the maid, Petra, brought the breakfast tray. On the tray stood a huge, ornate coffeepot with a long wooden handle. "That pot is all wrong," Eisner said unhappily. "It would fill forty cups. I never saw anything like that in Spain." Gigo approved of Philip's entrance, and said they could move on to the next part of the scene. As Tanya was pouring whiskey, Eisner turned to me and shook his head. "They don't know how to pour whiskey," he said. "They pour everything as if it were vodka." Eisner made a note on his pad. "I must show them." Philip and Wilkinson ran through their scene without interruption from Gigo. The telephone rang—Preston calling Philip to say that he is coming up—but then Kozakov failed to enter on his cue. Backstage, a bell was rung for Kozakov. He came onstage a moment later, and Gigo said nothing. When Preston rang for the Manager, and Evstigneev entered, Efremov suggested that he enter even more quickly. "As though you had been waiting right outside the door. Expecting trouble," he said. "That way, it will be a funny entrance." They did the entrance that way, and it was funny.

After an hour and a half, they had got through only the first act, and I couldn't stay any longer. As I left the auditorium, Gigo was pointing out to the young electrician that it was a fundamental, elementary principle to extinguish the lights when the curtains close.

In the lobby, I met Eisner, and we walked out together. I asked him if he had ever met Hemingway.

"Oh, yes," he said. "We drank to-

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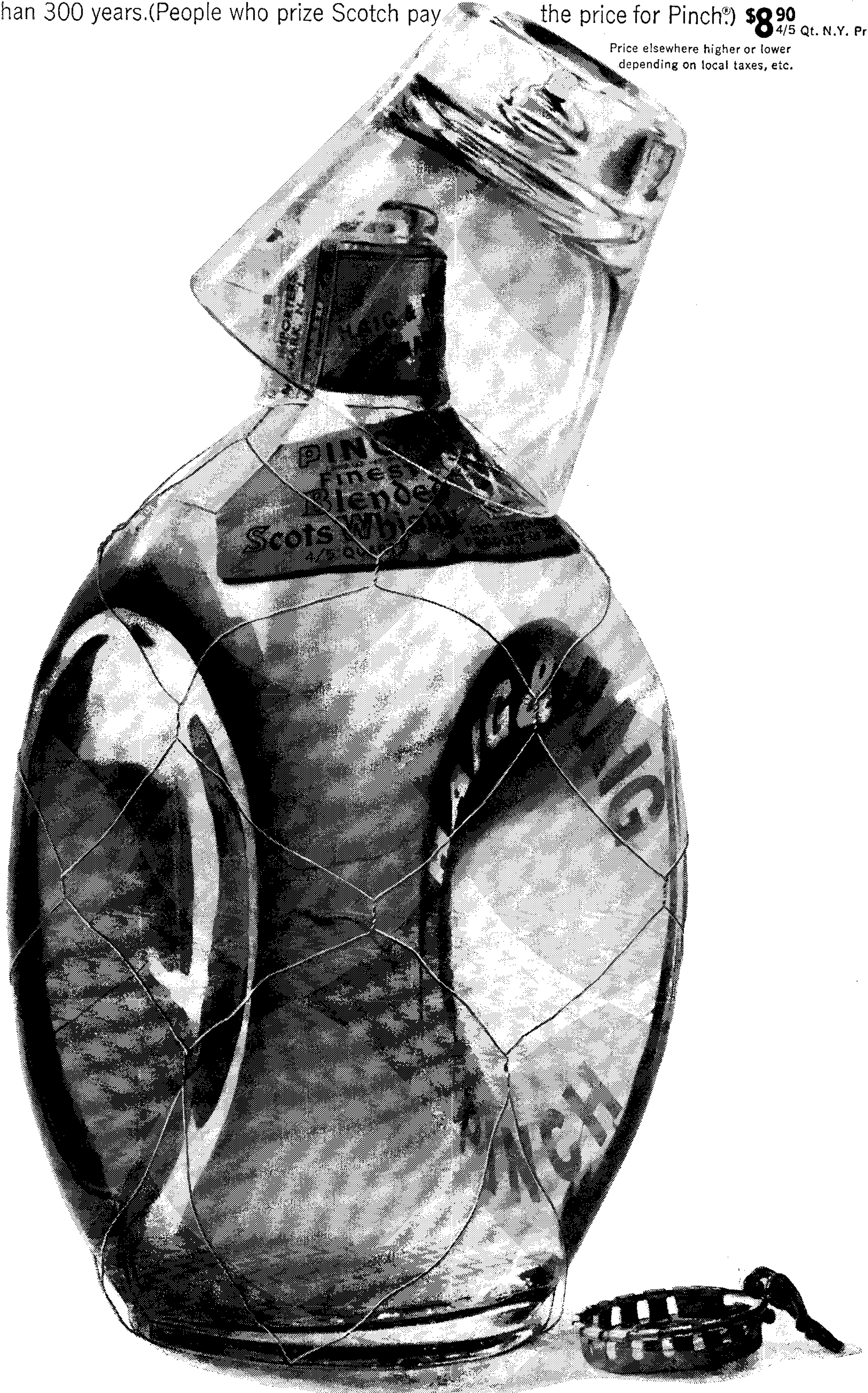

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gether several times. I met him, by chance, in June of '37. In Valencia. 'Come and visit me in Florida,' he said. How could *I* come and visit *him*? Do you know, he pulled out his checkbook? On the back of a check, he wrote his address. Then he signed the check and left the amount open. I remember, it was a check on a Paris bank. That was the kind of man Hemingway was. . . . Once, we drank with El Campesino, the Spanish peasant leader, who later came to Russia to live. We drank, and El Campesino would say, '*¡America que paga!*' You've read 'For Whom the Bell Tolls,' I imagine. I suppose the best thing done on the Spanish Civil War was Hemingway's 'The Bell.' It stands alone."

At Gorky Street, we separated. Eisner said we'd surely see each other again at the première.

THE Moscow Theatrical Calendar announced the première of "The Fifth Column" for May 5th. There was a week of fittings, lighting changes, complete dress rehearsals. After the May 4th rehearsal, another one was scheduled for the following morning. Everyone agreed that the première could not possibly take place before the eighth. "The humor is still missing from our performance," said Efremov. "It is *said* to be there. Like a fellow saying, 'Here is an anecdote you will *love* if you haven't already heard it. . . .' Only he told it to you yesterday." Still, the play was beginning to knit. Nina was brilliant as Anita. Evstigneev's Manager had achieved a faultless timing, and, despite his pessimism, was getting real laughs from those in the house. Even Gigo was less gloomy. "They are playing better," he said. "I sometimes believe I can detect improvement. Why, some of them already know their lines."

The première performance of "The Fifth Column" was to begin at 12:30 P.M. on Wednesday, May 9th, having been postponed one final day. By eleven o'clock, when I arrived at the theatre, Efremov was making up in his dressing room. A film actor named Alexei Batalov, with whom Tanya had starred in "Nine Days of One Year," was standing in the corridor. Efremov called to him to come in and have a cigarette. I asked Efremov how he felt. "Feel!" Efremov said. "How does an actor in New York feel before an opening? Well, I feel exactly the same way—only in Russian." Kozakov appeared in the doorway, dressed in a yellow shirt, riding breeches, and brown,

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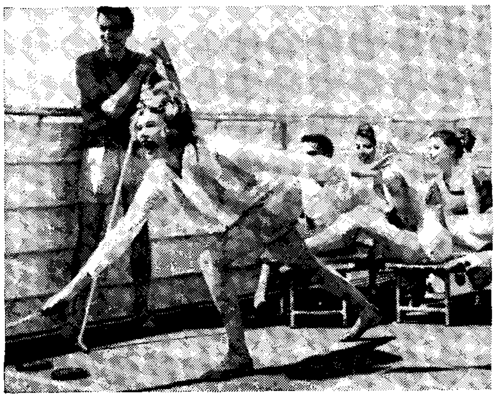

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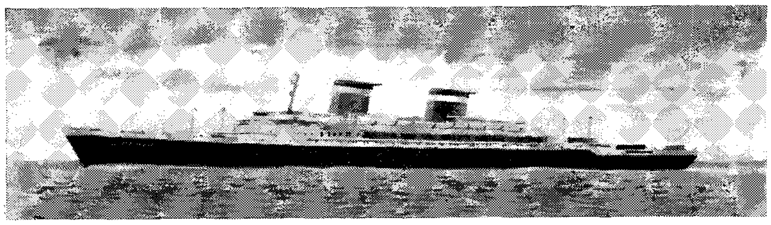

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as yet unmuddied, boots. He was made up with a stubble of curly beard. Efremov told him there was too much beard. One of the wardrobe women came to the door with a pair of boots for Efremov. Batalov stepped across the narrow hall to see if Evstigneev had arrived. Efremov continued to make up, in silence. The only sound in the room was the loud ticking of a rustic wall clock, painted with a scene of Teddy bears at play in the woods.

At eleven-five, Evstigneev arrived. After going to his dressing room and removing his shirt, he sat gazing sternly at himself in the mirror for almost a minute. In the meantime, Batalov was arranging Evstigneev's makeup materials. The harsh light shone on Evstigneev's bald head. He ran a hand over his face roughly, as though he were feeling a rubber mask. Down the corridor, I heard Tanya's voice, and I went to see her. She was already made up and was wearing a flowered dressing gown. "I am not nervous any more," she said, smiling. "I am simply and quietly mad."

When I returned to Efremov's dressing room, two makeup girls were applying pancake to his forehead and cheeks. Across the hall, Evstigneev was fitting a wig into place. One bell rang, warning the actors. Gigo limped down the corridor, sighing and not speaking to anyone.

Two bells were sounded. Oleg Tabakov, who was playing Wilkinson, arrived, looking happy and carefree. "Oh, what a story I just read by your Salinger!" he said to me. " 'The Laughing Man.' God, what a story! That's the kind of fellow my Wilkinson would have been—if he'd lived."

Three bells called the cast onstage.

By twelve-fifteen, the theatre lobby was crowded with friends of the cast—many of them other actors—waiting for the doors to be opened. The usherettes were all present, wearing gray suits. Along the wall opposite the buffet a number of people sat at small tables drinking lemonade. The buffet was doing a big business in candies, soda water, and *buterbrody*. All the staff was on hand. Administrator Kumanin moved through the crowd, greeting people, stopping to chat, passing on. I saw Eisner chatting with Evgenia Davidovna. There was a feeling of intimacy in the lobby, as though everybody knew everybody else. Then the doors to the auditorium were opened, and everyone filed in.

At exactly twelve-thirty, the house lights were lowered. The music began, and Hemingway's great, bearded face looked out on the audience as the Eng-

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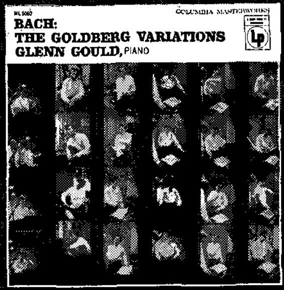
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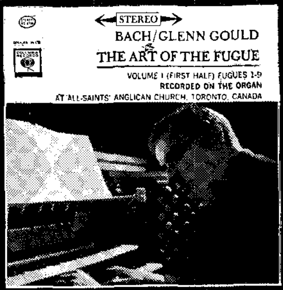
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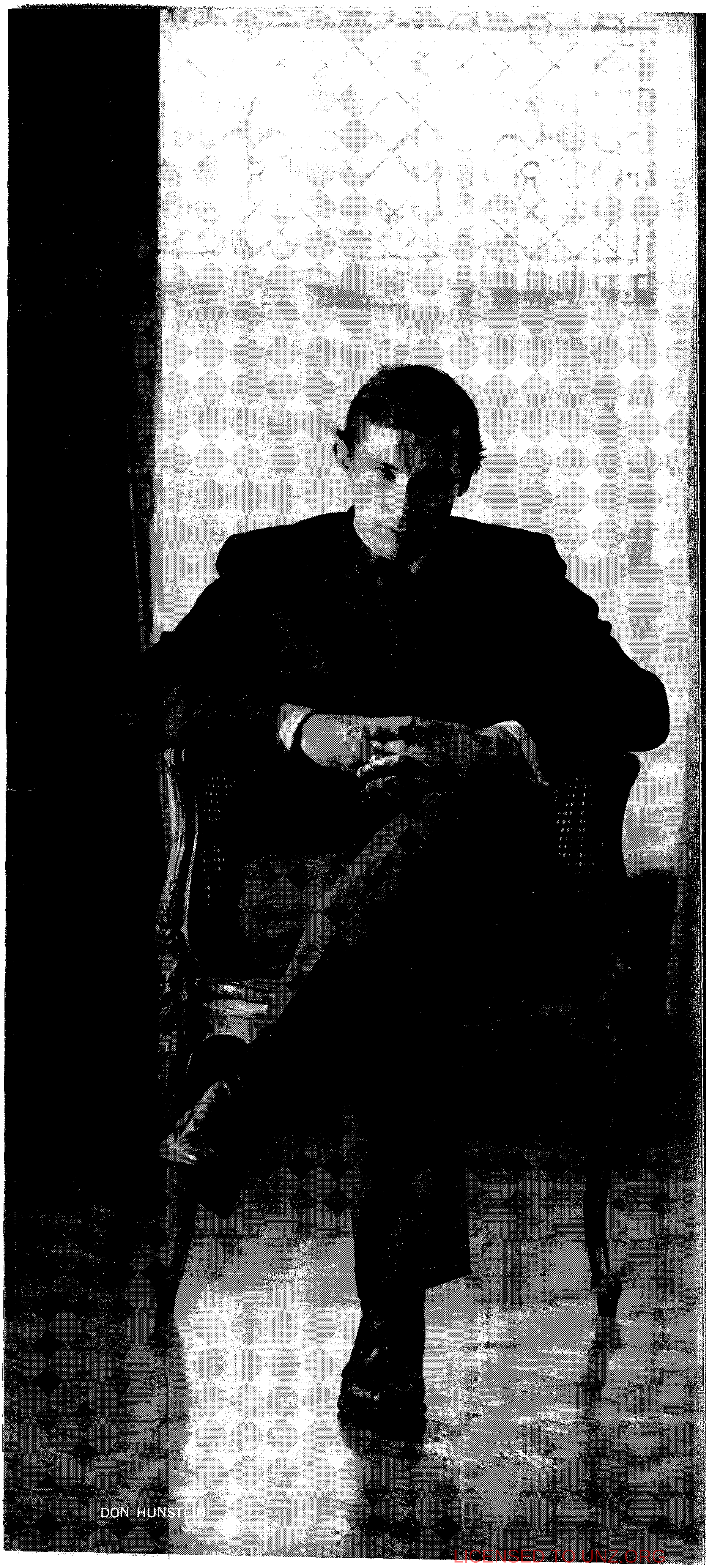

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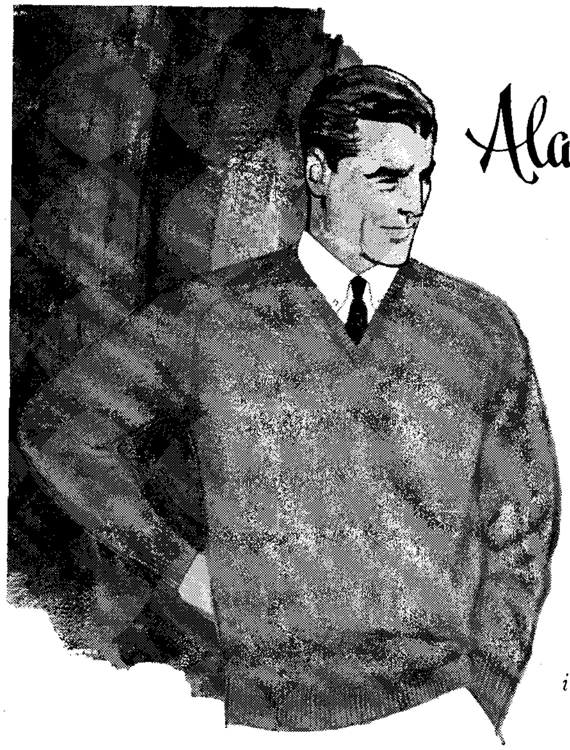

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lish opening to the prologue filled the air:

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The curtains parted, the stage lights came up, and the play began.

—Ralph Blum

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From the Des Moines Capital, November 12, 1907]

New York, Nov. 12—The doom of the 30-story skyscraper probably has been sounded in this city by drastic regulations which have been adopted unanimously by the building code commission. These regulations provide that after January 1, next, no new building shall be more than 250 feet in height, or about 20 stories.

The new law is aimed to stop the feverish race for the construction of high buildings. That a limit must be fixed somewhere has been the advice of noted fire underwriters and Fire Chief Croker himself has sounded the warning. The fire insurance interests have feared that the 40-story Singer building might be followed next by a 50-story structure.

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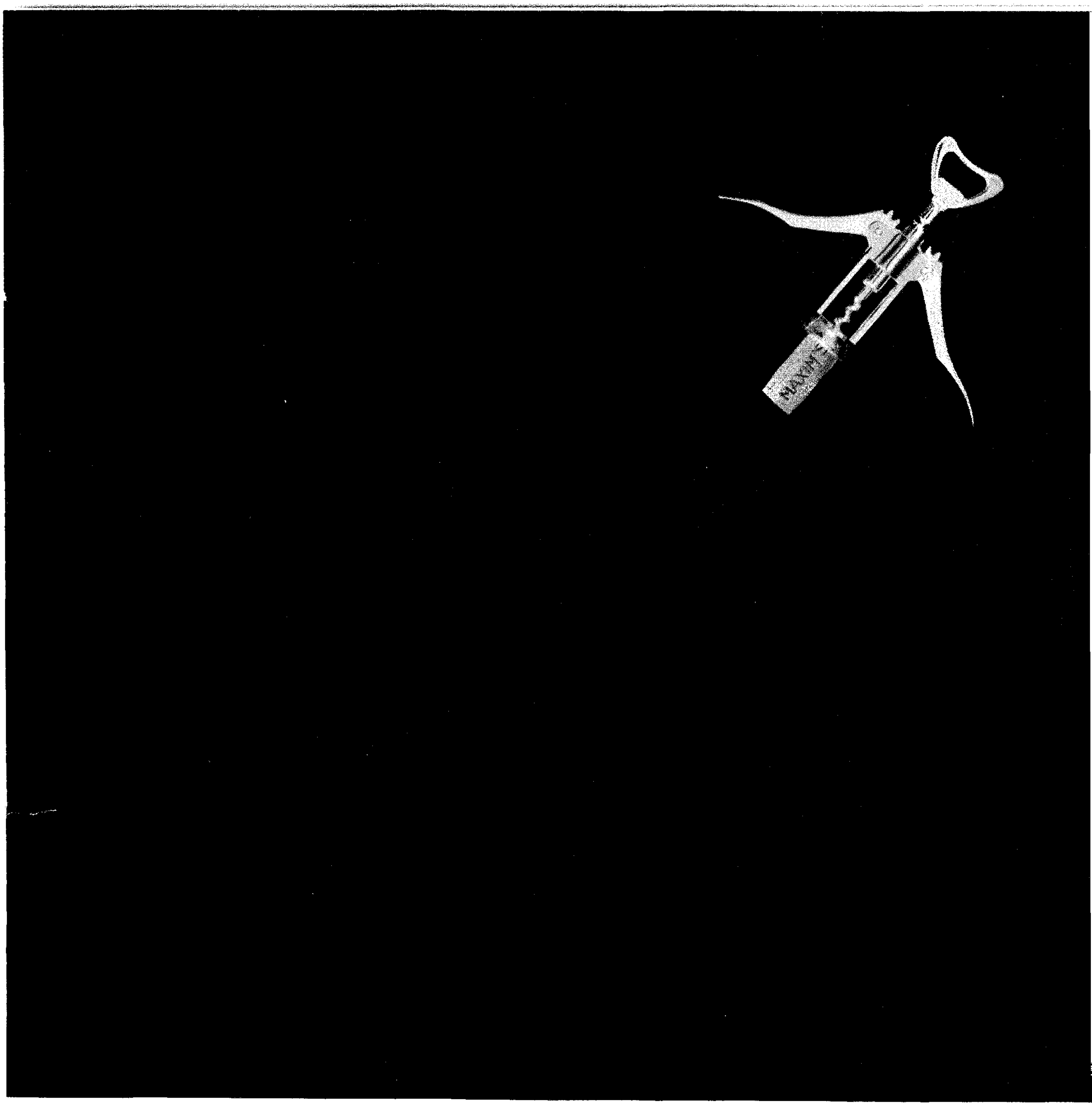

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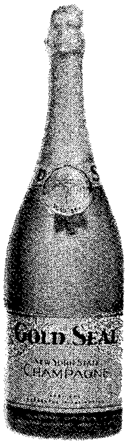
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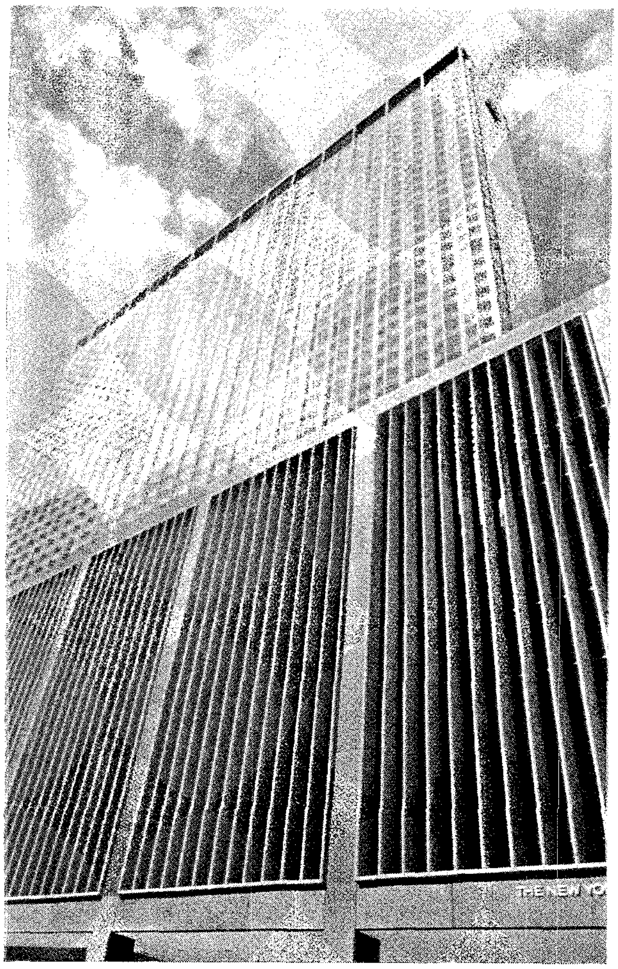

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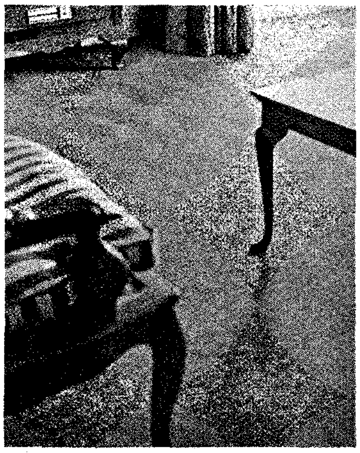

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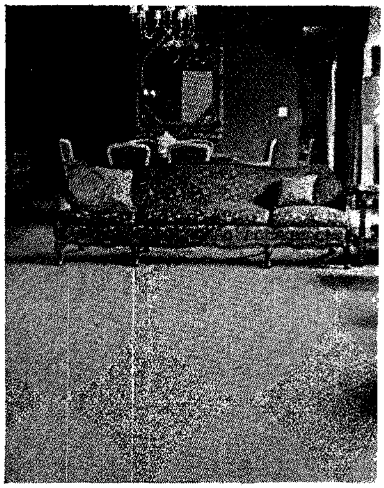

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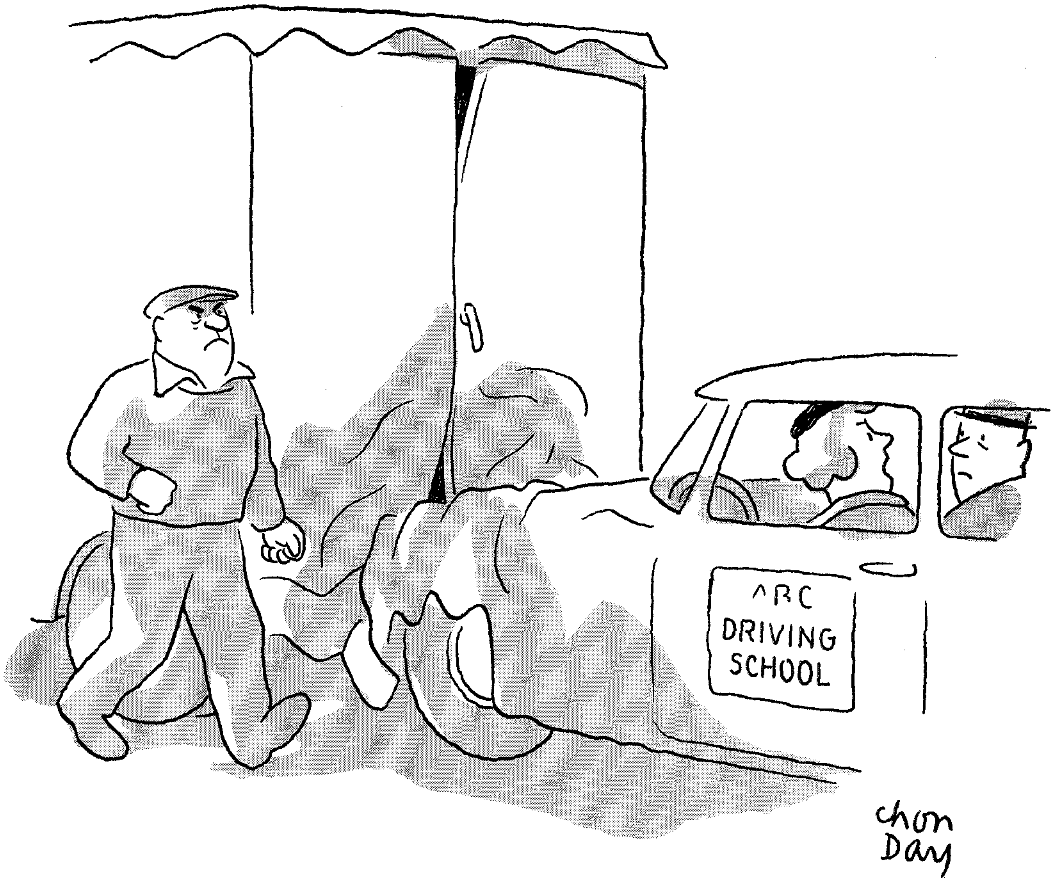
Medium

TELEVISION is a vast, phosphorescent Mississippi of the senses, on the banks of which one can soon lose one's judgment and eventually lose one's mind. The medium itself is depressing. The shuddering fluorescent jelly of which it's made seems to corrode the eye of the spectator and soften his brain. It's quite different from the movies, which seem to be made of nothing except the images themselves. In television, the bodies and faces, the dances and games are suspended in a coldly glowing magma that must surely be repulsive to the touch: at once palpable and intangible—quite uncanny. It is like ectoplasm, in fact, which makes the term "medium" doubly appropriate. Television is a low-grade domestic séance in endless session, and the set goes to it with a vengeance, mouthing its gobbet of luminous cheesecloth until the tube burns out. Like a séance, too, it has a curiously limited repertoire, and it is certainly banal in the same way. There are no epiphanies to be had on television. There are none of the sometimes shattering apocalypses that one can get, even with the worst movies, in the dreamy caverns of the cinema. Possibly it's because Telly is so small and stingy. How could one ever hope to get an epiphany from it? Movies start with the advantage of an oceanic form, which can at least engulf the spectator and force him into a delicious surrender. Telly, on the other hand, is a mean, fidgeting irritant, far smaller than one's own field of vision, flickering away in the corner of the eye like a dull, damaged butterfly. It would be mad, perhaps, and certainly unfair, to expect consistent marvels from such a mingy little electronic membrane as this. Not to mention all the other drawbacks of the instrument—the frame rolls, the flickers, the snowstorms, the ghosts, the warps, the jumps, the judders, the chronic vibrato. Not to mention the commercials, which inhabit the crevices of the programs like vile, raucous parasites, jumping out all over the living room, nipping, tweaking, and chattering unforgivably about joints, armpits, skin wrinkles, bowels, and blocked-up nasal passages. And not, furthermore, to mention the way in which Telly slithers into the home and stays in one corner of the room like a horrible electronic gossip. In the suggestive gloaming of the darkened parlor, Telly is just one of a number of bits of furniture vaguely discerned in the general moonglow. There is no sense of occasion, as there is with the theatre or the movies—none of the mounting excitement that goes with buying one's ticket, choosing the right candy, and shouldering one's way blindly into the bosky auditorium. Telly is a sad, autistic experience that rots the spine and sets one up as a willing customer for all the sleazy remedies that are offered by the commercials. Just the same, something comes across. After a period of intellectual dark-adaptation, one begins to pick up glimmers of an unintended message. This comes across *because* of television's banality rather than in spite of it. Just as the dead make their revelations through the boring whine of some fat suburban medium rather than through an extravaganza of supernatural effects, society mutters its anxious confidences best through the bleak, unguarded monotony of modern TV. In the endless sessions of transmission, the vigilance of the programs must flag, so one can pick up all sorts of slips and betrayals.

Of course, it is also unfair to criticize TV as if it were an art form, in the same category as the novel or the film. It is really no more than a faulty conduit through which *all* forms of art, education, and journalism are passively funnelled. And it is unfortunate for TV itself that the conduit is so faulty—technically, that is; what comes out at the other end bears such a characteristic patina of electrical effects that one begins to feel that Telly *is* an art form, and one criticizes accordingly. Take painting, by contrast. The physical properties of the medium in this case really are the form. The texture of the paint, the traces of brushwork, and the physical feel of the thing don't stand between the spectator and the thing itself; they *are* the thing. The loose slops of gold on the saddlecloth of Rembrandt's "Polish Rider" are not atmospherics through which the skillful critic can discern the artist's purpose; they are purpose and execution in one and the same substance. The medium of TV, on the other hand, does stand between the onlooker and the thing itself. The critic, therefore, is forced to peer through the fluoroscopic haze like a radiographer and



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diagnose the true purpose of the program. This particular critic has felt forced time and again to go to the networks and ask to see the original films—which somehow makes a laughingstock of the whole expensive ritual of transmitting the stuff over the distorting airwaves in the first place. In addition, one begins to suspect after a while that there is something wrong with the original product—something that gets put in, or perhaps gets left out, a long way upstream from the actual transmission. One suspects, finally, that the material, in advance of broadcasting, is homogenized and pasteurized, masticated and detoxicated—for technical reasons and because it is all made up for a large, anonymous audience whose detailed tastes are guessed at, averaged down, and reduced by committee decision to a bland formula that can be taken by even the most delicate stomach. TV is rather like a great baby-food factory, an electronic Beech-Nut operation, which turns out thousands of marginally differentiated pulps, all of them inoffensively edible.

I AM thinking, at the moment, of a program called "1492," which A.B.C. recently broadcast as part of a series entitled "The Saga of Western Man." The series title sounds a deathly note, but, TV being what it is, "1492" brought a storm of applause from the critics, and A.B.C. was proud of it. I went to see it on film, under the best possible circumstances. I saw it in full color, flowing free of commercials and atmospherics. The result was perhaps even more depressing than if I had seen it on my raunchy old set at home. There I might have been so distracted by the bad reception and so maddened by the commercials that it might at least have got by on the ground of compassion. As it was, my nose was rubbed directly in the glaucous substance of the original product. The series promises to be an "exciting" view of History, all of a piece with Will Durant and the advertisements of the Container Corporation of America. Behind the opening credits we have waves breaking on a rocky shore, and as the last credit dissolves we are told that History is a wave and . . . Well, it turns out that History is a wave that moves endlessly across the ocean of human existence, rising from time to time into a crescendo of critical events. In 1492, Man was awakening to a new awareness of himself and of the world around him. Wafted on this Renaissance surf came Christopher Columbus, whose dauntless search for truth brought him to the

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edge of a new world. This is merely a sample of History by crescendo—stirring, epic, and fulminating with seminal incident. Nothing ever happens except by courtesy of some swelling process. All is peristalsis. New learning dawns, change gathers like a wave, and the great pageant that is Man surges along like *son et lumière*. The *son*, in this instance, was handled by John Secondari, who intoned the pulsing drama in a diapason drone. I can understand how A.B.C. felt pride in its program. It was undeniably "grand," and the reverent motion of the camera seemed thoroughly appropriate to the bigness of the theme. The program set out to sketch in the cultural background of Renaissance Europe from which Columbus took his vault into the Americas. With respectful regularity, the camera moved in and out of Florentine palaces and Moorish colonnades, and lingered with pious gravity among the maps and astrolabes with which Columbus navigated. All very nice, but dull, too—dull and conscientious, mugged up from picture books, signifying nothing.

C.B.S. has also been in on the History race with "The Golden Age of Greece," which was part of its booming "The Roots of Freedom" series—only this one was worse, because the reverent tone was not just consigned to the impartial anonymity of a spoken commentary. This time, we had an all too visible Eric Sevareid, toward whom the camera duly crept as he crouched on a fallen stone in front of the Parthenon. "It was here in Athens, after millennia of dark and numb existence for most men, that the sun of reason penetrated the human mind and ignited a fire. Here, in the city and the plain below, it burned briefly, died down, flickered, and glowed in other lands.... In a moment, their Majesties, King Paul and Queen Frederika, will join me to explain the glory that was Greece . . ." Then we had an hour of courteous blather as the two monarchs, alternately, read their pieces. Only once did the program take off. As King Paul went on about the Battle of Salamis, the picture cut in and out of looming shots of the prows of a modern cargo fleet anchored in the Piraeus. This imaginative use of anachronistic counterpoint stood out in the midst of all the burbling, and one was left to wonder about the back-room genius who slipped in this montage. It happens all the time. Again and again in television, one comes across lumps of such genuine ore amid the lava of honorable intentions. If one digs long enough, one comes across the petrified

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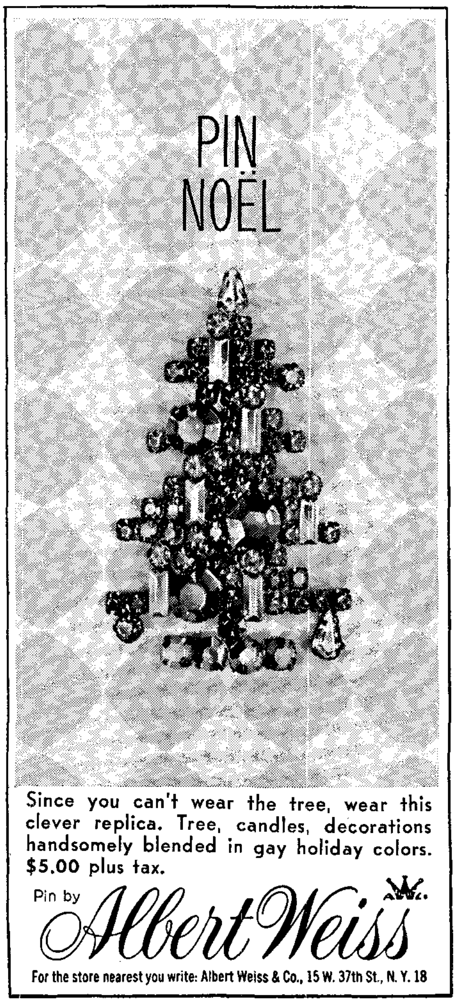
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remains of genuine individual talent, which has simply been overtaken and smothered by the belching ash cloud of the program planners. Bouncing, buoyant bores rise quickly to the top of this dreadful industry and spend the rest of their lives taking credit for the submerged talent of their often brilliant subordinates.

A CATARACT of new shows has been emptied into the flood this fall, but since I was soon overcome by an Oblomovian apathy, I have not caught up with all the additions. A few stand out. Notably, "Mr. Novak," on Channel 4—a series built around the life of a young schoolteacher. The star, James Franciscus, bears an alarming resemblance to Richard Chamberlain, of "Dr. Kildare." And the same unsettling moral forces are at work here. Young Novak shines with an incandescent virtue that is just too much for the unshaded eye. In the first four programs, he has scorched out a cheat, quenched the passion of a doting pupil, repaired a dropout casualty, and scourged a joky old colleague who was too easy on his class. The show harks back—in moral idiom, at least—to Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and Hilda, the good New England girl, in the mere presence of whose awful goodness guilt simply curls up and catches on fire. It's not that such virtue goes after sin like a sleuth (though Novak does that also); it's just that in the very neighborhood of such moral quality sin will come forward of its own accord and burn itself up. It's like one of those luminous moth fans that people set up on the verandas of their summer cottages and toward whose lethal blades the lurking sinners will zero in joyfully. Poweee! The appalling Novak is backed up by the even

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more disturbing figure of the school principal, played (if the term is not frivolous) by Dean Jagger. If Novak is alarming, watch out for Jagger. He has divine anger battened down inside his bald head, and behind the darling gig lamps burn the eyes of Moses confronted by the golden calf. Indeed, he is a man-size replica of God, a Brentano's cast of the Deity, and Novak is his only begotten son. This abbreviated version of the Trinity is a well-tried model on TV. Dr. Kildare has old Dr. Gillespie, and Ben Casey has the seraphic old Zorba. In the law programs, E. G. Marshall has his clear-eyed son in tow, and Sam Benedict has a young partner who is learning a thing or two. Whatever the explanation of this filial setup may be—and I can offer none without going into a pat routine of social psychoanalysis that might be duller than the programs themselves—puritan virtue is popping up all over the TV screen, and it leaves this viewer, at least, feeling lousy and inadequate.

"East Side, West Side" (Channel 2) is a drably honorable series produced by David Susskind. It's timely—morally punctual—and yet it gurgles out of the bottom of the viewer's mind after having kept it brimful of good liberal instincts for the length of the program. In it, George C. Scott plays a social worker who manhandles Manhattan tragedies with sympathetic toughness. Last week, the program took a header into the race problem—natch—and came up with a Negro couple (well played by James Earl Jones and Diana Sands) whose child is bitten by rats in their Harlem tenement. It was a strong, angry piece, and quite bracing in contrast with the pieties that usually surround the subject of race on TV. It was pessimistic, too, which was also refreshing. The bitten baby died, and the young couple seemed consumed with just the right sort of furious, impotent bitterness. And yet, as always, the heart was too securely in the right place, and while nothing seemed to be contrived, exactly, the arc of events was drawn too surely, bringing things, at the end of an hour, to a firmly established moral position.

All these programs seem to work in the same way. It's nothing quite as crude as a formula, but "East Side, West Side," "The Defenders," "Mr. Novak," and "Sam Benedict" share the same ethical trajectory. A social situation bristlingly relevant to our present condition is launched on a curving path that rises to a suggestive zenith and then returns safely to an acceptable liberal posi-

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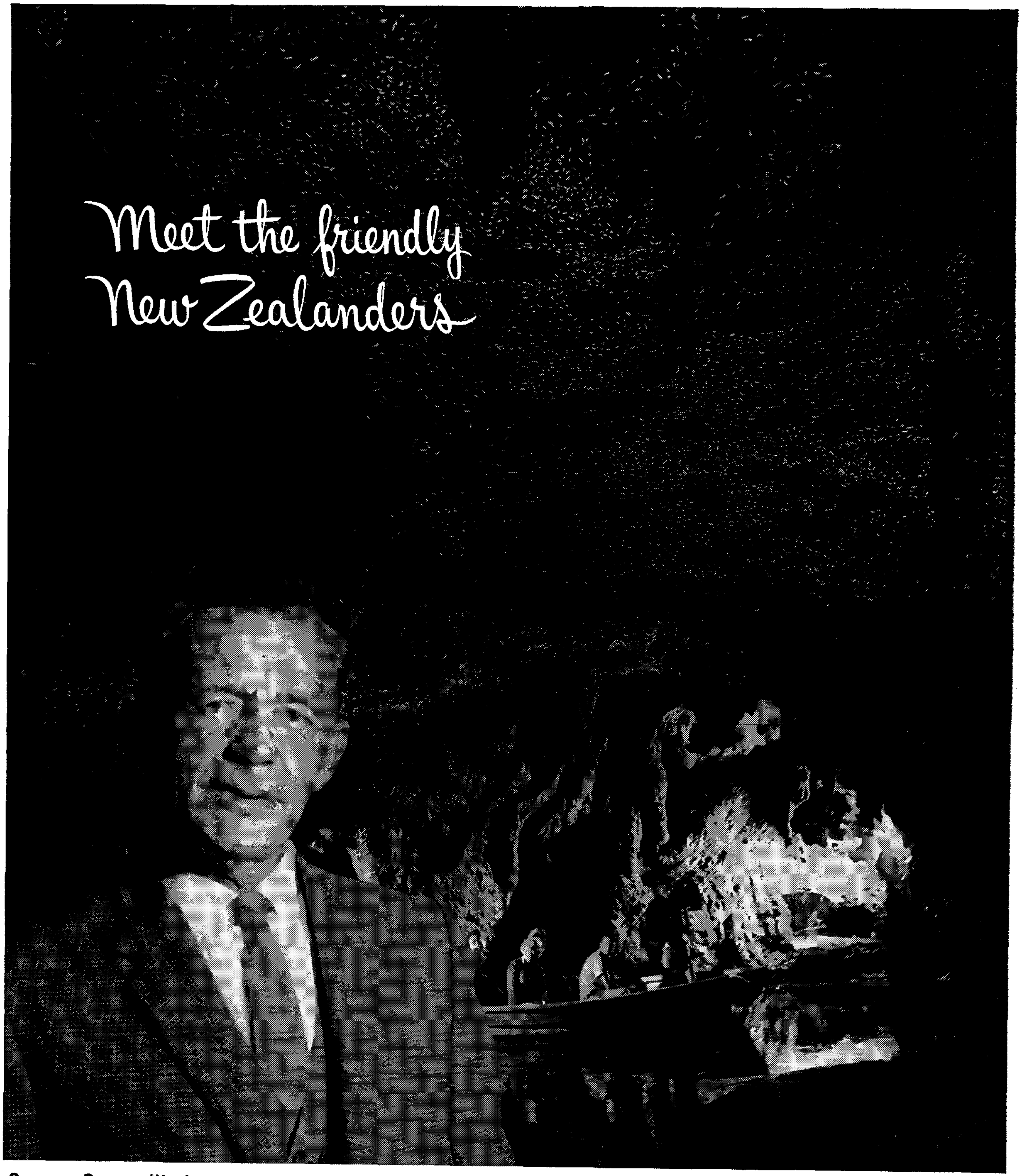

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tion. This smooth moral parabola conveys a well-controlled sense of daring, and yet one knows that the situation will come down on the right spot despite the addition of some cunning swerves in the course of events. These programs all have the same tone of moderate evangelism. They are hopeful and activist, powerfully imbued with a belief in the benevolent effects of intervention and therapy. Even when they are pessimistic, as this latest episode of "East Side, West Side" was, they are pleasingly, judiciously, and complacently inconclusive. What we never get is shrieking, inconsolable agony. The literary parabola never gives way at the zenith to an excruciating lurch into black despair. The optimism never hopes for so much that when the pessimism comes it seems insufferable. Nothing goes beyond the modest measure of thoughtful, hopeful, attentive, tolerant David Susskind and the open end that is hermetically sealed. —JONATHAN MILLER

(This is the first of a short series of critical articles on American television that Jonathan Miller, who is in this country on a visit, will write before returning to his home in England. The second will appear in an early issue.)

•

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. (CP)—Fisheries supervisor Andy Murray sees no reason why a 10-foot sturgeon shouldn't make a good pet.

"We've seen sturgeon tethered to a stake with a rope passed through the mouth and out from the gill. The fish can be kept almost like a pet."

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Dip the steaks in egg-and-milk. Bread the steaks and fry very slowly in butter. Then serve in a brown sauce with a dash of parsley. Use salad and French-fried potatoes on the side.—*Ottawa Journal.*

If the kids ask questions, thrash them.

•

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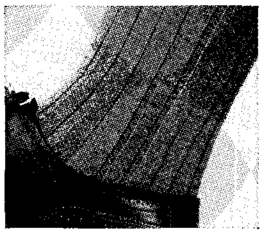

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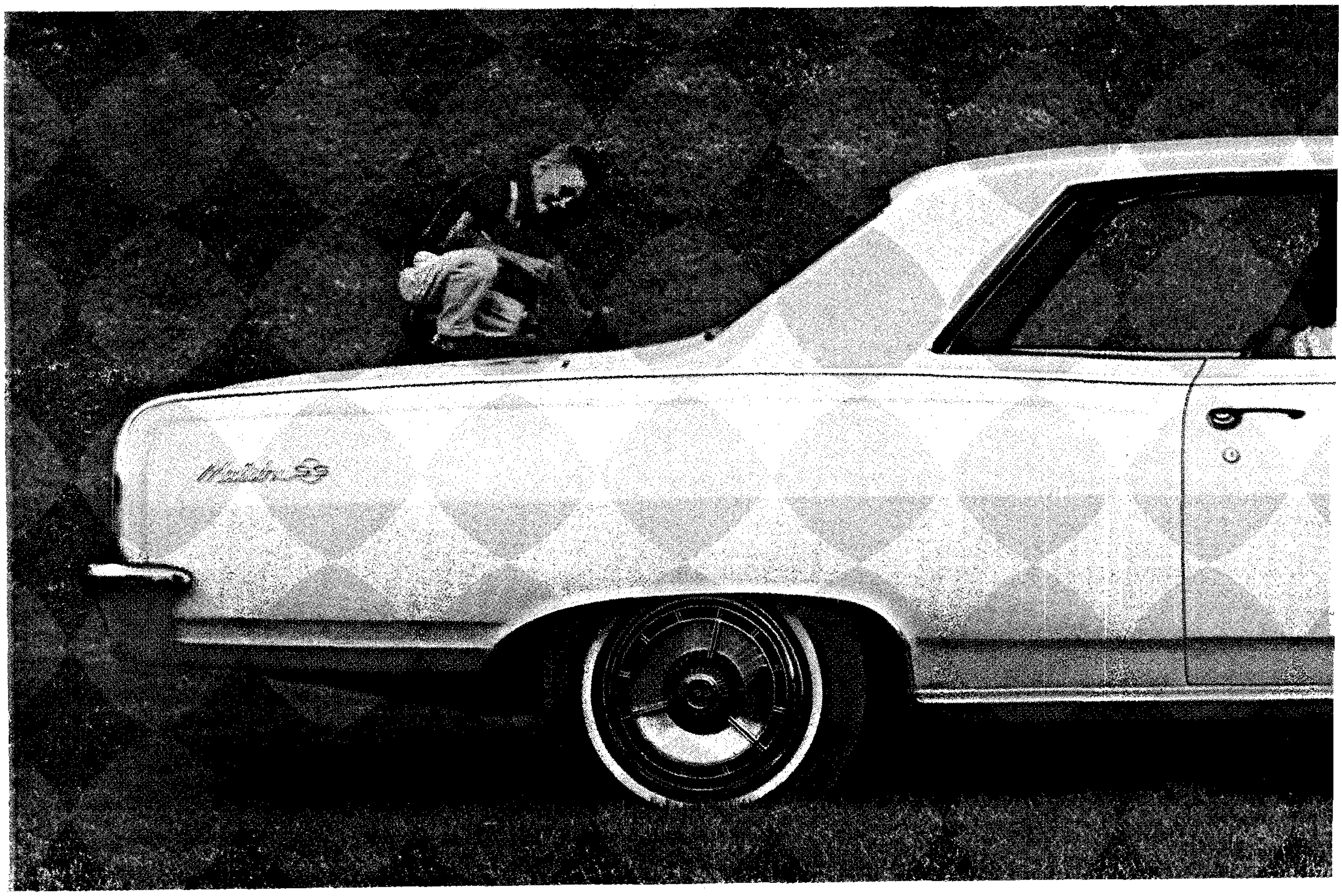

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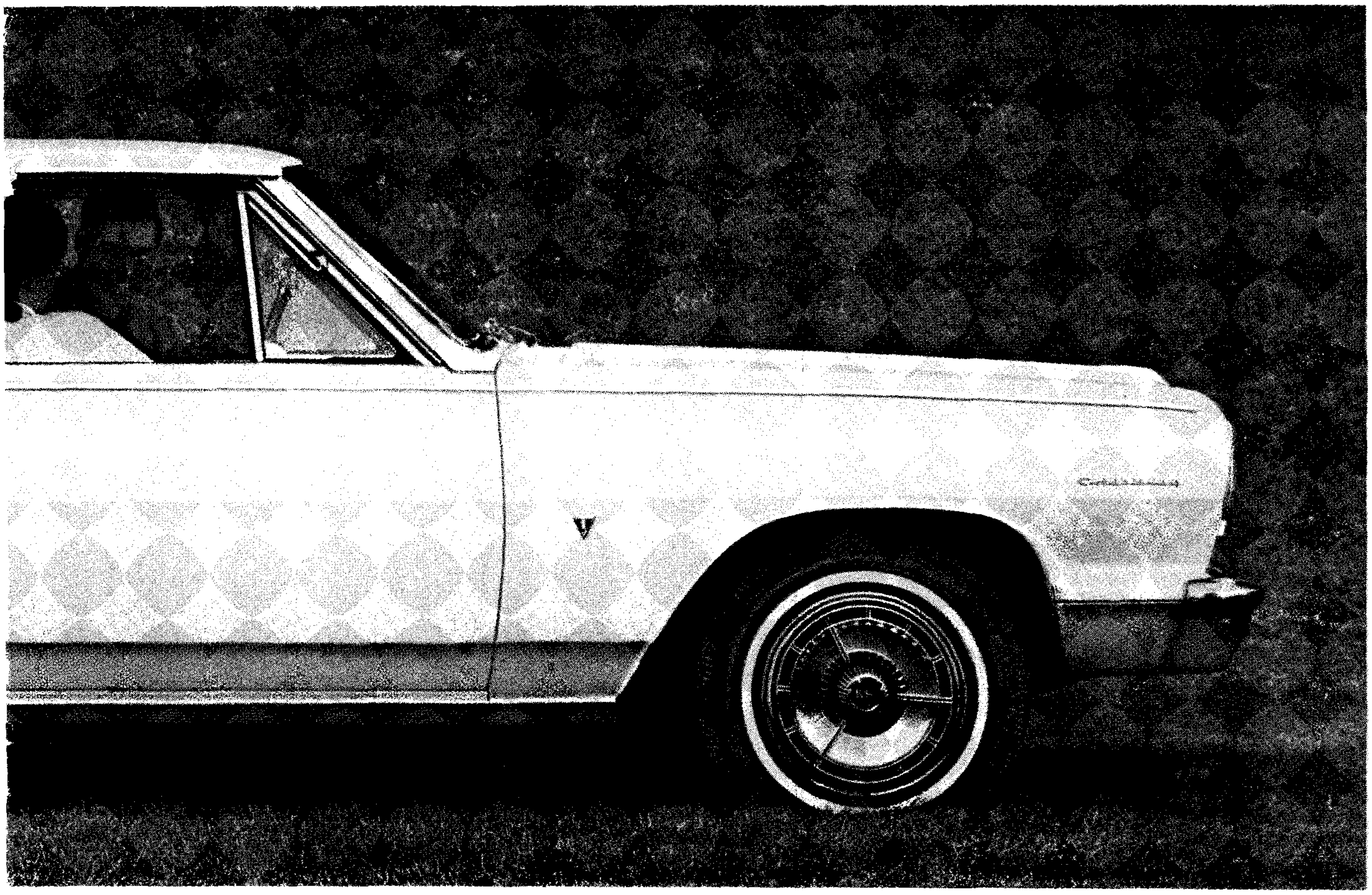

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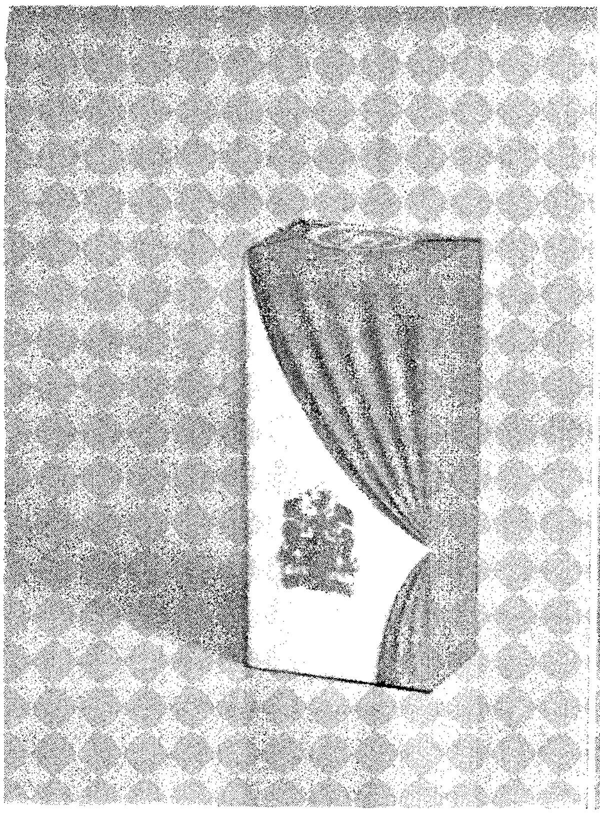

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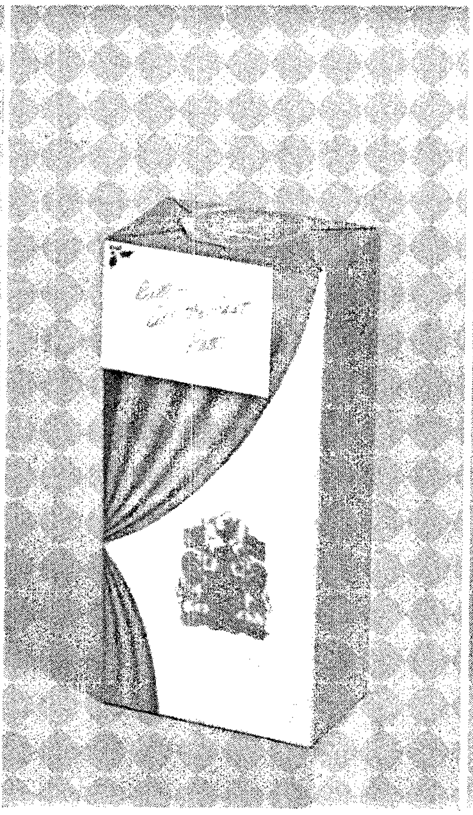

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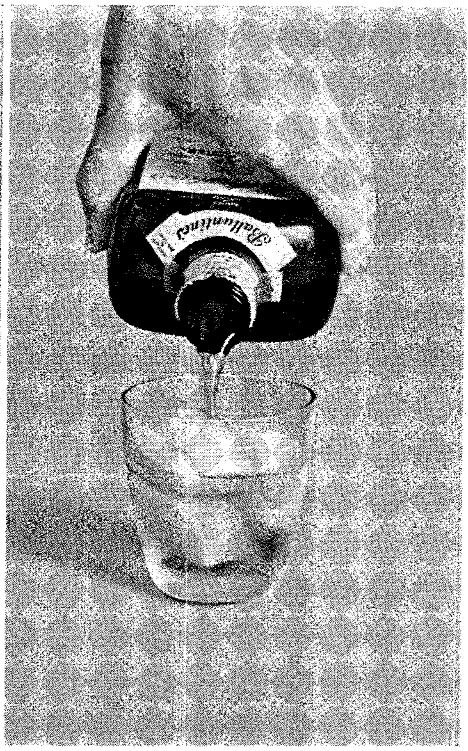
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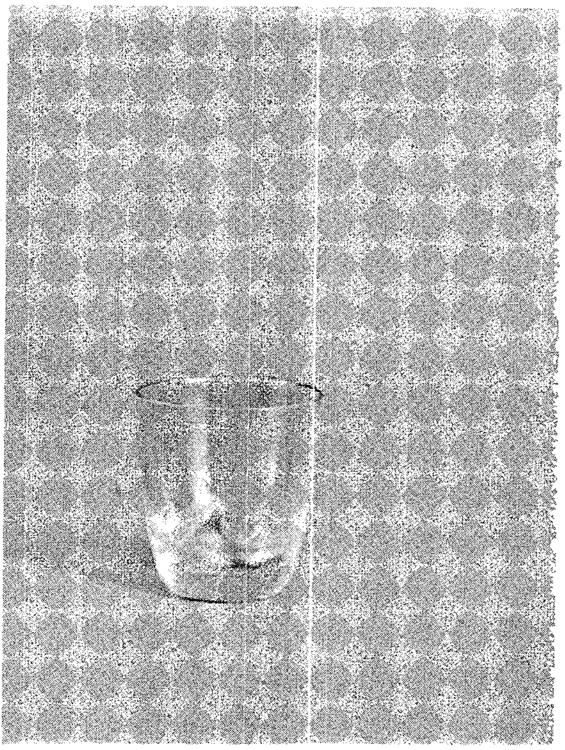

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MUSICAL EVENTS

No. 1

IN my opinion, it cannot be too often reiterated that Samuel Barber stands head and shoulders above all the other American composers whose works one is likely to encounter on current symphonic programs. This is not a snap judgment but one founded on twenty-five years of familiarity with his music. He is not a follower of any technical system of composition. He has avoided both the fashionable tricks of the disciples of Nadia Boulanger and the meaningless mathematical intricacies of the serialists. He does not indulge in any of those unsuccessful experiments that congest the present musical scene like automotive hulks in a junk yard. He knows exactly where he is going, and he has a personal style that gets him there. The great Austro-German tradition of symphonic writing—the only tradition of its sort worth mentioning—is continued in his compositions, and he has bent it into a style of his own that is highly contemporary and yet highly expressive. The style is nearly always completely tonal, though it involves a very complex sort of chromaticism and an equally complex way of combining themes contrapuntally. The tonal aspect of his work gives it a propulsiveness—a teleology, to use an increasingly stylish term—that is never found in the work of atonal composers. It provides him with a home base to which each composition can return, and the labyrinthine route of the return—with momentary blocks to be overcome, organic sequences leading to inevitable conclusions, and so on—grips the listener, just as it does in the great musical works of the past. He is a master of technique in a way that was once conventional but is fast becoming a lost art, and he has learned his technique not by reading about it but by using it and becoming an expert in its practical manipulation. The important thing about his music, however, cannot be explained by reference to theoretical concepts of structure. The important thing is that it moves, that it conveys emotions and states of mind, that it entails an ingredient of suspense, and that the listener is drawn into its insistent dramatic flow.

I was reminded of these matters again

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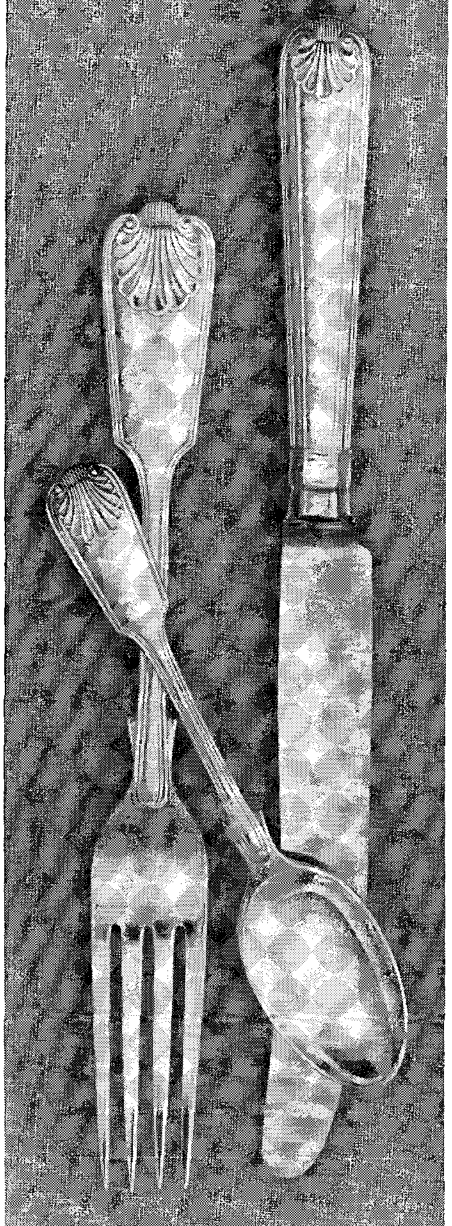

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(I have mentioned them before) in listening to Barber's Piano Concerto on Thursday night of last week, when the New York Philharmonic performed it in Philharmonic Hall, under Josef Krips, with the young and very gifted pianist John Browning as soloist. I have heard the work a number of times, and have found it one that improves with repeated hearing. Its first movement contains some of the most original and fascinating symphonic development produced during the past half century; its second shows Barber to be the master of a type of sophisticated melody that, for all its modernisms, can evoke a poetic response from the audience; and its finale is a stirring, demoniac movement, full of fire that one knows was felt rather than contrived. Mr. Browning performed prodigies of virtuosity with the piano part, and Mr. Krips kept everything beautifully balanced and clear in the orchestra. Altogether, this performance of the Piano Concerto proved to be the most satisfying encounter I have had with contemporary music this season.

My reaction to Alexei Haieff's Second Symphony, which preceded it on the program, was considerably less enthusiastic. Mr. Haieff is a very clever composer, and one who can be counted on for a demonstration of neat technical feats with an orchestra. His symphony offers, here and there, an extremely interesting point of orchestration or an adroit trick of thematic handling, and the symphony as a whole is by no means negligible. But the emotions remain uninvolved, and in the end no real experience is conveyed. Mr. Krips rounded out his program with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony in a performance that was both technically impeccable and warming to the heart.

THERE was a period, roughly between 1880 and 1920, when Gounod's "Faust" was far and away the most popular opera in America, and the now rather curious array of plaques above the Metropolitan's proscenium—putting Gounod in the company of Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, and Beethoven—attests to the great esteem in which its composer was held at the time the opera house was built. Nowadays, "Faust" has come to be a sort of beloved antique—something comparable to a magnificently embroidered Victorian tapestry, nostalgic rather than immediate in its appeal. But it won't do to sell "Faust" short. Its dated aspects are in its drama. Its musical embroidery is the work of a consummate craftsman,

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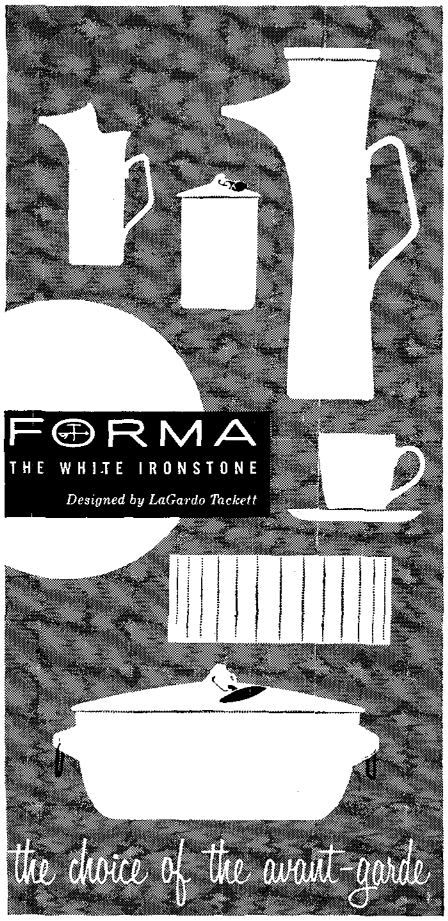

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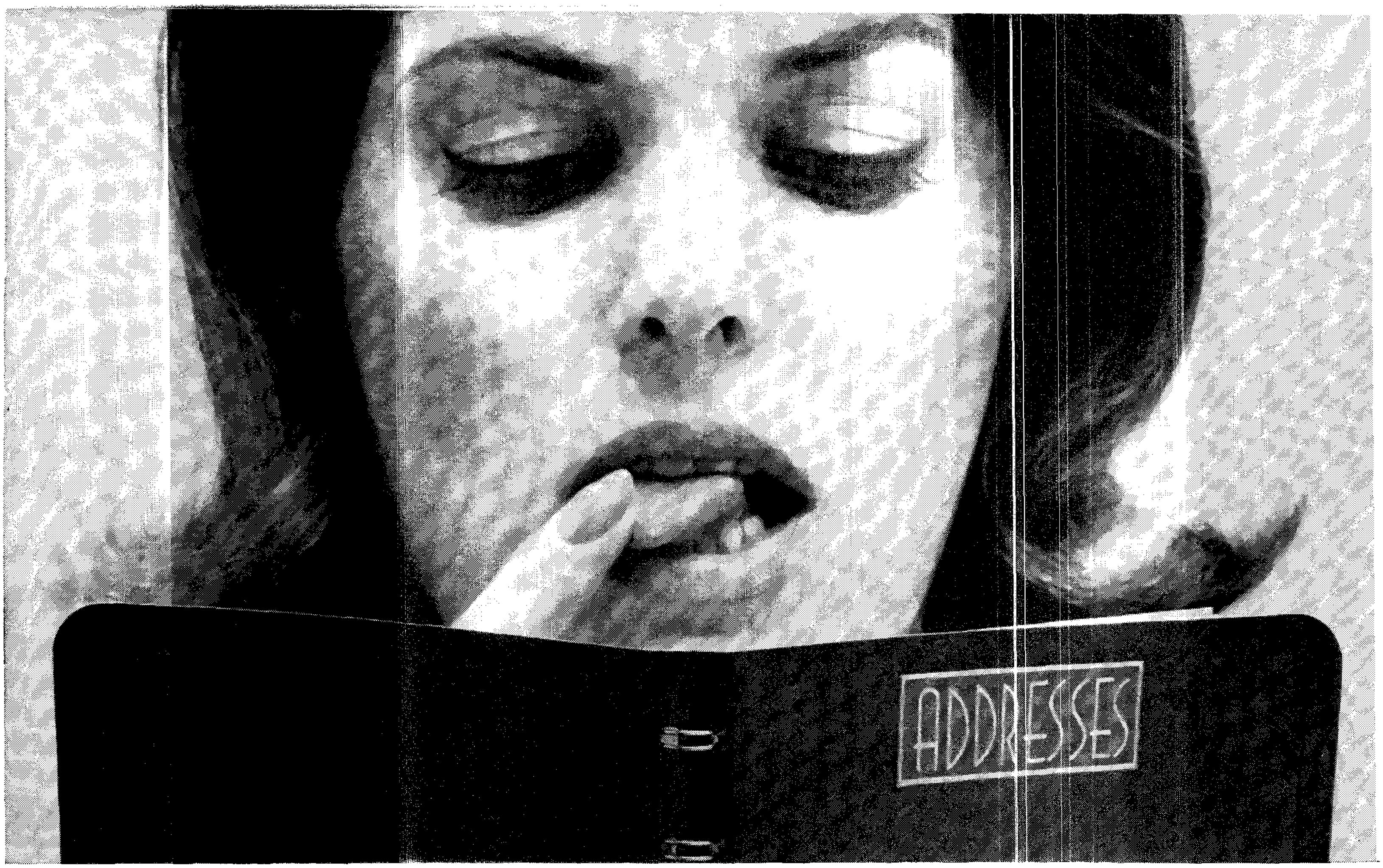

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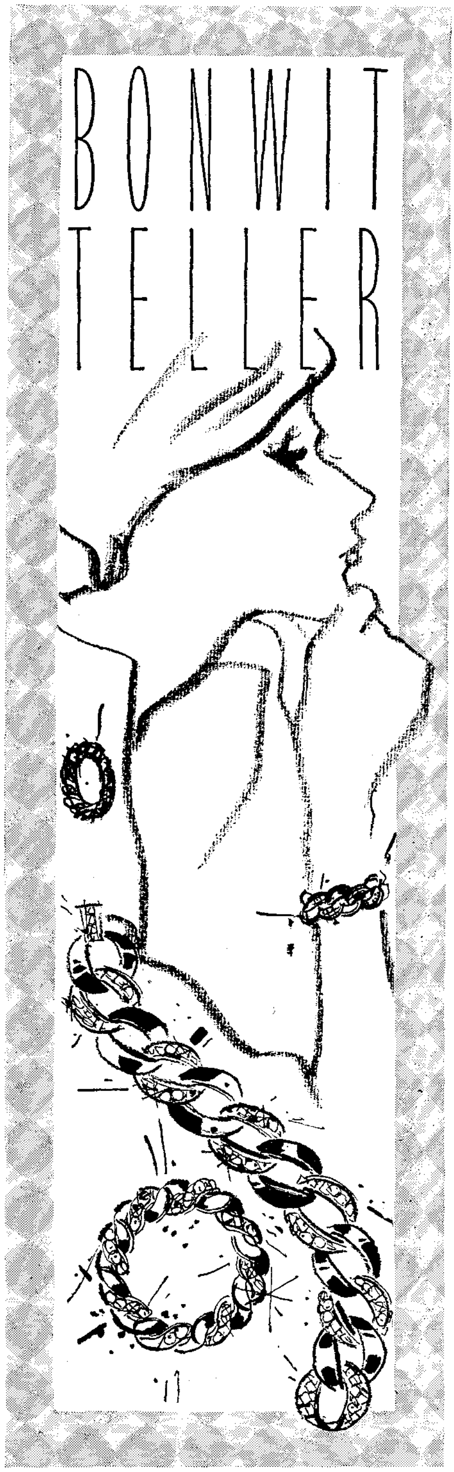

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and proves, on careful examination, to be much more intricate than the casual operagoer might suppose. Moreover, "Faust" remains one of the great singing operas, in the sense that every phrase is adroitly designed to make the most effective use of the human voice, and, of course, it contains pages and pages of unforgettable melody.

On Wednesday night of last week, "Faust" was revived at the Metropolitan after an absence of three seasons, and probably only a few inveterate bookworms, like me, realized that this revival came within three weeks of marking the hundredth anniversary of the opera's first New York performance, which occurred at the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, on November 25, 1863. I don't know who sang it then, but since then, anyway, "Faust," like most French operas, has been sung in America mainly by Italians and Americans. Few great French artists—though there *have* been a few, and very distinguished ones, too—have appeared in it in this country, for the obvious reason that the French simply do not produce great singers in any quantity, which is a pity, because it means that French opera is seldom heard here with the proper accent.

The virtues of Wednesday night's performance lay almost entirely in that handsome pillar of the grand manner, Cesare Siepi, whose Mephistopheles was acted with superb style and sung magnificently. The Faust was Giuseppe Campora, and in the tug of war between the powers of light and darkness that grip the hero of the drama, it seemed as if somebody had got him by the throat. His style was acceptable, but disaster afflicted him on the heights. Anna Moffo was better as Marguerite than she had been as Manon earlier in the season—mainly, I think, because "Faust" is a more classical work, and hence more international in tradition. Mario Sereni's Valentin was not very subtle; Rosalind Elias's Siebel was attractive. Fausto Cleva conducted energetically at first, but apparently soon got tired. Rolf Gérard's scenery and costumes, which present the opera in a nineteenth-century setting rather than a medieval one, remained festive enough for most tastes, and I will not argue about them. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

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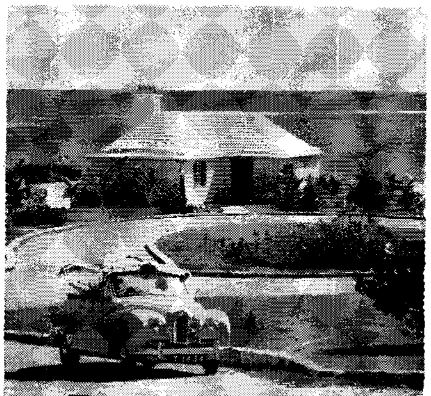

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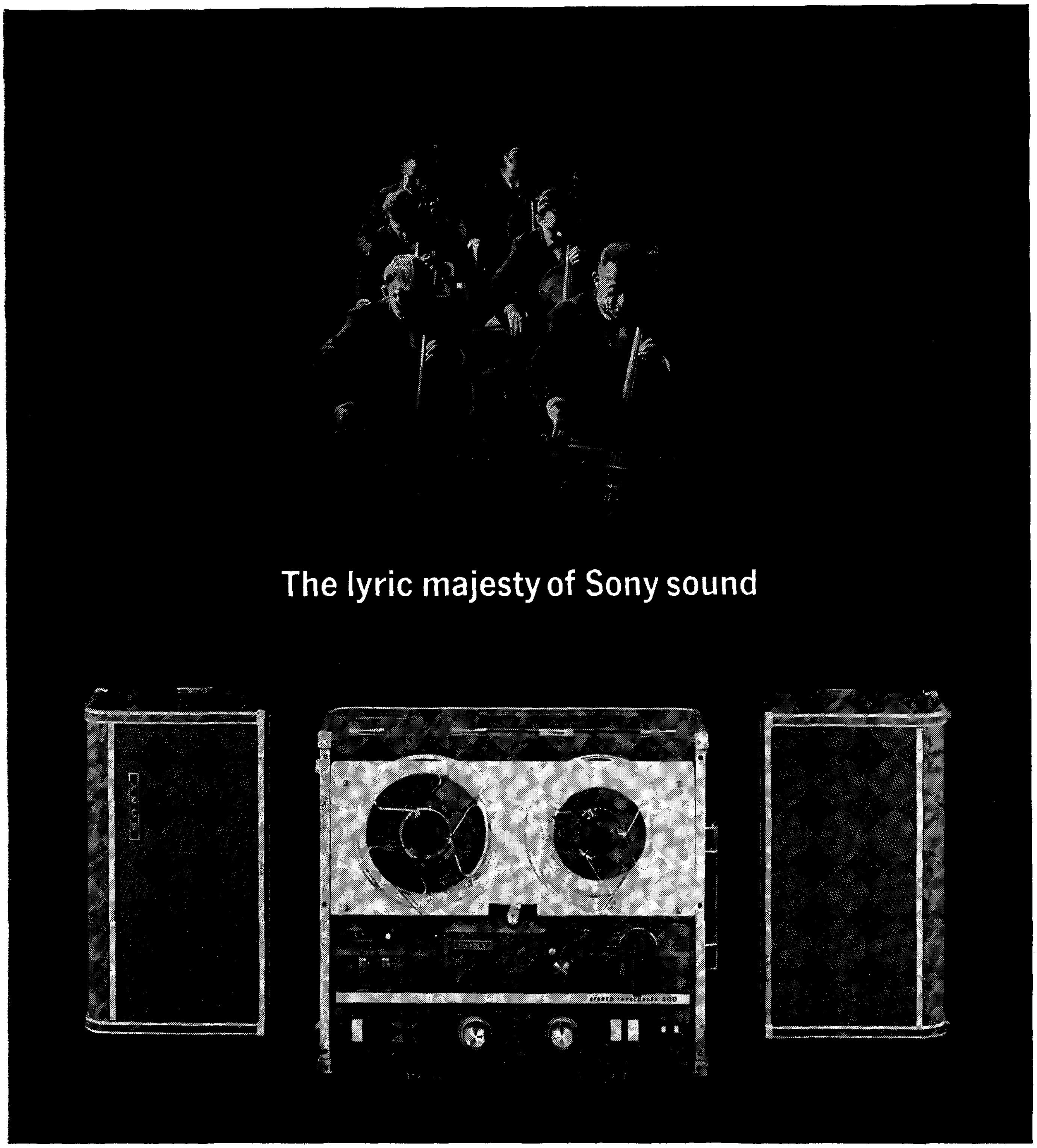

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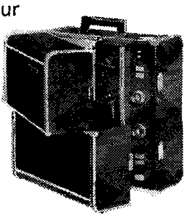

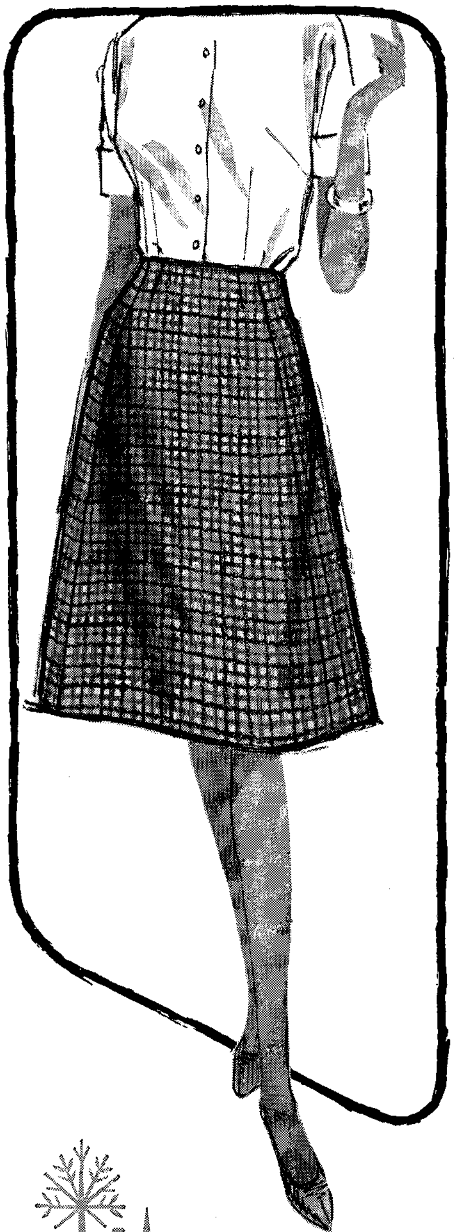

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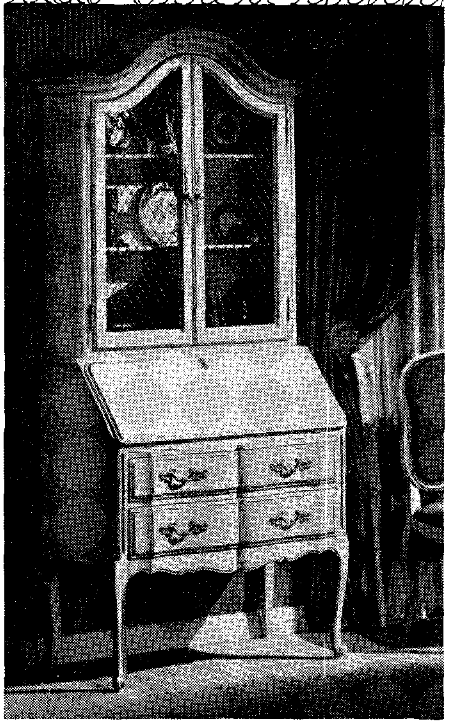
jazz musicians run steadily down after the age of forty, there was a stricken hush in many corners of the jazz world, and then a soft, assenting murmur of "True! True!" Hodeir used Dickie Wells, the great trombonist, as his example, but others could easily have been added—Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Louis Armstrong. What Hodeir did not point out—and how could he, since it hadn't yet become a recognizable phenomenon?—was that most major jazz musicians, after stumbling through their forties, appear, upon reaching the age of fifty, to experience a sudden rejuvenation, a Ponce de León uplift, that often drives them beyond what they did when they were thirty-five or even twenty-five. The proof, growing ever stronger, is all around us. It can be heard in the work of such quinquagenarians as Count Basie, Jo Jones, Ben Webster, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Benny Morton, Red Allen, Jack Teagarden, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Edmond Hall, Duke Ellington, and Louis Armstrong, the last three of whom have passed not only fifty but sixty. These musicians do occasionally falter, repeat themselves, and play clinkers, but at the best of times no major artist is consistently major. Two of these men—Jack Teagarden (fifty-eight) and Red Allen (fifty-five)—are on view, with their bands, at the Metropole (Teagarden leaves on November 16th), and, attempting to prise out the secret of their vigor, I stopped in one night last week to hear them.

It soon became clear, from their playing as well as from their deportment, that there is no single secret. Indeed, Teagarden and Allen go about their work in completely opposite ways—Teagarden economizes, while Allen defiantly spends. Teagarden's style has been a model of tidiness since 1927, when he first appeared, fully developed, in New York, and when he began accumulating the mental ideals for what he wants to do with every tune. That is, he approaches a new number by designing in his head and committing to memory the best possible solo for it, and what comes out of his trombone is as close an approximation as he can manage. This way there is no blindman's buff, no shooting off down cul-de-sacs, and little waste. Teagarden's method, together with his astonishingly undiminished technique, accounts for the seeming sameness of his work. Close listening, however, invariably reveals at least one surprise per solo. This was the case last week in such Teagarden anthems as

Rue CHAPELLE



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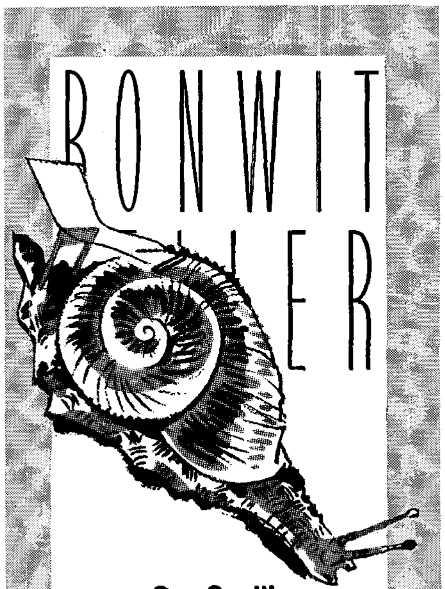

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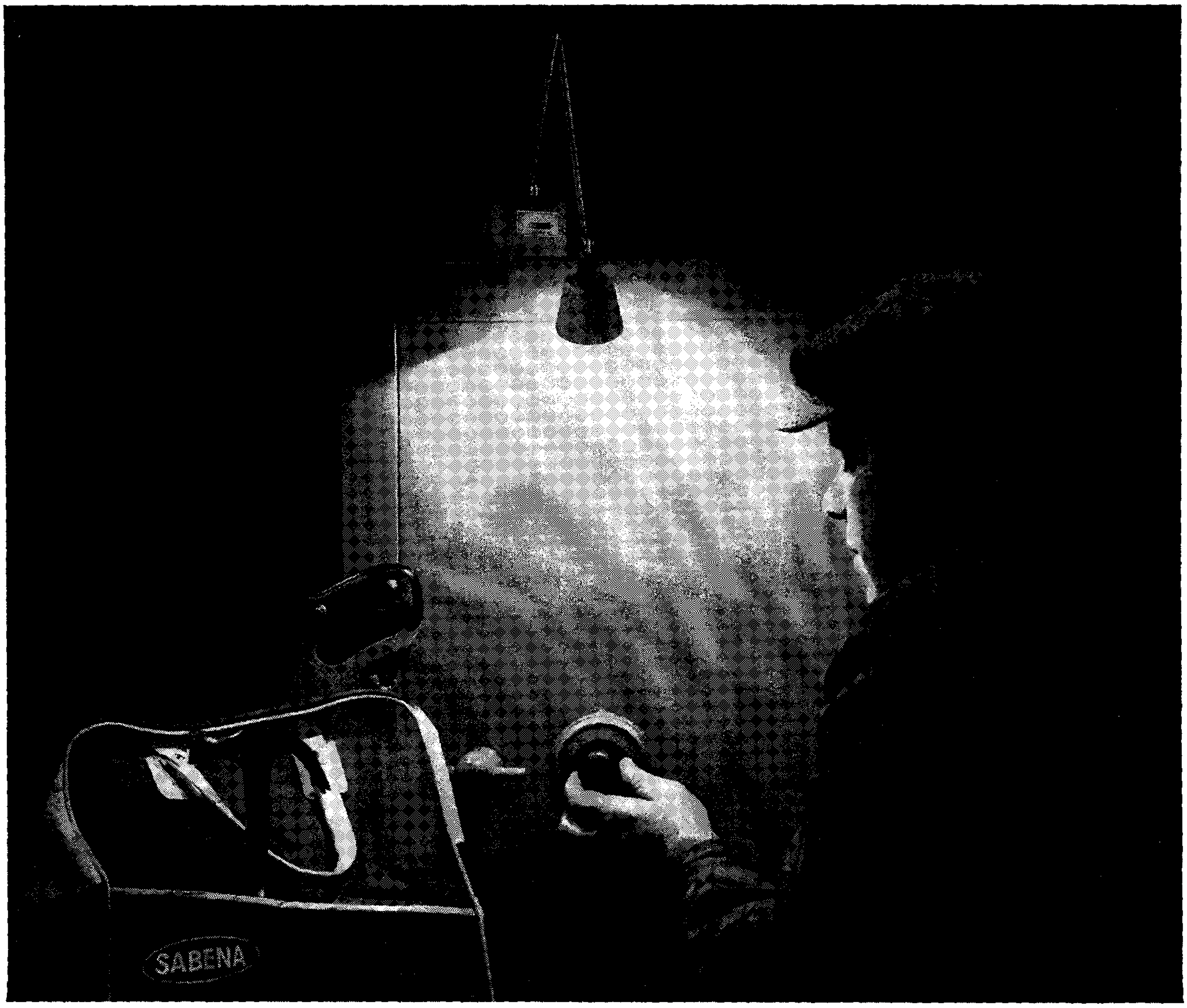

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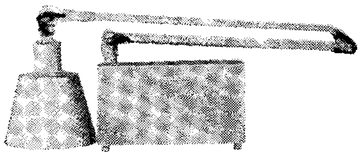

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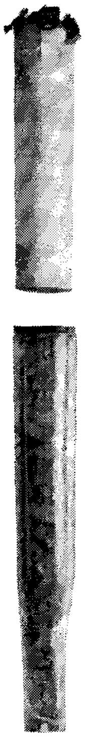

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"St. James Infirmary," "A Hundred Years from Today," "Basin Street Blues," "Stars Fell on Alabama," and "Muskrat Ramble." In many numbers, though, Teagarden, who never takes more than one improvised chorus at a time, simply remained silent, turning over the proceedings to his cohorts. He has measured out his inspiration in coffee spoons, and no bottom is in sight.

Allen, on the other hand, sometimes fluctuates between great beauty and the commonplace in a single phrase. Buried, the night I was there, in his trumpet shouts and growls, yells, dancing about (Teagarden's motions are limited to stepping up to and back from the microphone), and flag-waving single-note finales that were frequently sustained for eight or ten measures were sudden, soft trumpet passages constructed of low, dark phrases, spilling runs, and those great round-backed blue notes that have always shaped his playing. But these meditative interludes, when audible at all, vanished so rapidly it was hard to believe they had ever happened. In short, Allen played and played and played—loudly, quietly, gorgeously, badly—as if his non-stop consumption of energy could only produce more energy.

All that need be said about Teagarden's and Allen's accompanists (among Teagarden's are Barrett Deems and Sol Yaged and among Allen's are Eddie Locke and Sammy Price) is that they provided obedient backdrops for their leaders. They also demonstrated, in an oblique fashion, their leaders' differences. Onstage, Allen's men examined themselves carefully and pleasurably in the mirror across the room from the Metropole bandstand. When Teagarden's musicians happened to catch their own eyes, however, they quickly and sheepishly averted them.

—Whitney Balliett

•

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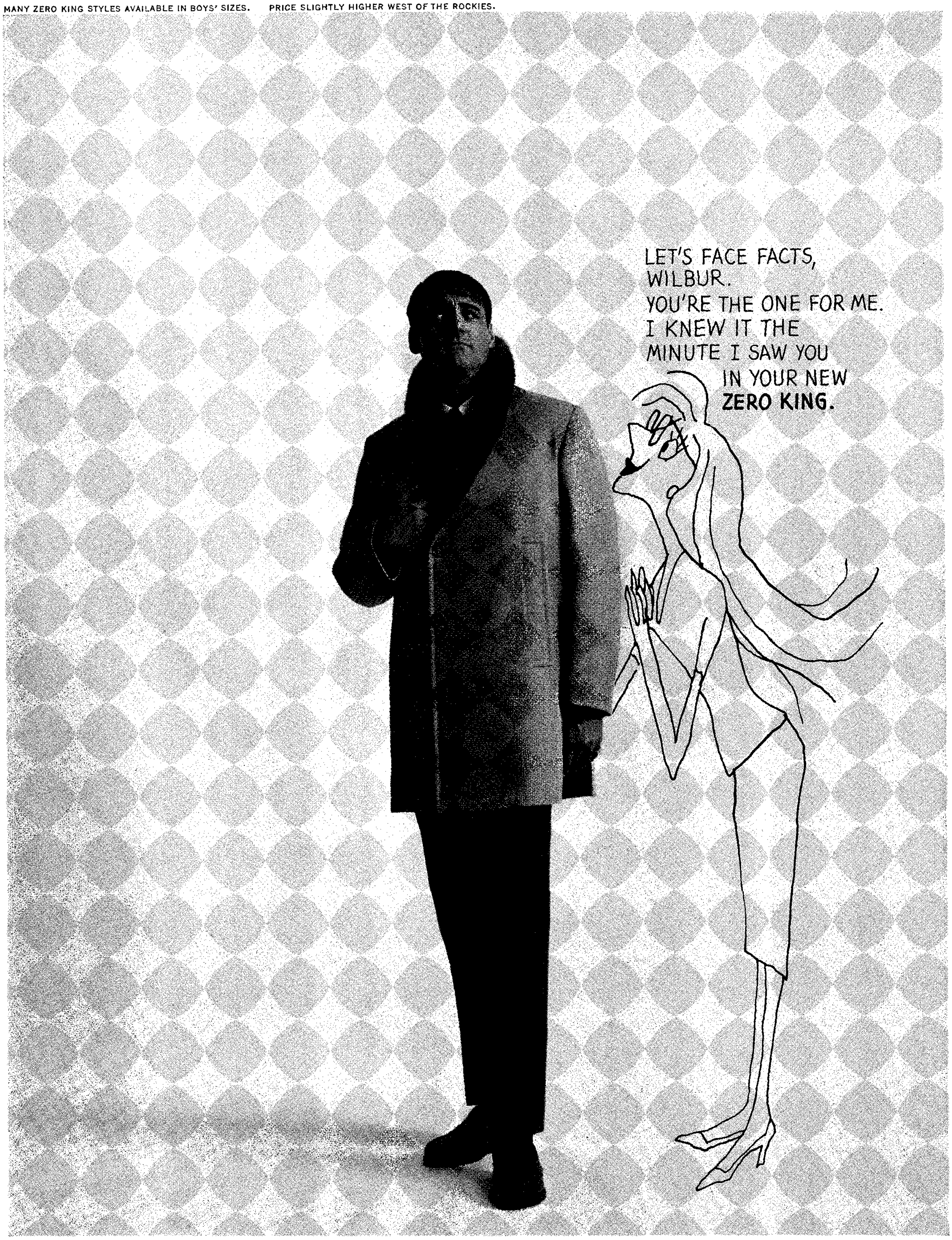
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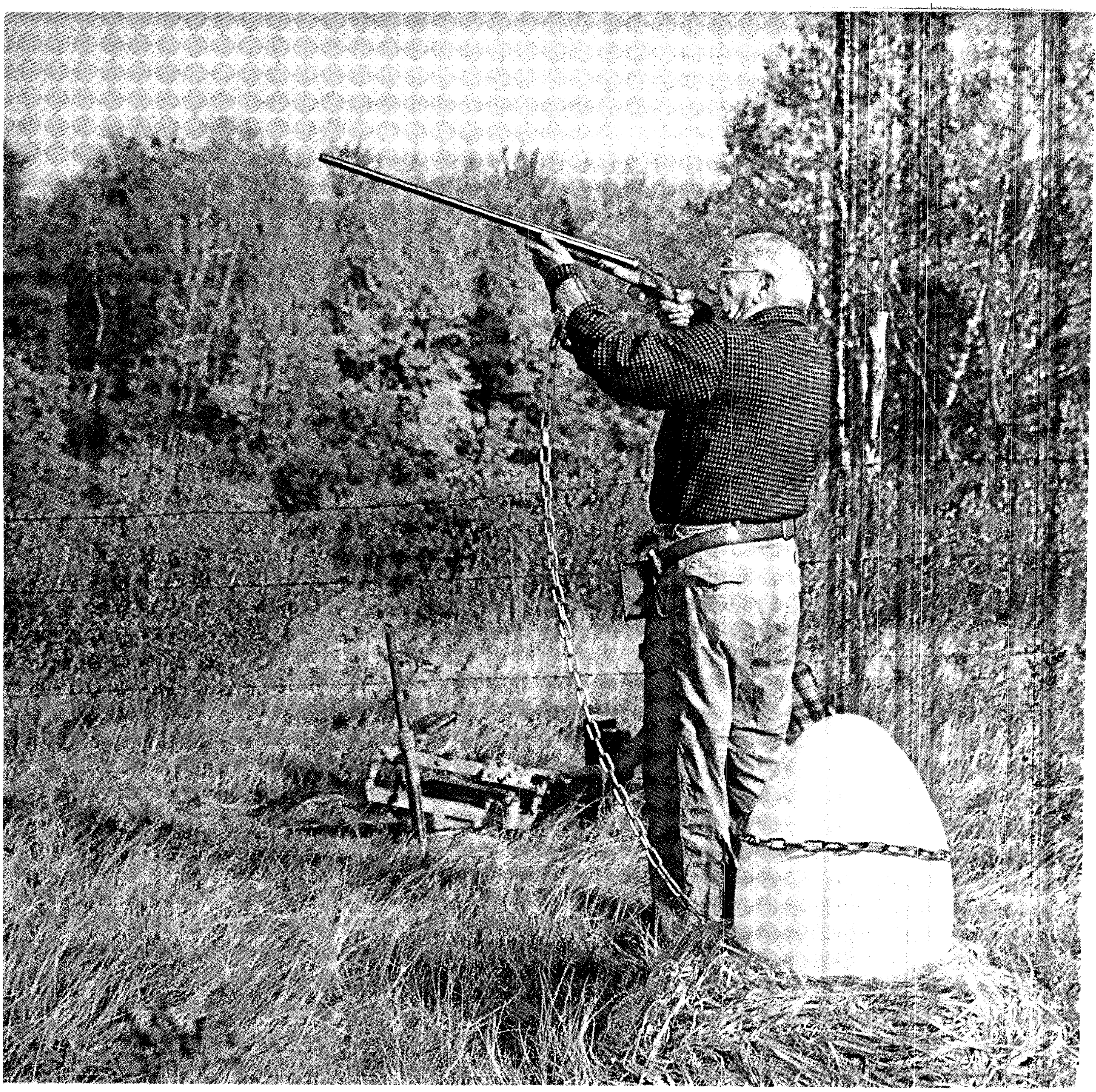

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MEA CULPA

A TRAVEL NOTE

> **St. Peter's** (*San Pietro in Vaticano*), *the most majestic and the most vast of all the basilicas of Christendom, is a masterpiece of Italian art of the Renaissance and of the early Baroque period. . . .* [*It*] *covers about 18,100 sq. yd.; its length is 212 yd.; the breadth of the transept is 150 yd.; the dome is 435 ft. in height and 138 ft. in diameter. . . . The* INTERIOR, *in spite of its harmonious proportions, often disappoints visitors at first sight; it is only by studying the details that we begin to realise its grandeur and its calm and majestic beauty.—Hachette guide to Italy, page 479.*

DISAPPOINTS? Better, "appalls." The vastness struck me as so uniform, so remorseless, as to be self-annihilating, like the vastness of stellar statistics, whose zeros our tiny minds accept so lightly, like necklaces of nothings. What is marvellous about a sky-high ceiling when the walls are remote as horizons? The inflation was insufficiently selective. Gigantic marble popes like vertical gray clouds jutted from niches as high overhead as housetops; church-size side chapels, one after another, slowly rotated into view around the colossal piers; living men walked and talked together as if on the open street. Reverence was not in the air. The ghostly presences of so many commemorated ecclesiastical princes melted together into a faceless, sumptuous ambience that seemed to invite, urbanely, by way of devotion—if any was desired—a kind of secondary pantheism. The most majestic and most vast basilica in Christendom so successfully aped the scale of Creation that it seemed to me to deliver, like certain dreadful natural landscapes, a crushing comment on human insignificance. *Vanity, vanity,* each overweening vault declared, in polished syllables of porphyry and gilt. If I found space for any holy emotion in this maelstrom of artificial immensity, it was pity for the dizzy workmen who had risked their lives in its construction.

In recent times a Stigler-Otis elevator, manufactured in Milan, has been installed, whereby, for a hundred and fifty lire, one may ascend to the roof. Here, on an uneven terrain of tarred pebbles, rusty octagonal huts house those bits of sunlight and blue mosaic which, seen from within the nave, seem glimpses of the Empyrean. A little low shack with a Coca-Cola sign sells souvenir trinkets and sweetens the air with popular recordings of "Mamma Mia" and "Ave Maria." By walking forward, one can overlook Rome and perceive that the statues crowning the façade have blank backs. By walking the other way one can enter the great central dome which, Hachette explains, *with its simple and majestic lines, forms a canopy above the tomb of* St. Peter. Seen from above, from the balcony rimming the base of the cupola, the interior of the basilica restates its message with a singing urgency. Height sings; it sings to us of annihilation. My legs began to tremble in the wrestle against the angelic urge to push myself over the railing. The very bas-reliefs seemed in danger of letting go. Dots that were tourists like me moved slowly on the symmetrically patterned acres of floor; their footsteps caused the leaning walls of the dome to murmur invitingly. Yes, this was death: to fall through such a space to such a floor, to diminish downward into such a calm flatness. I pulled back from the railing, my palms moist. Yet a perverse aspiration drove me higher still.

It is possible, by means of narrow stairways artfully threaded between the inner and outer shells, to ascend to the very apex of the dome. At first, a seemingly endless spiral of stone steps, which in turning constantly obliterates itself, so that in climbing one seems always to be treading in the same subterranean place, conducts the tourist straight upward. Other souls caught in this ancient corkscrew exist as disembodied voices laughing and panting, but one does not see them. I met only two persons coming down: a fat Swiss or German with binoculars around his neck, and a young nun whose face, bare of makeup, seemed nude. To let the first pass, I hugged the curving wall; for the second, I pressed myself against the core of the spiral. In both cases I had a sensation of their passing through me.

The vertical spiral suddenly ended, the curve of the dome entering the diagonal. I walked up a sharply sloping corridor whose outer wall gradually pressed inward. The trough worn in the floor by footsteps moved to one side, and a claustrophobic crouch was forced upon

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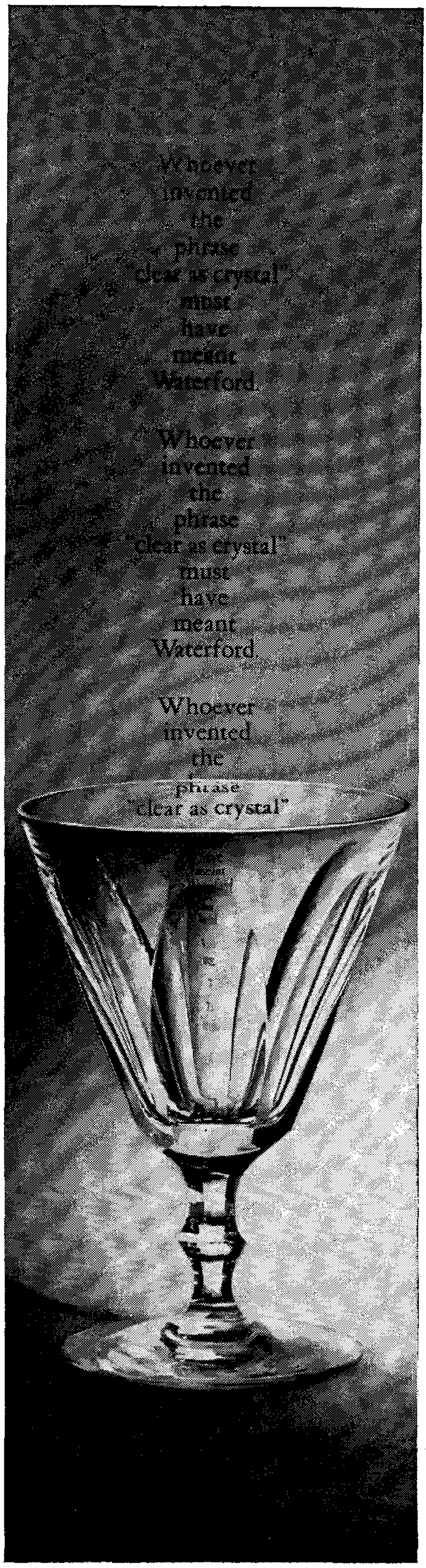
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me. Then this second episode of ascent also ended, and I found myself at the foot of a flight of stairs statelier than those of any palace. Only a Titan or a monkey could have climbed them comfortably. A zigzag of wooden steps had been imposed upon them for the use of human beings. I climbed, saw sky, felt a breeze, and emerged into the loggia that tops St. Peter's dome.

This island in the sky already supported a tame little population—several phlegmatic guards, one ancient nun, two pairs of lovers, a family whose father carried a baby in his arms, and a nudging, snickering quartet of Roman youths. All seemed at home on this height. Only I, leaning desperately back from the precipitous parabola of metal that fell away on all sides, seemed to feel the impossibility of our position. Some birds wheeled far below my feet. The view was like a map and postcard mixed, and in the Vatican gardens designs had been executed in shrubbery apparently for our benefit; my retinas received these sights mechanically. My mind was too obsessed by fear to see.

But returning into the shelter of the loggia, and heading back down the tortuous path of ascent, I regained my senses, and perceived that the walls enclosing me were covered with names. Pencil, pen, lipstick, and knife had left hardly a square inch uninscribed. There were no irreverent graffiti, merely names and dates solemnly placed wherever hands could reach. Many of the names were Italian, many were English, some were German or Spanish or French, some were impossible to identify nationally, and some—indeed, many—were unmistakably American. A few, soldiers' names, were accompanied by a serial number or the number of a military unit. Not only were names fitted into every interstice between other names, but older names, below these, had been covered up, so that layer upon layer, decade upon decade, of inscription was indicated. There was no indication that any attempt had ever been made to erase the names. It came to me why: these were souls in Heaven. The resplendent, crushing nave of St. Peter's was the world. At the base of the dome, one died, and entered a purgatory of strait and arduous ways. At the summit, one was, like Dante, blinded. Then one signed the firmament and joined the uncountable host of the blessed that the dome of St. Peter's invisibly poises before the eyes of all Rome. It surprised me that Paradise, which I had pictured, in Sunday school, as being in another dimension, could be a notorious tourist attraction, its

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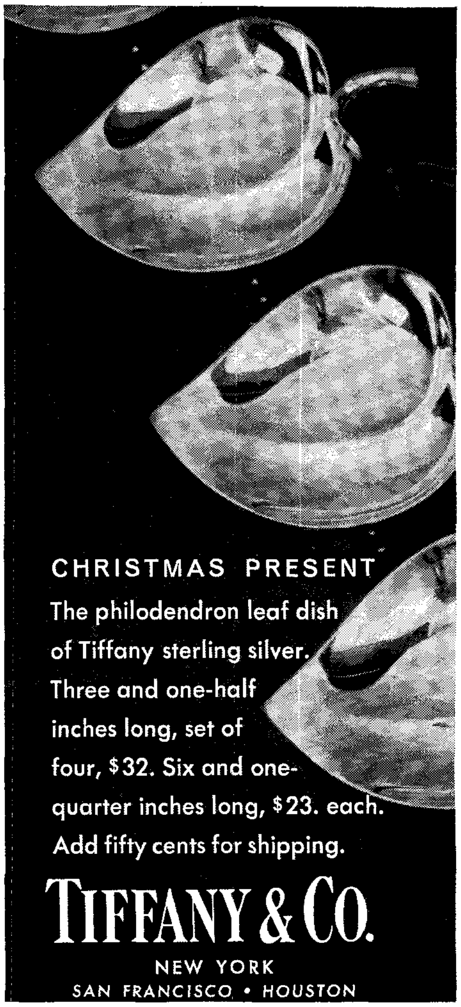

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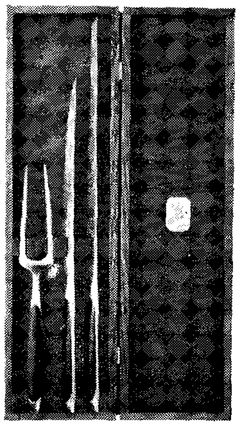

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construction detailed in guidebooks, its photograph peddled in shops. It shocked my Protestant conscience that the method of salvation should be, strictly, illegal—a matter of defacement. But then, what does the Bible tell us if not that it takes a little daring to enter Heaven? A little daring, and a writing implement. I had a pen. I fingered it in my pocket, and hesitated. I had reached, during my revelation, the spiral stair. In a few minutes I would be down, gone from the dome forever, my opportunity lost. Voices panted and laughed above and below me. Suppose I were discovered? Arrested? Caught in the middle of the leap of faith, is one eternally embarrassed? I paused amid hordes of those who had gone before. If all these, why not I? Taking out my pen, I did, in blue, on a bare patch between two seraphic swirls of lipstick, dare set my name.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

The Examiner has been engaged for some months in the task of producing a new style book. This is a set of rules for spelling, punctuation, capitalization—a guidebook for writers, editors and printers.

A newspaper style book, like most things, becomes outdated. Word usages, no less than ideas, change. We like to keep up to date. Thus, the new style book.

One innovation we mention with pleasure. We have long felt we were in some way undervaluing the special quality of San Francisco by referring to it as the city, with a lower-case "c." Beginning now, this is The City, with capitals "T" and "C."

San Francisco is The City far and wide, the world over; but more especially to all who know and love it.

John Steinbeck said in his book, Travels With Charlie, published shortly before his winning of the 1962 Nobel Prize in literature:

"When I was a child growing up in Salinas we called San Francisco 'The City.' . . . I still *think* of it as The City, and so does everyone else who has ever associated with it."

So, too, attests Kaiser Aluminum News in a recent love letter to San Francisco entitled This is truly The City.

"To the people who live and work in Central California, there is only one City. And they call it that—The City."

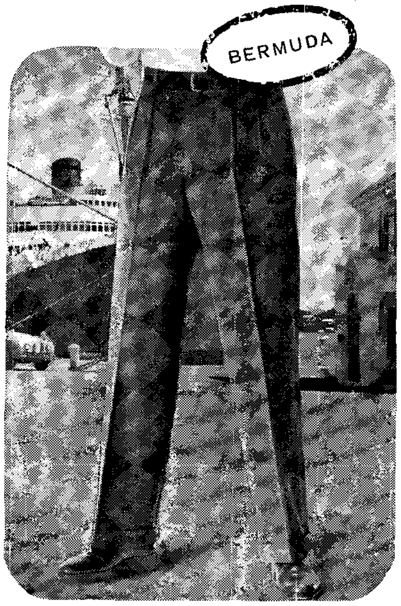
Henceforth in The Examiner, San Francisco is the city.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Well, back to the old style book!

•

Other concerts, all at the Harpur College Theater, are slated as follows: Nov. 18 at 8:15 P.M., a recital by Viola Da Gamba on the harpsichord, with John Hsu and Rudolph Kremer.—*Binghamton (N.Y.) Sun-Bulletin.*

Trouble with Viola is she's too highstrung. All those Da Gambas are.



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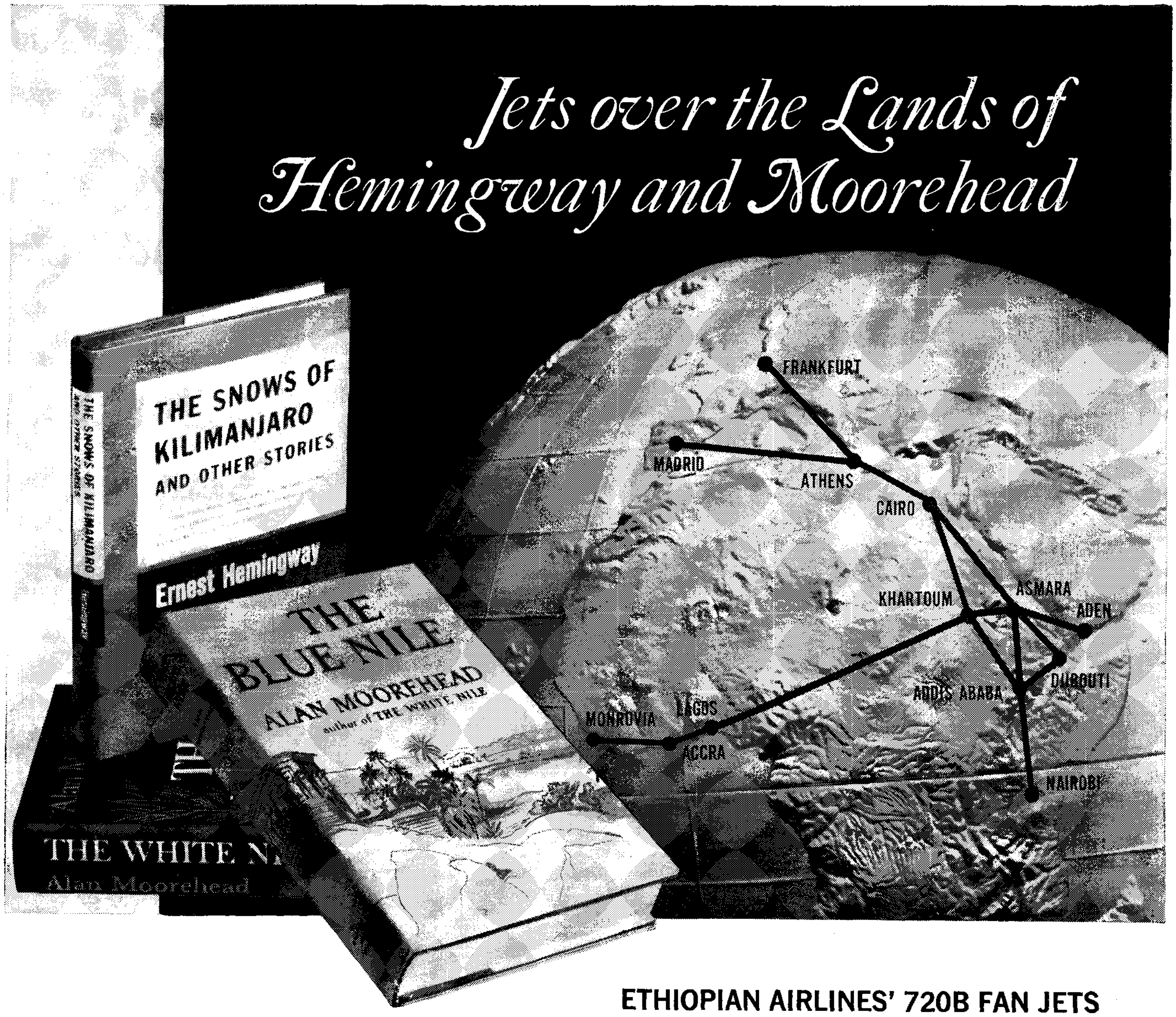
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When you return from your memorable visit to Nairobi, Addis Ababa, prehistoric Axum and Cairo you'll have the fun of being a travel snob. You'll find, "when I went to the East African *Darby* in Nairobi," a real conversation stopper. Or tell how you petted, "His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie's adorable tame lion, Tojo," and see how quickly you get attention.

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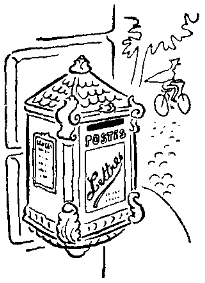
LETTER FROM PARIS

November 7



IN the October issue of Jean-Paul Sartre's magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, from which his name as a contributor has been absent for many months, appears the opening portion of his long-awaited autobiography, titled "Les Mots." He starts it in high spirits, especially for a philosopher, by setting up his eccentric family tree, of which one branch began around 1850 in Alsace. There a Protestant schoolteacher named Schweitzer, with too many children to feed, turned himself into a grocer and vainly tried to turn his eldest son, Charles, though he was not a spiritual type, into a pastor. He succeeded with his third son, who, in turn, begot a son, whom he named Albert. This son also became a pastor and, in time, the famous Dr. Albert Schweitzer, of Lambaréné. Charles, a nationally known professor of German when he finally settled down in France, there married the daughter of a provincial Catholic notary, who "detested her honeymoon," was strong-minded, and had a tall, disregarded daughter, Anne-Marie, who did not know that she had been beautiful until she looked at a young picture of herself fifty years later. About the same time as the detestable honeymoon, a French country doctor named Sartre married the daughter of a supposedly rich Périgord landowner and discovered the morning after his bridal night that his father-in-law was penniless. Outraged, he never spoke again to his wife, who bore him three "children of silence," one of whom, Jean-Baptiste, a marine officer, married Charles Schweitzer's Anne-Marie in 1904 and, "*au galop*, gave her a child, me." Little Jean-Paul Sartre was brought up in a modest Paris apartment near the Luxembourg, adored and shockingly spoiled by his mother and his grandfather, the unspiritual Charles, who was a wonderful humbug and a tepid Lutheran humanist with a solid library of German and French classics. "I began my life, as doubtless I shall end it, surrounded by books," Sartre writes about his earliest reading period, aged five or six. On his stomach on the library carpet, he plowed through the tragedies of Corneille and Goethe,

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Past Perfect

One of the happier virtues of armchair traveling is its built-in guarantee against running into other tourists.

That being the case, the NBC News production of "Greece: The Golden Age" — to be shown the night of November 19 — should be *particularly* attractive to living-room adventurers. Nary a tourist will appear on the screen during the news special's entire hour.

Instead, this color exploration of the Age of Pericles is being made in terms of the remains of that glorious period. We don't believe that the temples, stadiums, statues, theatres and other visible evidences of that era have ever been filmed in so exciting a fashion.

Magic from a Master

But then, this is the sort of magic viewers have come to *expect* from producer-writer Lou Hazam, whose past endeavors include such unforgettable specials as "Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait" and "Shakespeare: Soul of an Age."

Hazam's camera crew on the upcoming special spent a full three months on location in such places as Athens, Olympia and Delphi. Because Greece has, over the past decade, become more of a tourists' "must" than ever, one of the staff's peskiest tasks was keeping innocent sight-seers out of camera range. (When you're trying to sustain a 5th century B.C. mood, there's something awfully upsetting about a straw hat popping out from behind a Parthenon pillar).

The special's photography is fluidly imaginative. And at no point is it more ingenious than in the re-creation of the Battle of Marathon — on the very plain where it was fought almost 2,500 years ago. With a field of poppies representing the invading, red-plumed Persians; a sea of wheat stalks as the defending Greek forces; and just the right wind currents to give movement to the conflict, the sequence is a triumph of television art.

The narration accompanying the battle is right out of Herodotus, one of the many Golden Age figures on whom Hazam leaned for a large part of his script. All the words will be delivered by Trevor Howard, whose performance as "The Invincible Mr. Disraeli" on NBC last April won the year's Emmy for "outstanding single performance by an actor."

Among the many dozens of facts, large and small, about which Howard will be informing or reminding viewers: the Greeks at one time painted all their statues; there really *was* such a person as Agamemnon; and no women spectators were permitted at the Olympic games, since the athletes wore nothing but confidence.

A Unique Era

As producer Hazam puts it: "Though the ancient buildings are crumbled and the stones defaced, and only remnants of the writings remain, this period of Greek history was man's finest hour." It's the hope of NBC News that the November 19 special will emerge as one of *television's* finest hours as well.

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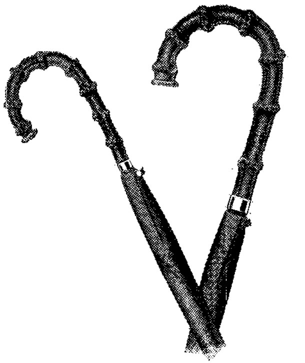
"Madame Bovary," Balzac's "La Comédie Humaine," and long French words whose meaning "I knew only ten or fifteen years later. Today they still retain their density for me; they formed the mulch of my memory." Nature did not interest him: "I never botanized or hunted birds' nests or stoned birds. Books were my birds and my nests, my pet animals, my barnyard, my countryside. The library was the world, especially in Le Grand Dictionnaire Larousse. Man and beast were there in person. The pictures of them were their body, the text on them was their soul, their singular essence." Compared to the dictionary, "the monkeys in the Jardin d'Acclimatation zoo were less monkeylike; in the Luxembourg Gardens, men were less manly," he writes. "A conditioned Platonist, I found more reality in the idea than in the thing itself. It was in books that I met the universe. From this stemmed my idealism, which it took me thirty years to undo." The basic introspections and interpretations that Sartre's incisive intellect furnishes as he thinks back are what make "Les Mots" such rich European reading, thus far presented with unexpected geniality and simplicity.

Small in size, like all the Sartres, precocious and a terrible showoff, sure of family applause, he got his first poisoned dose of social reality when the other little Luxembourg Garden boys refused to play with him. (His scathing analysis of infantile theatricalism is especially interesting.) When he was seven, the sight in his right eye was growing dimmer, and the eye itself was being pulled awry. What his mother fondly thought were his lovely Fauntleroy curls "hid the full evidence of my ugliness" until his grandfather peremptorily had them shorn at a barbershop. The child had gone forth becurled like an angel and returned looking, he says, like a toad. His exalted role of ministering family cherub fell to earth when he stared into the mirror in his mother's room and saw that "I was horribly natural. From this I have never recovered."

At the recent international book fair in Frankfurt, the shortest French book—though it was regarded by various European publishers as the most important in literary style—was "Le Temps de Soupir" ("Brief as a Sigh"), by Mme. Anne Philipe, widow of Gérard Philipe, the intelligent, gifted actor and cinema star who died suddenly four years ago. Out of a defensive sense of privacy, she does not identify



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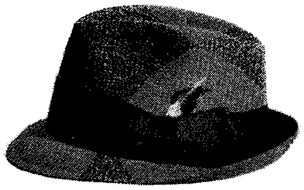

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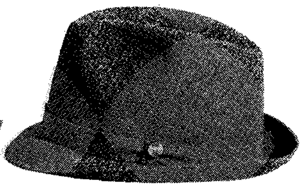

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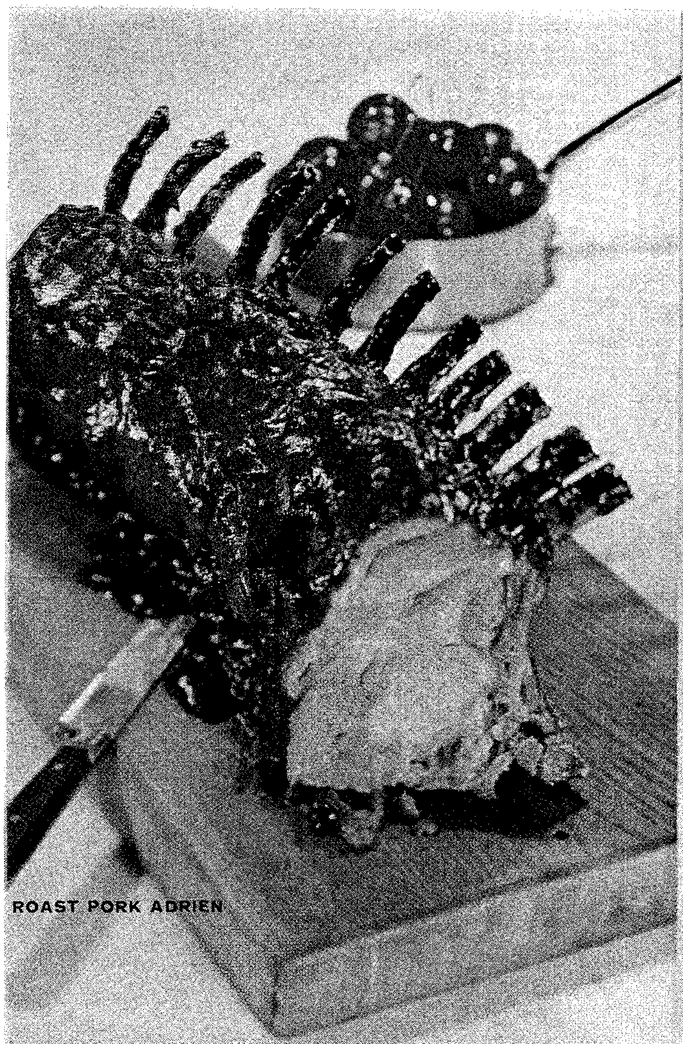
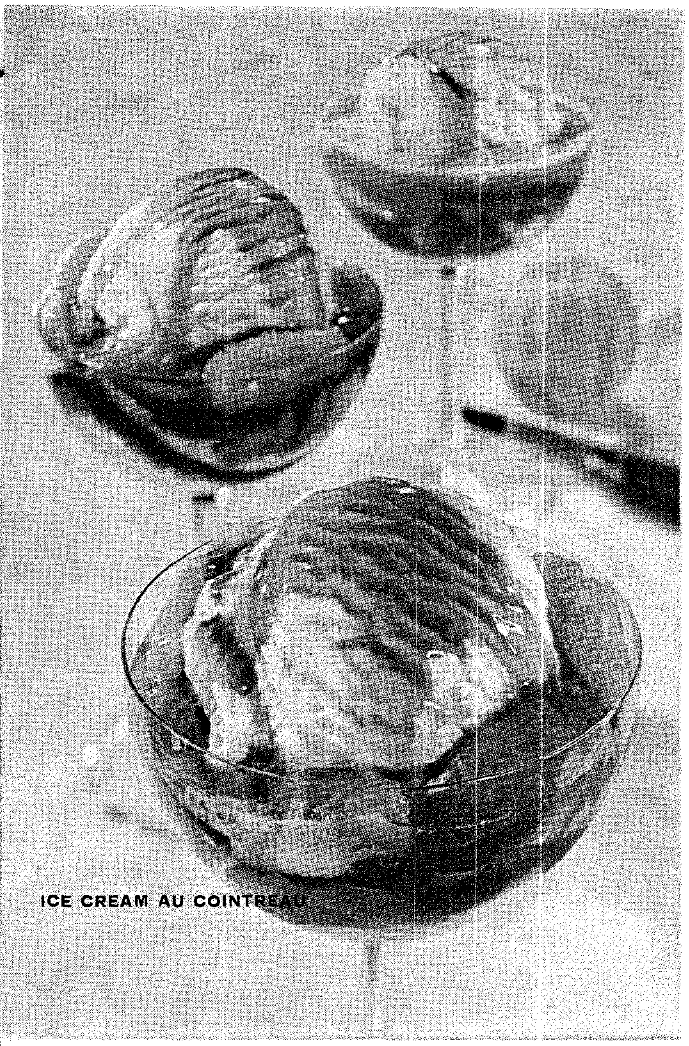


ROAST PORK ADRIEN



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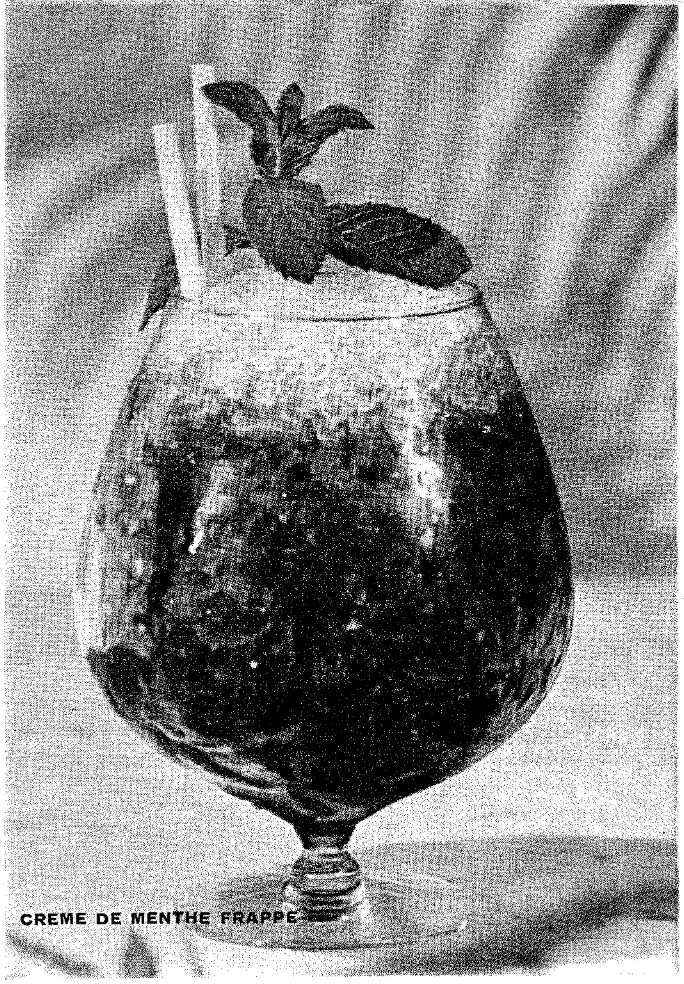

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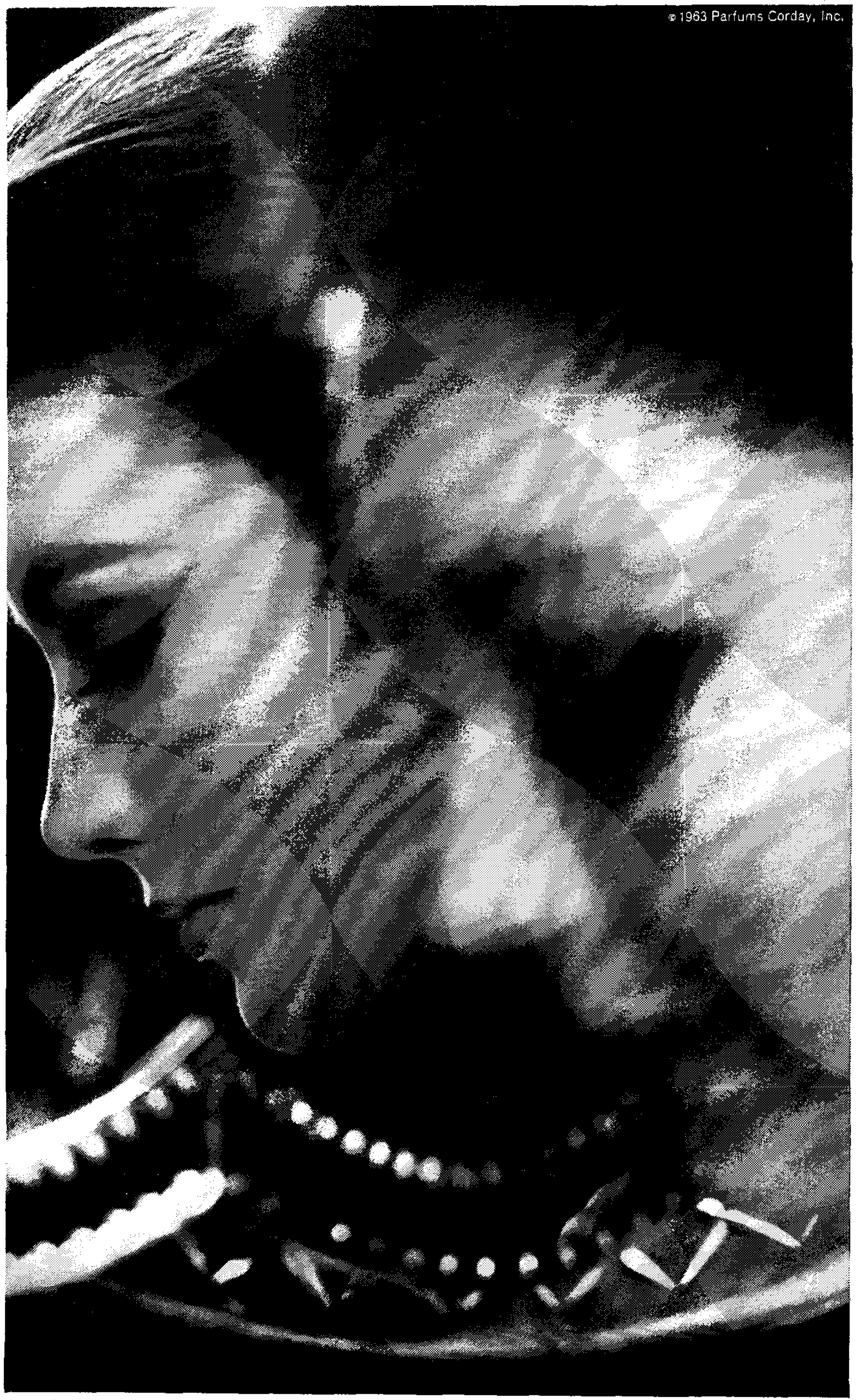
him by mentioning his Christian name or his profession, and she vainly requested her French publisher to identify her herself merely as an ethnologist formerly with the Musée de l'Homme—an adventurous young scientist of spirit, who had gone on expeditions to the African wilds, to the Gobi, and to Sinkiang, in China. What she has written is a threnody, connubial in its grief, yet expressed with the French formality of sentiment, which bares the heart only as a gesture of mourning. It is a rare, invigorating literary evidence of love in this unloving century, and a testament to them both. They were a romantic couple, known at a distance for their faithful devotion, and living their euphoria in seclusion, as in a private domain that he, a watchful idealist, kept locked away from his celluloid cinema world. In her book, she writes like a gifted storyteller of the simple incidents in their life—of the first day in early spring when they viewed the hedged garden around their weekend cottage near Paris, on the River Oise, and of the day he killed a snake in their pine woods in the Midi, where they spent their summers—with brief references to their children "like two small silhouettes." Girls? Boys? In her concentration on her husband, she does not say. "The spring is painful," she writes on her last page. "I wish it would pass me by. Each year now, I hope that I shall be ready to live it, or that I shall have forgotten the taste of it. The softness of the air makes me dream of what has been, and of what would be were you here. I want to save myself, but not to free myself from you."

IT is not often that extreme modern art, now such a commonplace, has much power left to arouse liking or loathing. The third Biennale has just closed here at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, having shown works by artists exclusively between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, from fifty-eight countries, and having caused an enormous argumentative uproar, regarded as proof of its success. One of its features was *travaux d'équipe*, or team art. In theory, the national teams were to illustrate what artists and technicians combined could assemble as suitable contemporary decoration for the foyers of great modernist steel-and-glass structures, and any country advanced enough for its villagers to know about welding was able to contribute primitive-looking metal masses that were often as artistically impressive as those from an aesthetically ancient land like Italy, which, to syn-



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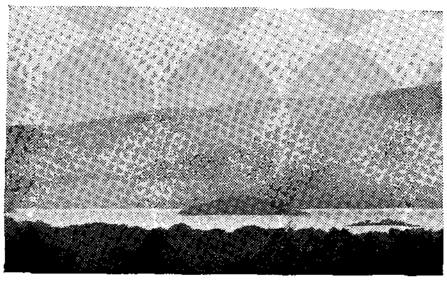

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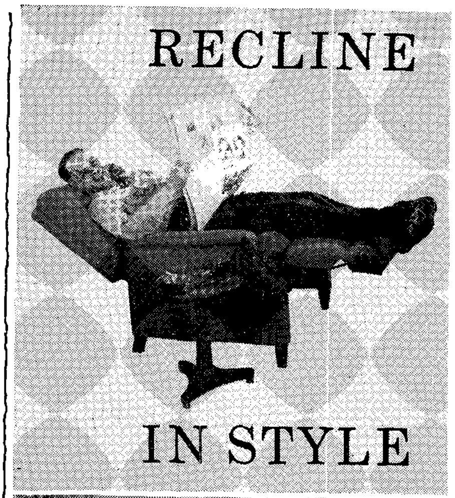
chronize its past and present, contributed what looked like tubular sheet-metal corridors, gleaming as if made by Renaissance silversmiths. The British contributed pop art, one object consisting of plumbers' joints painted in pastel colors. The Russians stuck so close to social realism that they sent a good, well-painted picture, called "Convoy," that they had already exhibited here two years ago. Poland's offerings were also officially démodé, with nothing like the modernist vigor and invention that Polish artists are known to be producing, perhaps behind locked studio doors. The United States' contribution of West Coast sculptures, many of them laminated creations, were also a familiar semi-official sight. A group called L'Abattoir boldly displayed poster art on concentration camps, to show that suffering and imprisonment still exist, with frames shaped like coffins, and whitened skeletons like still-lifes inside them. The Belgian group offered stunning huge plastic squares with what looked like the setting sun illuminating them from behind, and also some transparent painted cylinders, one inside another, that rotated in opposite directions, their motion accompanied by electronic music that, exceptionally, sounded as dulcet as a fountain. The French *équipe* presented, among other things, a ceiling pendant that was a handsome, enormous ball composed of protruding hollow metal tubes like silent flutes. On the whole, though, it was an art show in which the ears never had a moment's peace, because of the *musique concrète* seeping from almost every big display. To crowds of viewers between twenty and thirty-five, the Biennale doubtless gave multiple satisfactions. To most viewers of thirty-six and well beyond, it was an exceptional waste of ears, eyes, and time.

THE film astonishment of the year, just now being shown here, is "Le Feu Follet" ("The Will-o'-the-Wisp"), taken from the 1931 novel on suicide by the late gifted, ill-fated Pierre Drieu la Rochelle. The film, adapted and directed by Louis Malle, is a far cry from his direction of fish under water, in Cousteau's "Le Monde du Silence," which gave him his first recognition, and is a cinematic opus far superior even to his "Les Amants." He has effected something phenomenal this time, having turned literature into film, photographed the meaning of an unsubstantial, touching, and rather famous book, and given its tragic intention a clarity it never achieved in print. The



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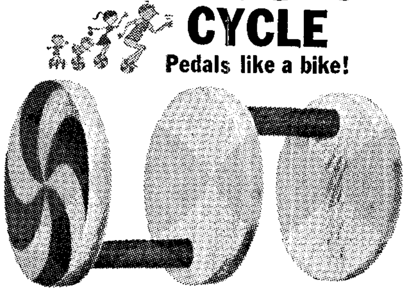

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film is shown here without the names of its cast or its characters, so that the opening scene is like the opening of a novel about unknown people, whose qualities and relationships you then follow. The story deals with the last forty-eight hours, from dawn to dawn, in the life of a youngish, empty-pursed French hedonist (one discovers that his name is Alain) whose charm, intelligence, and vigor are all wearing thin, and who has, with diminishing dignity, come to the end of his rope. Seen in the first dawn in the arms of his passing and rich American mistress, who, in pity, gives him a check before she departs for New York and her close friend there—Alain's less rich wife, who has in despair abandoned him—he spends part of this last forty-eight hours on earth as an absentee from the luxurious suburban rest home where he has just finished a cure for alcoholism. On this unexpected financial manna, he returns to his old Paris haunts, habits, friends, and enemies, including drink—to his pet barman; his former revolutionary friend, now a dull husband; his favorite fashionable women; his various intellectual friends; and a nocturnal boulevard gigolo—in a last, desperate search to discover their reason for living or his reason for not dying. Disillusioned, informed, and now sure, he returns belatedly to his elegant rest-home bedroom, where his fine luggage is perfectly packed, as if he were going somewhere. There, in the chill of his last dawn, he composes himself in bed, quietly finishes reading "The Great Gatsby" in English, locates with one hand on his bare chest the place where his heart beats, and, with the other hand, shoots him-

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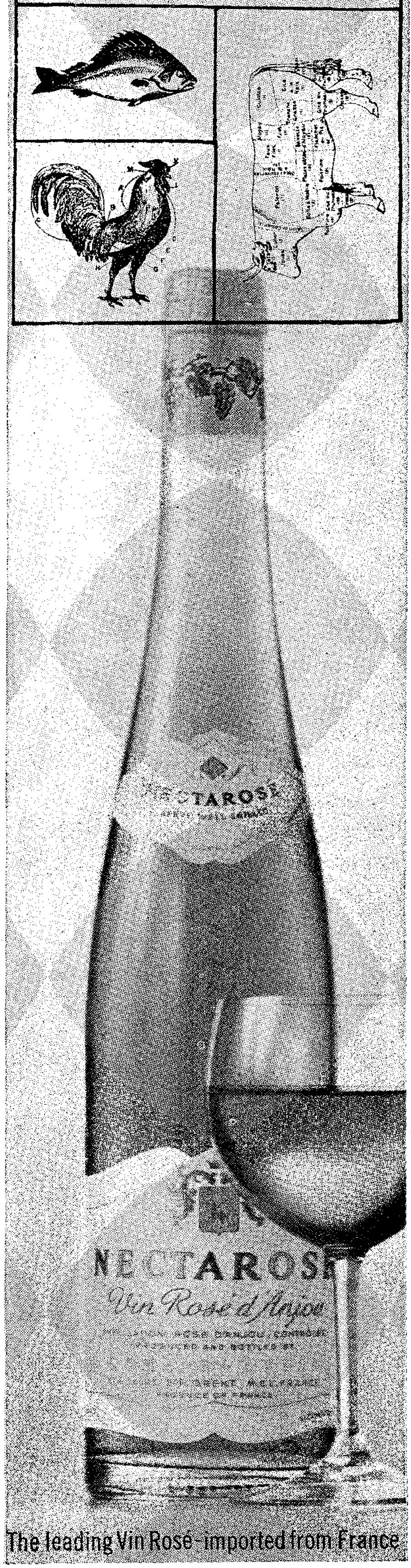

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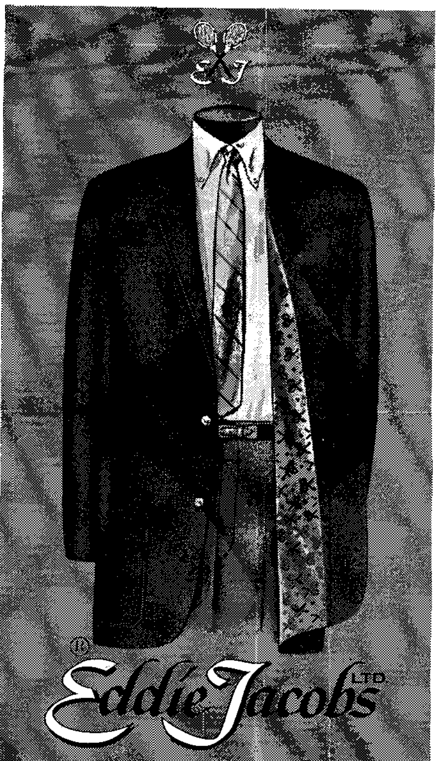
self. This is a superb film of a strange sort—a light, civilized social tragedy. Malle's technique is unfaltering in its vitality, its psychological stresses, and its variety, and in the penetration of his camera lens into the characters of a book, whom he has transformed into his actors. Maurice Ronet, a little-known movie actor, plays Alain with a kind of nervous mastery under Malle's direction. Jeanne Moreau is identifiable for a minute or so as a fashionable face and form in a crowded salon. The recognizable and distinguished Alexandra Stewart plays the woman whom, if Alain had lived, he might have tried to love.

THE million and three-quarters government employees and civil servants who struck for twenty-four hours yesterday, disorganizing all France, were, as usual, striking for higher pay, though their grievance took a fairly new form. The specific nub of the dispute now is the lag in government pay raises compared to private-industry pay raises. De Gaulle's government says that it is going to stand pat on its recent economic-stabilization plan—*no raises*—and asks the hard-headed, powerful French labor unions to wait until next spring for better things, along with the spring flowers, perhaps. As the unions point out, the government is repeating itself; that is just what it said about better spring wages last autumn. As usual, it was the striking of the electric and gas workers that caused the most discomfort here—no Métro, no suburban trains, no traffic lights, no lights in offices or homes on a foggy, sunless November Wednesday, and, in many homes, a tepid or even a stone-cold lunch. However, these particular strikers were merciful; they struck only from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon.

Everyone, French or foreign, keeps talking about the unbelievably high cost of French living. The cost of raw food in the markets is worrisome enough. The cost of food in *bistros* and restaurants is now alarming. All the French have their own explanations—blaming farmers, middlemen, butchers, bad summer weather, big industry's rising costs and their contagion. But de Gaulle's is a centralized state, so whatever the complaints, the target the arrow finally finds is the President himself. Because no candidate against him for the problematical Presidential election in 1965 has as yet materialized, Monsieur X, the phantom candidate, was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recently created as a joke. *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the caustic, satiric Paris weekly that is de Gaulle's most bitter journalistic enemy, has just published a very funny cartoon titled "The Succession." It shows de Gaulle rigged out in the tight nankeen trousers and gold-embroidered jacket of a hundred and thirty years ago, with the caption "Monsieur X? Messieurs, don't hunt for him. Here is Charles X in person." It has delighted many *frondeurs* in Paris.
—GENÊT

•

ADULT EDUCATION AT WORK

[*From a list of research projects in Adult Education, Vol. 12, No. 4*]

Jacobsen, Morris Bernard. The Role of Resource Person in the Ministry of Jesus. (M.A., Indiana University and Eli Lilly Foundation.) 1962.

Purpose: To obtain a profile of behaviors exhibited by the resource person in the various capacities of teacher, liaison, consultant, trainer, change agent, and discussion group participant as delineated by writers in the field of adult education. With this profile as frame of reference the purpose was to examine the Gospel accounts of the life of Jesus to determine the extent to which He demonstrated these behaviors, also His use of resources and techniques in goal attainment.

Major findings: The study revealed that with the exception of the capacity of liaison, where no evidence could be found of Jesus acting in this role, Jesus exhibited all the behaviors of consultant as suggested by the profile of composite behaviors suggested by modern writers, and nearly all of teacher, trainer, change agent, and group discussion participant. An additional function of the resource person which seemed to merit separate status but was not included in the original profile was that of debater. As teacher there was no evidence that Jesus developed specific course content or emphasized cognitive content and skills per se. Jesus' techniques were varied with respect to types of goals and His evaluation and treatment of them.

•

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—*Adv. in the Sheridan* (*Wyo.*) *Press.*

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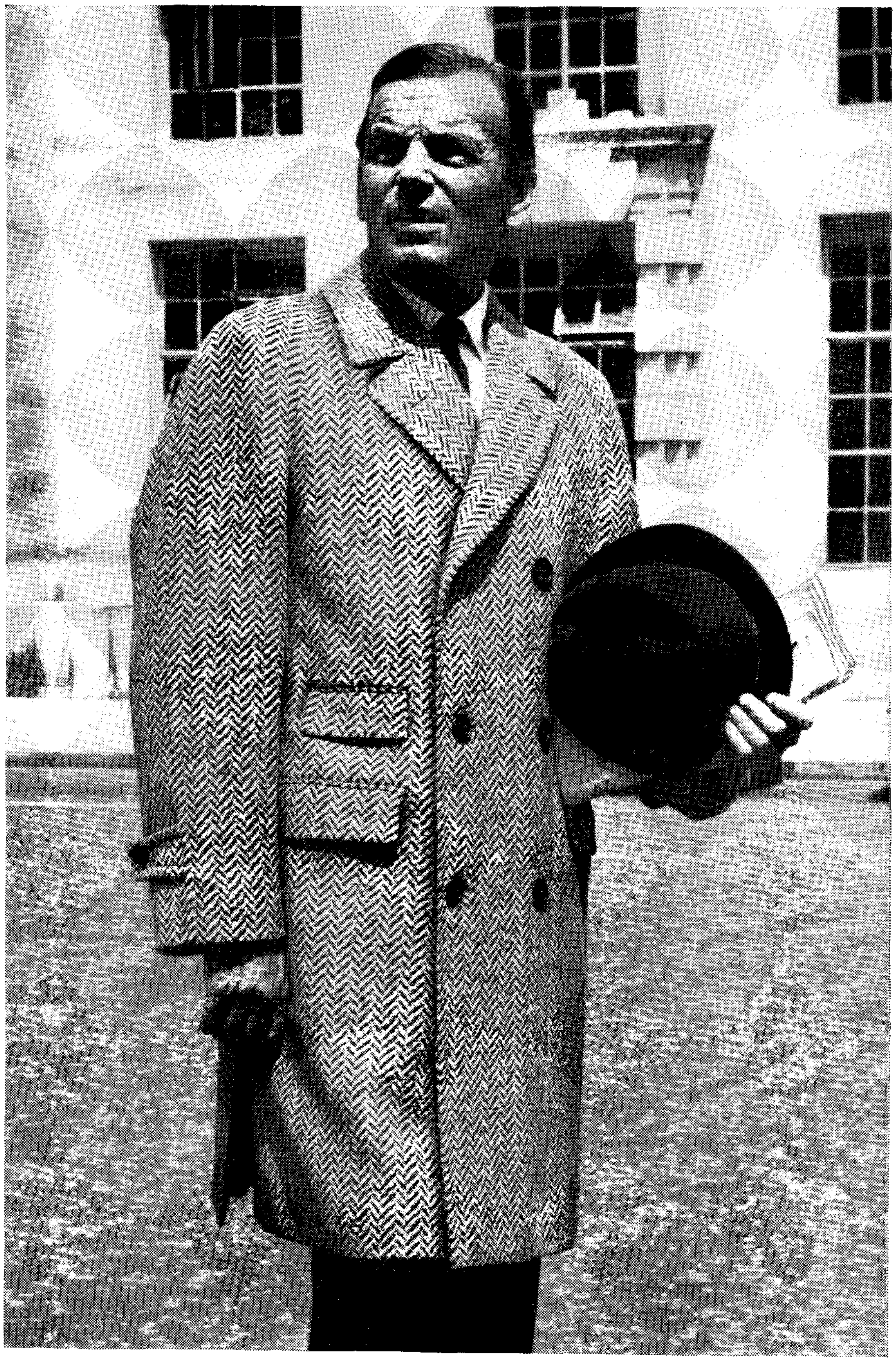

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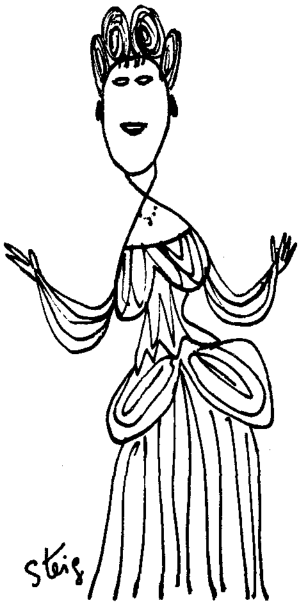
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XLIV—LARAMIE, WYO.

ALT., 7,165. Pop., 17,520. Humorists are underfoot all over Laramie and vicinity, and constitute a major hazard. The big joke is the jackalope, a creature with the body of a jack rabbit and the antlers of a small deer. Jackalopes are to be seen mostly in bars, stuffed, the antlers carefully pasted onto the rabbit. They are almost always good for a laugh, standing up there on their hind legs above the bar, and have been preserved expressly, it seems, for the bewilderment of Easterners. In Laramie, Easterners are people who live east of Wyoming. "We usually let an Easterner get about three-quarters of the way through his second drink before pointing casually at a jackalope," a Laramie wit said not long ago. " 'Mighty interesting little creature,' we usually say. 'Good God! What is it?' asks the Easterner. 'Jackalope,' we say, still casual, and order him another drink. Generally, some time elapses while the Easterner keeps staring above the bar. 'Never saw one before in my life,' the Easterner eventually says. 'You never will, except around here,' we say. 'They are very shy, have singsong voices, and are excellent mimics. Can mimic *anything*.' You'd be surprised how far you can carry the joke, but sooner or later one of these fellows will take another long look at the jackalope and say, 'You know, I think that's a jack rabbit with antlers on top.' Then he buys drinks for us." The high winds of the area are conversation stoppers, too. The standing joke is that if you seed your garden in Wyoming, something sprouts in Nebraska, having been borne eastward by the gusts. There are many variations, in Laramie, on the old saw about its being not the heat but the humidity. "It can be fifty-two degrees below zero out here in the wintertime, but we hardly feel it," a Laramie resident will tell an Easterner. "Low humidity, perhaps fifteen per cent, does the trick."



It is often hard to tell in Laramie where a joke begins or ends, or even whether it is intended as a joke at all. No one can be certain, for instance, whether the proprietors of the Paradice Bar, the Bird Cage Saloon, the Buffalo Bar, the Cowboy Bar, the Golden Spike Café, and the Buckhorn Bar are trying to be funny, are being self-consciously Western, or have simply picked what seemed to them the best possible names. The Cowboy Bar has more to commend it than its name, having been involved in a celebrated episode concerning a runaway truck. Although the incident was no joke at the time, and still requires a rather broad sense of humor to qualify for the comedy bracket, many Laramie people tend to tell the story lightheartedly. "Way back around 1950, this huge truck was coming down Sherman Hill on Route 30, just east of town," a Laramie man said recently. "It's a steep, twisty descent—from eighty-eight hundred and seventy-eight feet at the top of the road, at Summit Overlook, right by the big Abe Lincoln monument—and if you don't come down in gear, you're crazy. Well, this truck got out of control and just careered down the hill, honking like a fiend, with the driver praying other cars would get out of his way. Nine cars didn't, and he roared down the hill and into town, past the University, past the Hotel Connor, and crashed into the window of the Cowboy Bar. This stopped him, finally. No casualties." The runaway truck is almost as much a staple of conversation in Laramie as jackalopes, and it is difficult to hang around town for more than a few hours without hearing about it. "One good thing about that runaway truck," a Laramie man may suddenly remark to a stranger. "It made the authorities put in runaway-truck cutoffs on Sherman Hill. Now, if a truck gets out of hand, the driver can turn her off the hill onto one of these cutoffs, which have an upgrade and will bring the truck to a halt. There's a little good can come out of anything."

MANY Laramie residents feel that the scenery around Laramie—the timbered, often white slopes of the Medicine Bow Range (part of the Rockies), to the west, and the gleaming Rockies of Colorado, to the south—pro-

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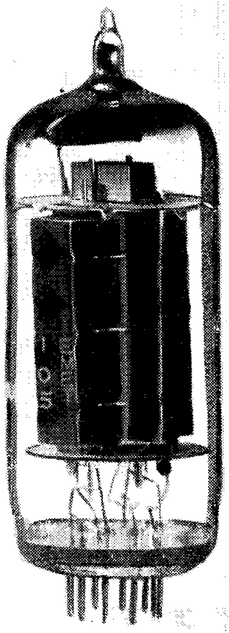

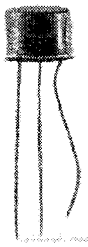

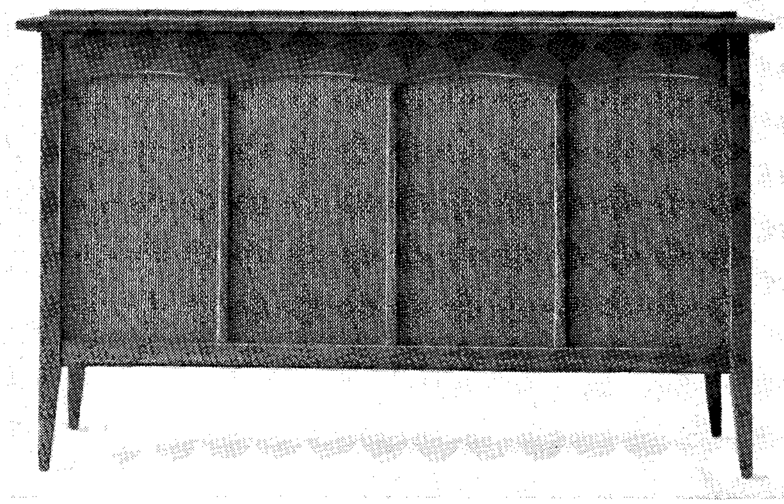

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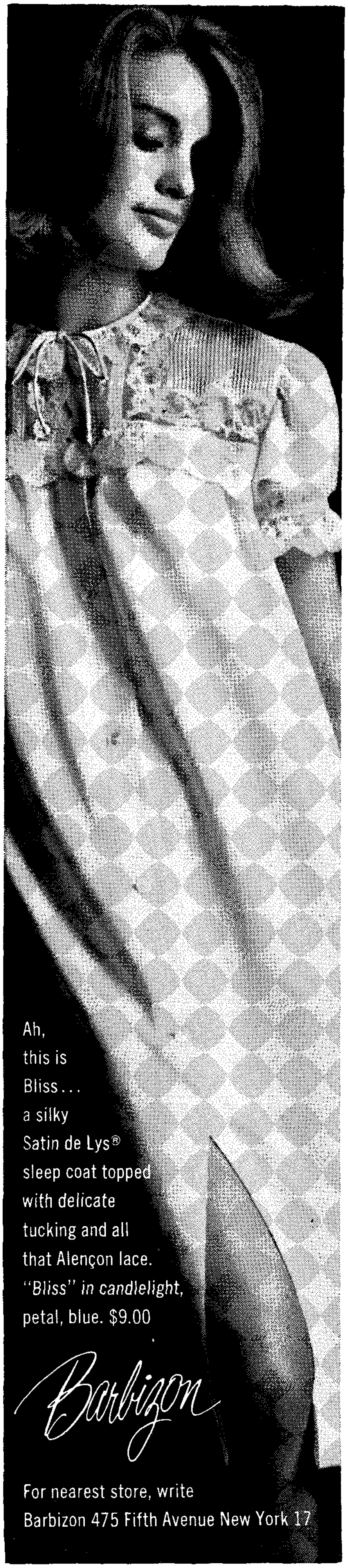

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vides them with all the excitement they require. The fact that Laramie is a seat of learning—the University of Wyoming has the largest payroll in town—tends to put a further quietus on high jinks. "When we were something of a railroad town, you could always raise a good deal of hell down on Railroad Street, for one," a man who has lived in Laramie for many years said the other day. "There would be lots of Swedes in town, working on the Union Pacific, laying ties and such, and plenty of Indians, and no lack of ladies of ill repute. Oh, my, so many things seem cleaned up these days!" Quite a number of Laramie residents like to drive over to Cheyenne, the state capital, some fifty miles to the east, and indulge in nostalgic visits to the Wyoming State Museum. The Museum goes in heavily for branding irons, saddles, old carriages, cartridges, antlers, stuffed horses' heads, and the like. Laramie residents also like to go to Cheyenne, along with thousands of other Wyoming people and strangers, to attend what has come to be known officially as "the Daddy of 'Em All"—the Cheyenne Frontier Days, a week-long festival of mammoth proportions that attempts to outspace the great open spaces. Frontier Days features, as the main event, a giant rodeo, complete with Brahma-bull riding, bareback riding, calf roping, steer roping, bulldogging, and wild-horse races. "I don't think one should dig too deeply into those wild-horse races," a Wyoming man recently told a visitor. "All hell breaks loose, the crowd eats it up, the horses buck and fight back and resist being saddled, it's man versus a wild, untamed beast, and all that, but when they put those paper bags over the horses' ears while trying to saddle them, I've heard tell they bite the horses' ears through the bags to bring them to their senses. I'm just telling you what I've heard, you understand." Frontier Days also features chuck-wagon races, parades, Indian dances, and dog acts.

Western garb predominates at the rodeo, and the grandstands are a sea of tall, lean, rangy, deeply tanned men from the wide-open plains, wearing broad-brimmed Stetsons of various models; there are the Cheyenne, the Trailsman, the Showdown, the Open Road, the Boss of the Plains, the Laloo, the San Fran, Jr., and the 100, which costs a hundred dollars. They wear clip-on gambler ties and do-se-do ties, and their belt buckles are festooned with horses, steers, or square dancers. Boots are made of caribou or calf, with silk-stitching fancywork. A palomino-deco-

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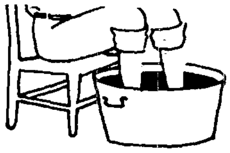

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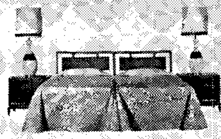

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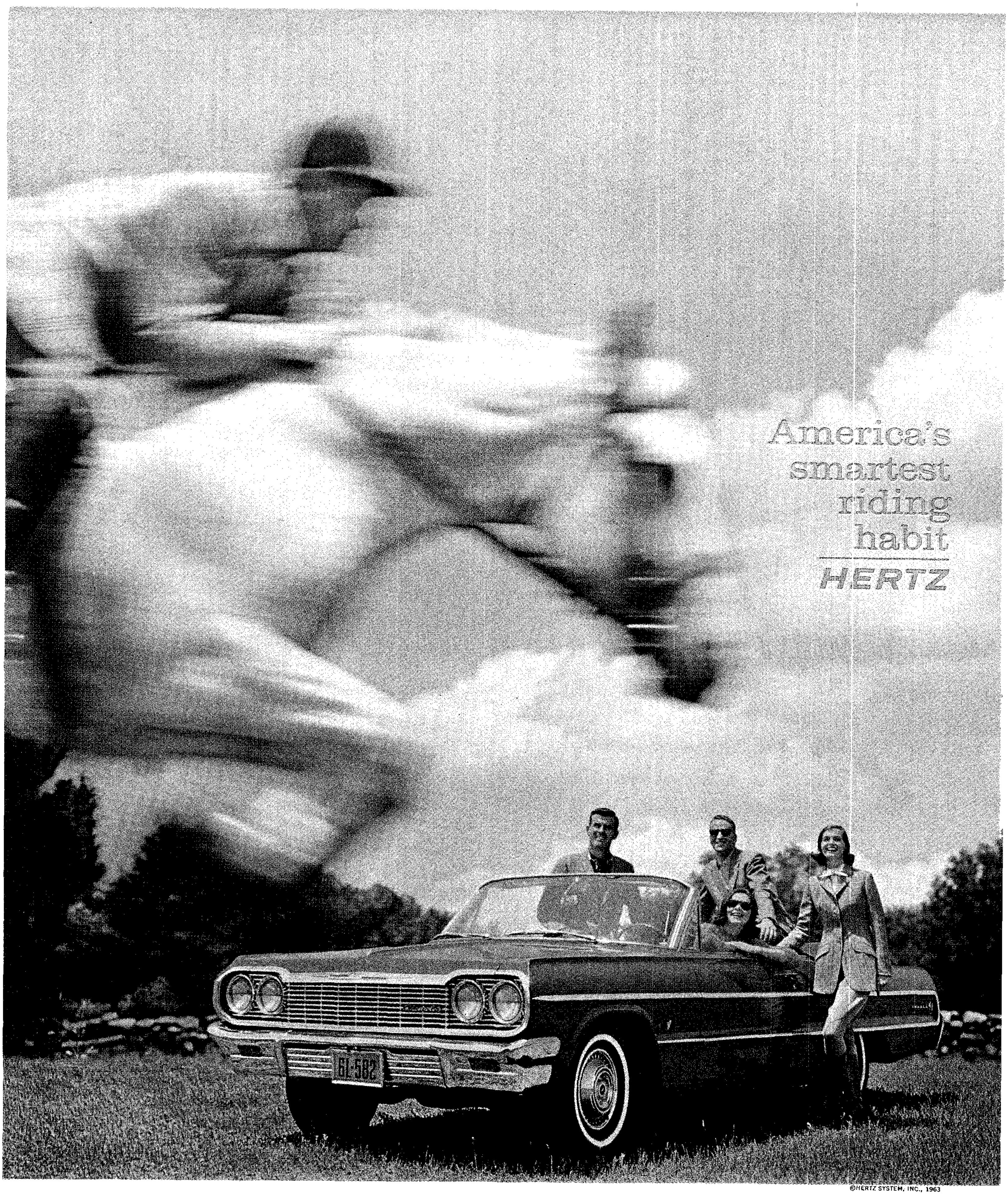
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rated bandanna may dashingly encircle somebody's neck. The shirts are dazzlers—pastel shades of cotton with a spur-and-flower tinsel-embroidery motif, or a tinsel-embroidery motif of beehive silver, or an *ombré* plaid. Some of the shirts have fringes dripping from the fronts and the sleeves. The ladies in the audience are done up in Western pants in all the colors of a Western rainbow—cadet blue, buff tan, charcoal heather, antique gold, and so on. Easterners in the audience dress like Easterners. From time to time during the rodeo, a voice coming over the public-address system interrupts the running commentary that accompanies the roping of a calf to announce the number and origins of the out-of-state license plates in the parking lot outside the stands. Evidently, someone is out there throughout the rodeo, padding up and down among the cars, notebook in hand. "Our car count! As of this moment!" cries the announcer. "Thirty-one from Wisconsin, twelve from the State of Washington, eleven from Utah, and, from Texas, eighty-three!" These figures invariably bring down the house. Everybody applauds—people from the states mentioned (proud of representing alien corn at the Daddy of 'Em All) and people from Wyoming (proud of being at the center of the universe). When a wind-blown storm comes up suddenly from the mountains, the customers in the uncovered front seats do not make a move. They sit stolidly watching the events, their Stetsons turned into drainpipes. "Montana dew!" cries the announcer as the skies open up. "Just a little Montana dew!" Man and beast continue to fight it out in the open arena, disregarding the elements. "When you are watching a world's-championship steer-bulldogging contest, what does a little bit of rain matter?" a veteran observer of the Daddy of 'Em All recently remarked. "Think of it! The steer must be caught from the horse. Should the steer get loose, the dogger may take no more than *one* step to catch him. The steer is considered down only when it's lying flat on its side, all four feet and head straight. If the dogger misses the steer, the flagman must ask him if he wants another jump. They give a steer a thirty-foot start. Who cares about a little rain?"

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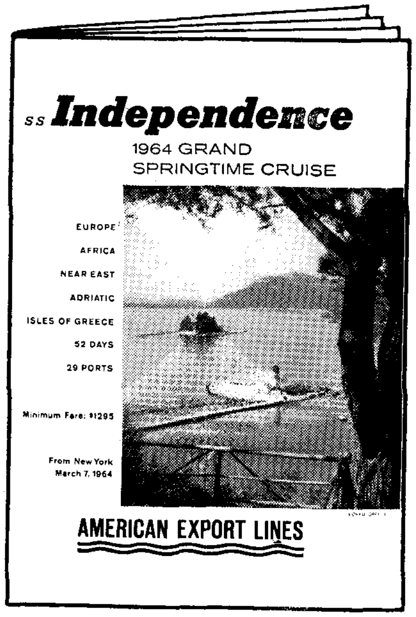

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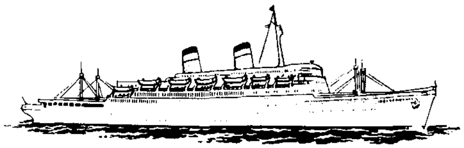

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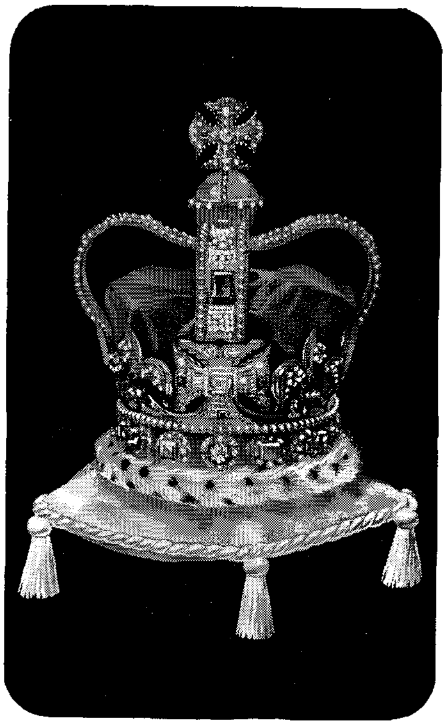

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ago. "I don't understand the ins and outs of the matter—God spare me from ever getting into *that* mare's-nest! All I know is they can go along for a number of years seeming to make a good deal of money and then show a tax loss. It's upside down, heads are tails, go out where you're supposed to come in, and I don't get it. Tricks—everything is tricks these days." Tax matters bore most old ranchers; they would rather talk about ranching, or, better still, show off their ranches and their cattle to visitors. The pull of the land is strong around Laramie. There is so much of it, and it is so beautiful: mountains rising from grazing land, snow on the peaks, shady and comfortable cottonwoods down along the riverbanks. The co-owner of the Dinwiddie Ranch, Oda Mason, now in his seventy-ninth year, derives a special satisfaction from driving visitors over his land. If a visitor comes to Laramie and expresses a desire to see the Dinwiddie, Mr. Mason obliges with relish. He puts on a gray suit, dons his best Stetson, climbs into his air-conditioned Chrysler, and sets out for a long, hard day of driving. A true Laramie man, he begins with a mild joke. "My card," Mr. Mason said recently to a visitor, handing him a small white card that read, "Sitmore & Dolittle, Inc. Laramie, Wyoming. Purebred and Commercial Herefords. R.F.D. No. 1, Box 622. President, Oda Mason. Vice-President, Oda Mason. Sec'y-Treasurer, Oda Mason. Chairman of Board, Oda Mason." Mr. Mason started up his car. "I'm Oda Mason," he said. His face is ruddy and deeply lined, etched with many long, hot summers and long, cold winters. "I find that I don't mind getting old," said Mr. Mason, driving west from Laramie toward Centennial, a hamlet near his ranch. Mr. Mason drives slowly, concentrating as much on the vast array of buttons on his dashboard that govern the heating and cooling system as on the road ahead. He keeps pushing various buttons in and pulling them out, and chuckling with wonderment at their existence. "You spend your life adjusting," he said, "and now I'm adjusting to old age. I've seen the changes. The ranches are all motorized these days, and you take the concentrate out to the cattle in pickup trucks. We ship in the fall of the year—the snow will start the cattle to market. Lots of changes! Small cuts now predominate—I'm talking about meat—and a T-bone cut from a critter put in a feed lot won't be as big a T-bone as one from one of those old-time sixteen-hundred-pound steers. The big pieces of

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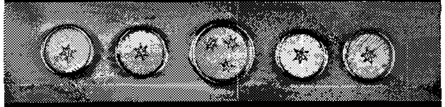

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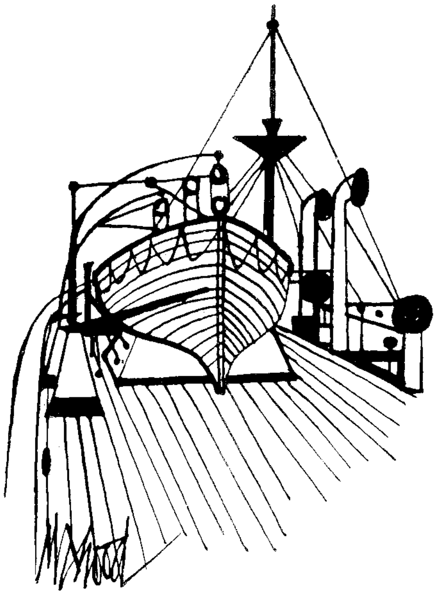
meat used to go to the steamship companies and the big hotels. The sky was the limit. The folks would order a steak six times as big as they could get down their throats, and throw away what they couldn't eat. We train young fellows as cowboys—teach 'em what we think they should know—and sometimes they'll go in to town on a Saturday night and get drunk. When that happens, I'd like to kill them, but they tell me there's a law against it." (Chuckles and pushing of buttons.)

Mr. Mason swung his car past a gate marked "Dinwiddie & Mason," suddenly swerved off the road, and bumped and jolted across a broad strip of land dotted with large and small rocks. A considerable number of aristocratic Herefords stared at the car. "Mountains and meadows," said Mr. Mason softly. "I love it. What a place, incidentally, to hold an Irish revolution—rocks to throw, and all that. The Dinwiddie on that sign is the name of my son-in-law, who is carrying on for me, with my daughter. They know what they're doing. I've done my work, and I think it's time for the other fellow to take over. It's the putting together of a ranch that's the beauty of it—the putting together and then the watching of others carrying it on. My daughter was brought up in the saddle, and can live in one. She and her husband, they have lots of company, they go a lot socially, but they work all the time, too. It was different with my generation. Our pattern of life was: Come nighttime, you go to bed. Look at those Herefords! I know each and every one by name. I can tell you the names of their daddies and their granddaddies. There are more cattle than people in Wyoming, and I like cattle better than people anyway. Cattle



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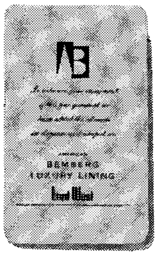

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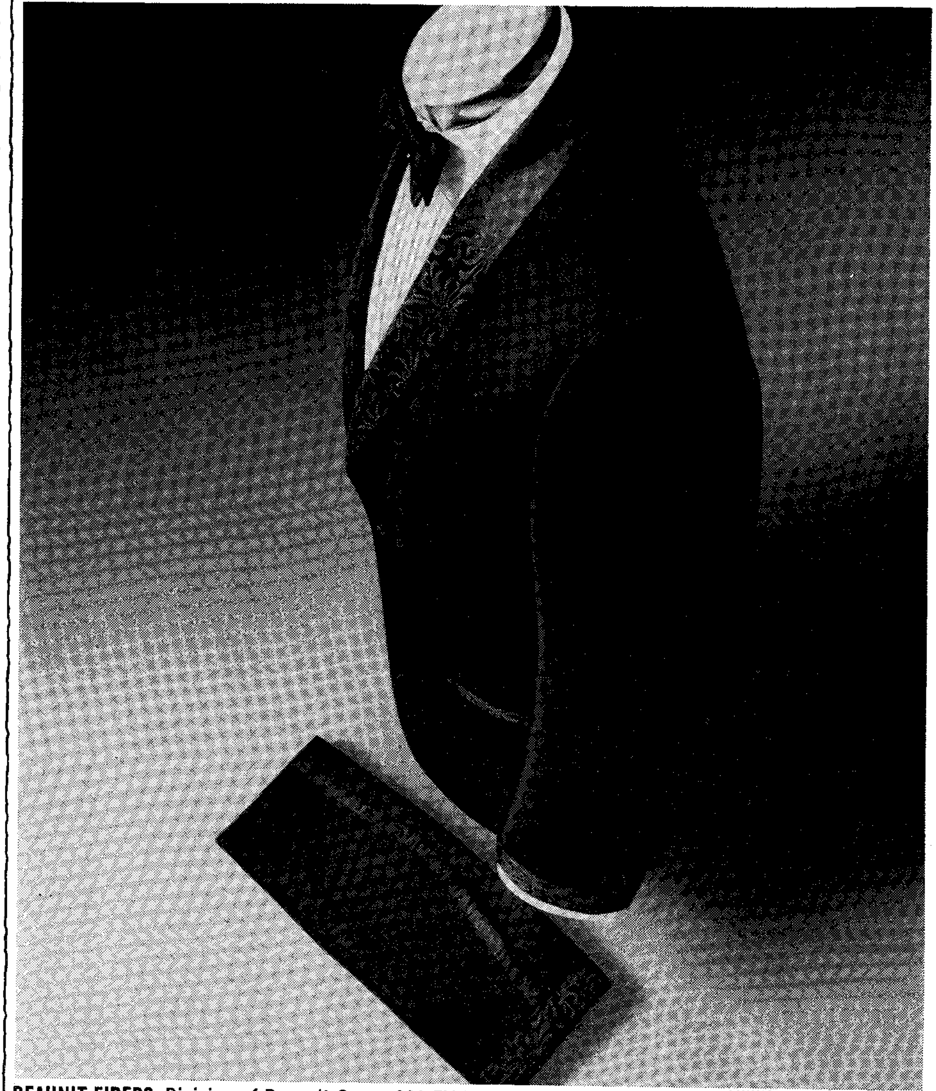

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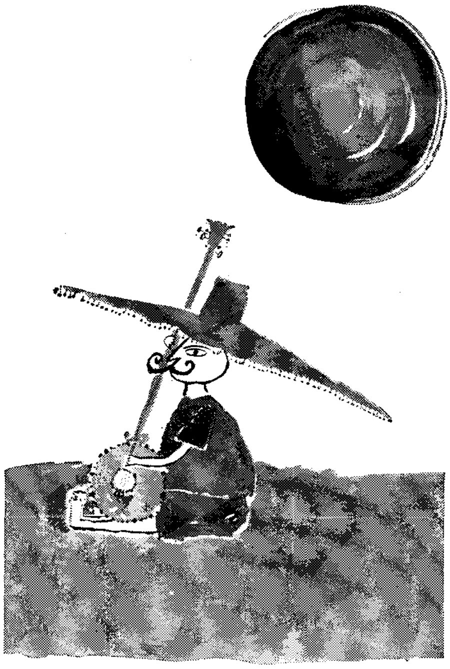

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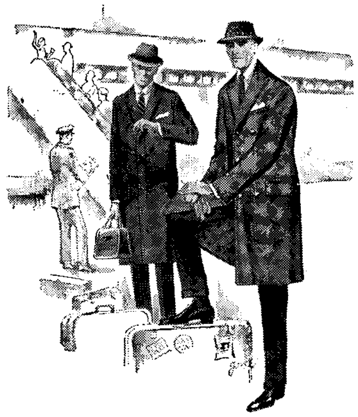
don't talk, and they don't need a watch to eat by. I forget the names of people all the time but never the name of a Hereford. They're smarter than people by a long shot. I've been outdoors most of my life, except to sleep and eat. I still go to bed before dark. Look at that bull strutting around!" Mr. Mason pointed at a crown prince who was moving slowly through the herd, eying the girls with an air of discrimination and absolute authority. "Paid seventeen thousand for him, and he knows it. He knows his background just as well as I do. Getting back to the way I lived. Breakfast at six-thirty, and I mean breakfast—steak, pancakes, bacon, gravy, and coffee. And I mean steak and gravy. Dinner at noon, and supper at six. Slept out in the cold weather and the hot. I can still remember sleeping out one night under an old tarpaulin, and in the middle of the night something crept over me. Seemed like the world had fallen down on me, like eighteen thousand giants were on top of me. It was a mouse, that's what it was—just a little mouse pattering up and down across the tarpaulin. Out here, you know, there are hard winters, and *real* hard winters. Never bothered me, even when I was having troubles. Fact is, my left side is where all the hurt has been. A pitchfork once went through my left hand. Put on horse liniment, soaked it, and it cured. Broke my left leg once, and I dislocated my left ankle—worked all summer with a dislocated ankle breaking horses—and I dislocated my left shoulder, and I kept on going. And I've had ulcers—God, I've had ulcers—and the soft, mushy little diet I'm on today damn near kills me, but I keep on going."

Mr. Mason got out of the car and walked among the Herefords. They seemed to smile, and the visitor had the impression that if Mr. Mason knew their names, they knew his. "Not as easy to kick a stone out of your way at seventy-eight as when you were twenty-one," said Mr. Mason, kicking a stone out of his way. "Here's a bull corral," he said. "Walk right in. They won't hurt you. They like your company. The flies are bothering them today, but they'll be all right." The bulls were hospitable. Mr. Mason climbed back into his car and drove his visitor for miles, showing him old ranch houses, old ranch bells, cupolas in the tops of barns ("A better view, a better view"), intricate mazes of corrals ("They don't look planned, but they are"), long chutes through which the cattle run to be dipped, bunkhouses, and, up ten thousand eight hundred feet, Snowy



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Before heading back to Laramie, Mr. Mason stopped off in Centennial to chat with an old friend, Pop Slotzer, who helps out in a local restaurant, whittles, and gives music lessons. "Pop, here, came to Centennial a quarter of a century ago for a brief stay," said Mr. Mason.

"They told me to go where it was high, dry, and cool, and I never bothered to move on," said Mr. Slotzer.

"Every dog has his day, Pop," said Mr. Mason.

"You're not looking so good yourself, Oda," said Pop.

Mr. Mason turned his car toward Laramie. "We don't go to rodeos much, me and Mrs. Mason," he said. "We had so many bucking broncos all over the ranch all the time. I once roped a bull, years and years ago. Never forget it. I was away from Laramie on some trip. The rope tightened and broke the bull's neck. I still worry about it. It keeps coming back. One thing I'll always do—I'll go out after a sick calf and put it in the back seat of my car. People say 'Oda Mason, what are you doing, putting a calf in the back seat of an air-conditioned Chrysler?' and I always tell them it was the calf who bought the car! There's Laramie ahead. They want to put up a new country club a mile south of here. Say it will bring in new industry." It was impossible to tell whether Mr. Mason considered this a joke.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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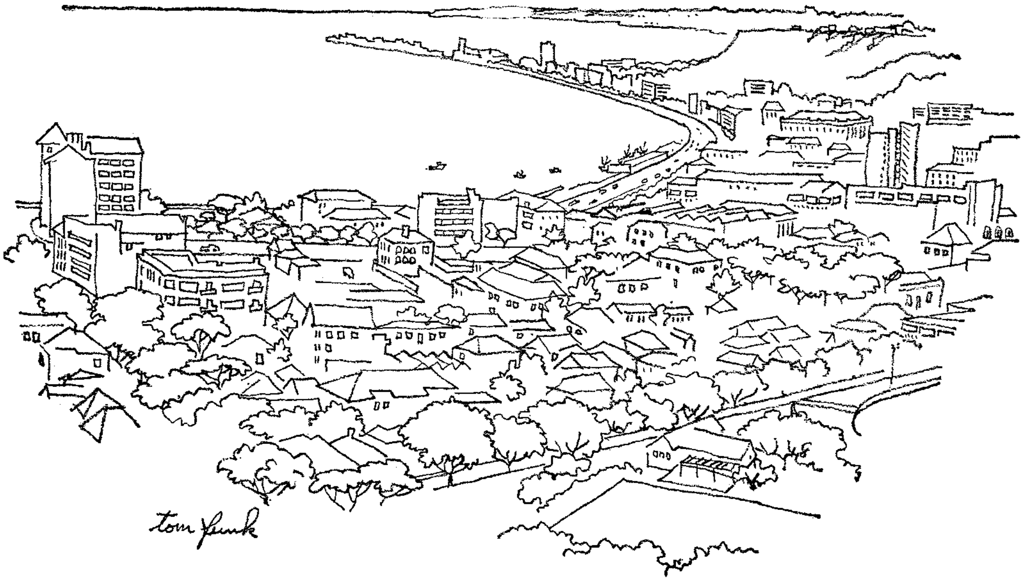
ANGOLA: THE SPECIAL CASE



THE embattled Portuguese province of Angola (or Portuguese colony of Angola, as many people, on both the inside and the outside, would describe it) lies just below the former Belgian Congo, on the west coast of Africa, and is nearly three times the size of California. It has, however, fewer than five million inhabitants—two hundred and fifty thousand Portuguese; seventy thousand *assimilados*, or Africans who some time ago were accorded Portuguese citizenship; and four and a half million other Africans, who, according to the government, are now being accorded Portuguese citizenship, too—and most of them owe to Providence what Premier António de Oliveira Salazar has called, in speaking of himself, "the grace of being poor." In fact, few peoples in the world are endowed with so much of that grace, and in Angola one needn't be black to receive it. Angola also has the grace of being undemocratically governed, and this, like poverty, has tended to make arbitrary distinctions between people superfluous; many white and black Angolans agree that their land's basic problem is the achievement of political independence and freedom, and until quite recently it seemed likely that Angola would eventually turn into a kind of Brazil, where a man's race is not necessarily the greatest of his troubles. Then the new African nationalism developed—with serious, if sporadic, jungle warfare, a government-in-exile, and all the other trappings—and now it seems just as likely that Angola will turn into a kind of Congo. It is sure, before long, to turn into one or the other.

Having made a few trips to African colonies and ex-colonies in past years, I decided a while ago to have a look at Angola, mostly because I had been told that, along with Mozambique, the somewhat smaller Portuguese province on the east coast of Africa, it was a special case. For one thing, the Portuguese often claim that their colonial experience has been quite different from—meaning less racist, more evangelistic, and generally more praiseworthy than—that of, say, England or France, and, for another, old Africa hands had long been maintaining that whatever else one might say about the Portuguese, they were more firmly fixed in their overseas territories than any other European people. Recent events had seemed to contradict this, and I was well aware that no matter how impressive Africa hands look, nursing their pink gins, they are capable of serious nonsense. Then again, it would be presumptuous to suppose that just because men have lived on a continent for twenty or thirty years they know nothing about it. In any event, I found it interesting that the oldest colonial power on the continent should have been the last one to be touched by African nationalism. Perhaps, after all, the Portuguese explorer Diogo Cão, whose ship nosed into the Congo River in 1482, brought something along with him that even now wasn't altogether dead. It seemed reasonable to suppose, at least, that if it had been the first Queen Elizabeth, instead of Queen Victoria, who had had her imperial will with Africa, things might have turned out differently for Britain and its African empire.

Among Africa hands, Angola's capital, the seaport of Luanda, has the reputation of being the most beautiful city in West Africa, and when I got there I was pleased to see that in this case they weren't wrong. It is built around a great bay, protected by a sandspit, and it has about the best natural harbor on the whole west coast—one of the reasons, of course, that the Portuguese picked it out. The town, which was founded in 1576, is very well planned, and some of the old buildings have been preserved, though there have recently been incursions of what one man I met called Brazilian Modern. After I checked into my hotel, I went for a walk on the Avenida Marginal—a broad street facing the bay and lined with no-nonsense stores selling typewriters, duplicating machines, and cash registers. As I walked along, I noticed black and white people sitting together in the cafés and working together. Masons and carpenters were apparently unaware that in many other parts of Africa black and white men in their trades didn't do that sort of thing, and though all the taxi-drivers and most of the waiters I saw were European, cashiers and office workers were frequently African. Newsboys and bootblacks, too, were successfully integrated—or, at least, they had the same kind of quarrels among themselves that they would have had if they had all been the same color. I also noticed, however, that almost without exception the very poor were African and the well-to-do were European. The point is that there *were* exceptions, particularly among the poor, which may not be an argument for the justice of the system but surely is an indication of what kind of system it is. After a while, I was forced back into my hotel by rain—the direct, uninhibited fall that, during Africa's rainy season, comes and goes without the smallest warning. From the lobby, I could see an African boy floating by on a bicycle and holding a plastic cloth over his head, and a light-colored beggar with a twisted leg huddling in an adjoining doorway like a character in an early novel of social protest. In Africa, rain is taken less serious-

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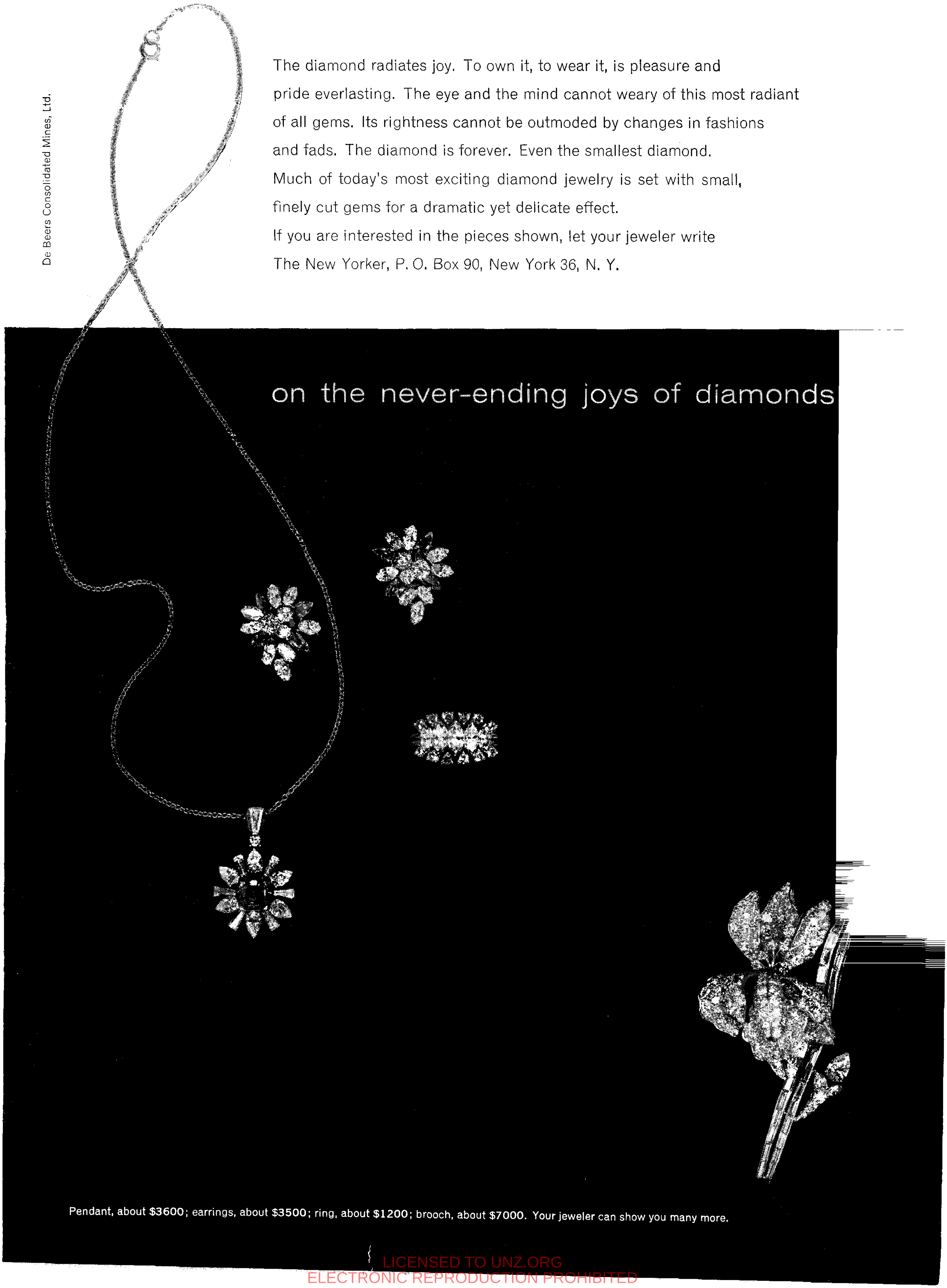

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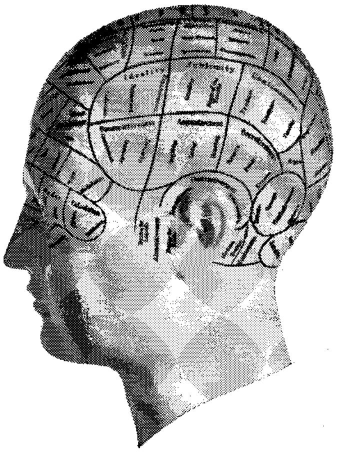

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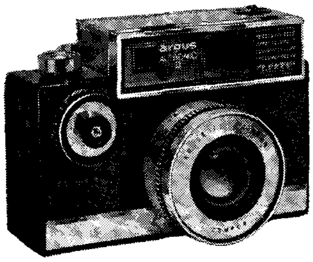

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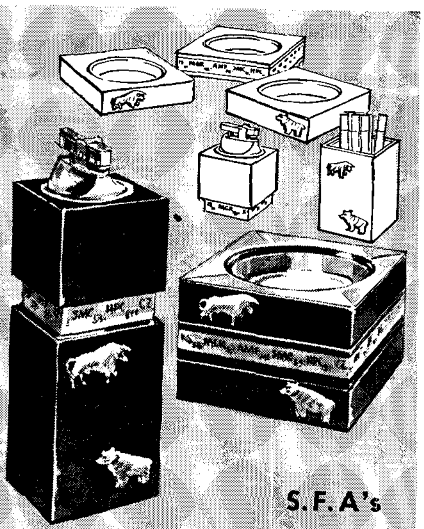
ly than it is in most other places, except when it interferes with transportation. And even that can be a blessing, especially when people are trying to wage war. At that very moment, perhaps, it was imposing a fragrant peace on a number of men in the countryside who would otherwise be cutting each other's throats.

Settling into Luanda for a time, I began brushing up on Angola's history, recent and not so recent, and the facts did not seem quite as unambiguous as the Portuguese and the Africa hands had suggested. In Diogo Cão's day, the northwestern corner of Angola was part of the Kingdom of the Congo—a loose confederation of tribes, dominated by the Bakongo—which occupied an ill-defined expanse of land to the north and south of the Congo River and had its capital in Mbanza, the site of the present-day Angolan town of São Salvador. For some years, relations between the two powers were excellent, and Portugal scrupulously observed the sovereignty of the Congo kings; in fact, this was just about the only time until the creation of the state of Ghana, almost five hundred years later, that Europeans dealt with West Africans as equals on a high diplomatic level. Actually, the Portuguese did not undertake the total conquest of Angola until the eighteen-seventies—at roughly the same time that the rest of the European colonial powers were beginning to penetrate deeply into sub-Saharan Africa. Before that, almost all the tribes in the interior of Angola had been restless and rebellious, and especially so in the north—the scene of most of the present disturbances. The Kingdom of the Congo remained at least theoretically independent until 1885, when the Portuguese, the French, and the Belgians formally divided it up. The old royalty is still maintained at São Salvador, however, and in 1955, when a dispute broke out over the selection of a new king, the Portuguese installed a puppet. He has since died, and his widow is now known as the Queen of the Congo. Her name is Isabel Quenque.

Angola was "entirely secured" only in 1919, official Portuguese historians say, and even after that—in 1922 and 1939—there were large-scale uprisings. Part of the reason that "securing" Angola was such a long-drawn-out business was that there were very few Portuguese in Angola. At the beginning of this century, there were only about nine thousand; in 1940 there were forty thousand; and in 1950 there were about eighty thousand. There were also about thirty thousand *assimilados* and twenty-



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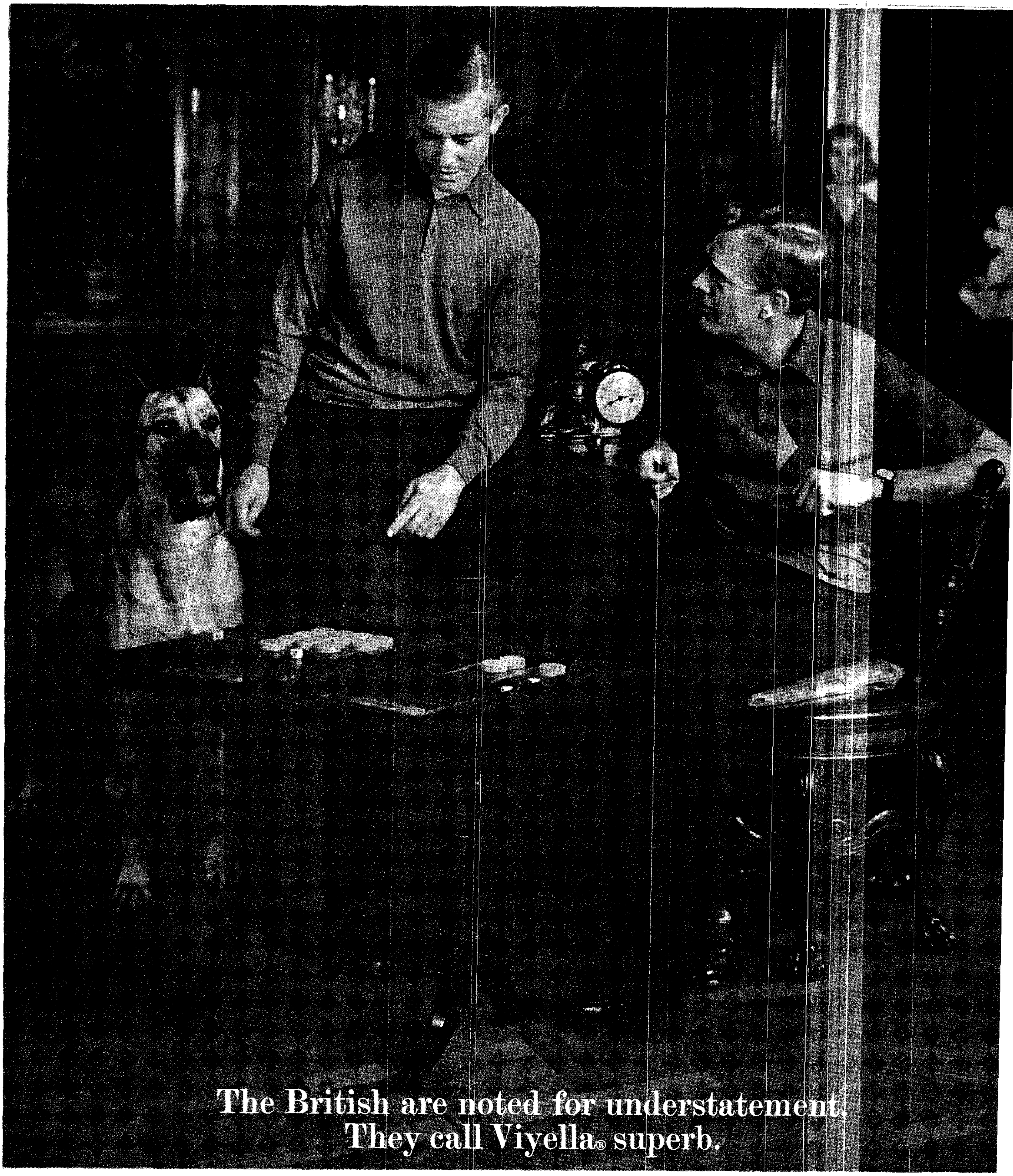
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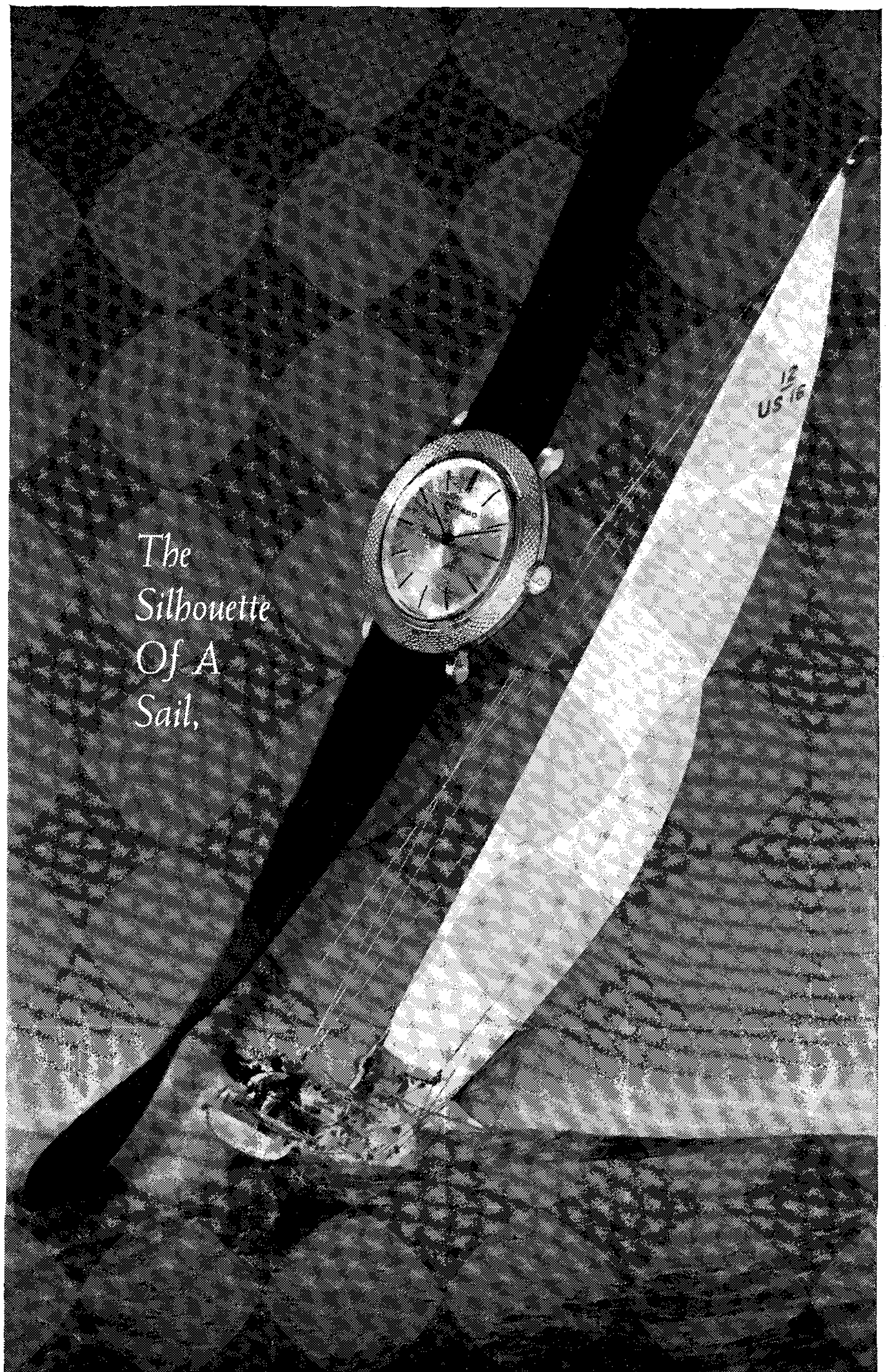
five thousand people of mixed parentage. In the last eight or nine years, however, roughly a hundred and fifty thousand Portuguese have settled in the territory; they were encouraged to emigrate as a hedge against black Angolan nationalism, but there are those who suggest that they have tended to dilute white Angolan nationalism as well. In any event, far from being one of the first African colonies to be completely occupied, Angola was one of the last.

The present phase of the nationalist movement in Angola started in 1954, when the União das Populações de Angola, or U.P.A., was set up in Léopoldville, in what was then the Belgian Congo, by Holden Alvaro Roberto, a young Protestant and a member of the Bakongo tribe, who says he was born in São Salvador, though some of his enemies claim that he was born in Thysville, on the Congolese side of the border, and so is not an Angolan at all. Northern Angola is almost equally divided between Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, on the one hand, and animists, or pagans, on the other, and when this people of mixed religions—like quite a few other nations in similar circumstances—was having difficulty in choosing a king, some of the Protestants marched off to Léopoldville and picked the really businesslike Roberto to stand *in loco regis*. While the charge that he is actually a Congolese may make a difference to some people, it probably doesn't matter to the Bakongo, who live on both sides of the border, and many of whom—perhaps a hundred thousand—had moved from Angola into the Belgian Congo by the time Roberto started his organization.

Soon after Roberto went into action, a number of organizations sprang up within Angola—ANANGOLA, AASA, PLUA, MINA, UTONA, and UNTA. Such acronyms seem to be among the first signs of rebellion wherever the discontented can find a mimeograph machine, and to the Portuguese these spelled trouble, if nothing else. Within a year or so, most of the groups had come together to form the Movimento Popular de Libertação de Angola, or M.P.L.A. The leaders of the new organization—among them two poets, Agostinho Neto and Mário Pinto de Andrade—were highly educated men, and they began to organize underground schools and to turn out literate leaflets with such energy that they gained support from many Europeans as well as Africans. On my way to Angola, I had stopped in Lisbon and had heard about the M.P.L.A. from people who were members of the



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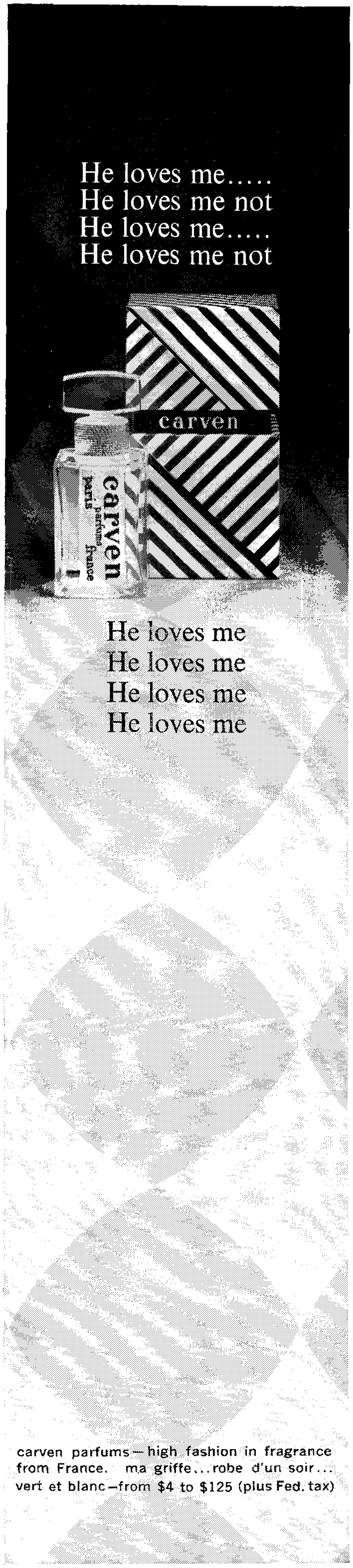
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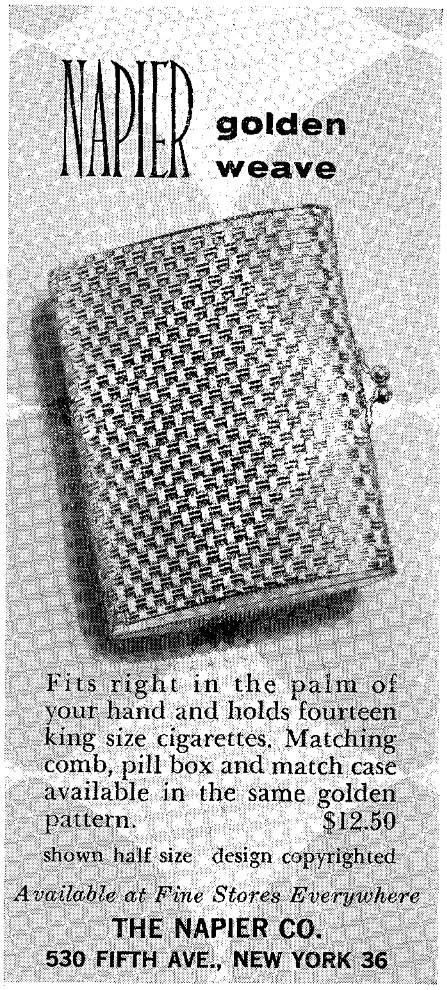
democratic, non-Communist opposition to the Salazar government. A number of the officials of that government, though by no means all of them, don't really believe that *any* opposition could be non-Communist—thus betraying a staunch faith in the principles of Marxism which thoroughly depresses a lot of sincere young people in Portugal with glisteningly liberal, Christian Democratic convictions. The opposition was especially strong in Angola, I gathered, and in the 1958 elections, when General Humberto da Silva Delgado was permitted to campaign for President of Portugal, against Salazar's candidate—he never would have been permitted to win—white Angolans voted heavily for him. Many Portuguese democrats profess to be in essential agreement with the M.P.I.A., even though some of them suspect that it might be pro-Communist, or, at any rate, not anti-Communist. I was told that several of the M.P.L.A. leaders had been trained in Eastern Europe, but, as Mr. Nkrumah, among others, has shown, African students aren't necessarily all that devoted to their old teachers, whether they be Russian, British, or American. The M.P.L.A.'s leaders are interested in a social revolution in Portugal as well as in Angola, and though they are firmly committed to self-determination, they are not much concerned about the future color of Angolan skins. In fact, a number of them are partly white, and this has led some of Holden Roberto's people to say that the M.P.L.A. isn't a *real* African movement—that race is the only revolutionary force acceptable to Africans. Even if this is true, it is difficult to see how one can set permanent standards in these matters. Some of the leaders of the M.P.L.A. may have had a few pale ancestors, but most of them are dark enough to satisfy all but the most exacting standards of black purity. Roberto just possibly has a white skeleton in his closet, too, and several of his lieutenants surely have. One hopes that things never reach the point in Africa where a rumor that a man's great-grandfather had blue eyes could ruin him politically.

By 1960, M.P.L.A. men and U.P.A. men were racing each other up and down the continent of Africa and to points on this and that side of the Iron Curtain, attending nationalist conferences and signing resolutions. I have never met Agostinho Neto, the leader of the M.P.L.A., but I have come to know his colleague de Andrade and his chief rival, Roberto. Both are still in their thirties, and are well able to stand the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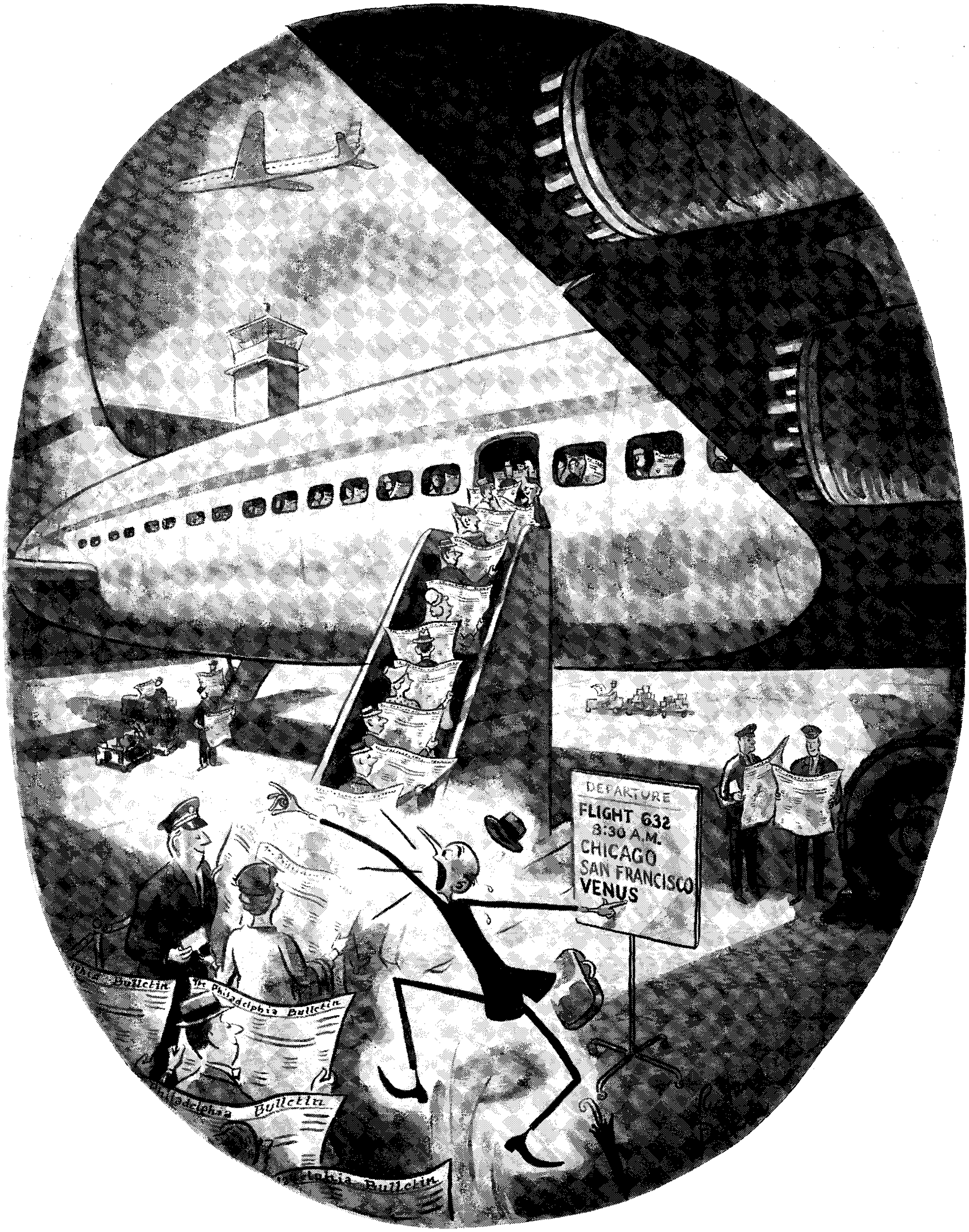
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pace. Both speak Portuguese, perfect French, nearly perfect English, and at least one native language, and it is hard for me to believe that they haven't been training for their work since childhood, like ballet dancers. For a time, the U.P.A. and the M.P.L.A. talked of each other in a brotherly fashion, but late in 1960 their rivalry became active, and when it did the M.P.L.A. won the first round. On February 4, 1961, in the aftermath of the excitement caused when Captain Henrique Galvão seized the Portuguese liner Santa Maria at sea and announced that he was heading for Angola, there were about sixty foreign journalists in Luanda. Taking advantage of this excellent chance for publicity, forces of the M.P.L.A., joined by other groups, including a number of white Angolans—some reportedly in blackface—attacked the city's prisons, its radio station, and a military barracks. They later claimed that they were betrayed by some African police spies, and that three thousand Africans were killed in reprisals. It now seems likely that the country was closer to open rebellion—or at least to a passive acceptance of it—than most people knew at the time, and that if Galvão had actually brought the ship in, his gamble might have paid off. Instead, he turned and sailed to Brazil, and the ship was given back to Portugal, which had been screaming piracy.

The next move was Roberto's. At the beginning of March, 1961, there was fighting at Malanje, in the interior. Then, on March 14th, some workers killed the owner of a plantation near São Salvador in an argument over back wages. Starting the next morning, thousands of natives, led by U.P.A. men, went into open rebellion (pro-government sources say twenty-five thousand at the height of the trouble, anti-government sources say sixty thousand) and slaughtered about two hundred Europeans and an even greater number of Africans who sided with them. These murders were committed with incredible brutality. There were systematic rapings and disembowellings, arms and legs were hacked from small children, and one man is said to have been sawed in half, lengthwise, with a buzz saw. The Portuguese authorities have since complained that no one outside Portugal seemed to be much shocked by all this, and they surely have a point. Roberto himself, who was in New York at the time, attending a United Nations meeting, was genuinely shocked, according to one observer; he claimed merely to have given orders for a general strike and extensive sabo-

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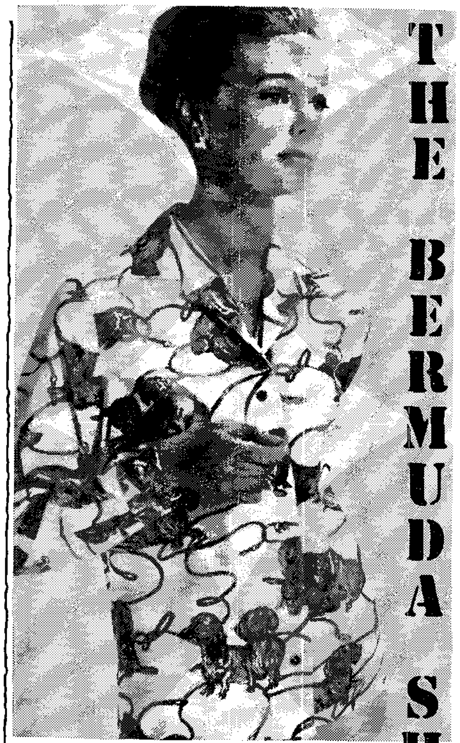
tage. From the pattern of the attack, however, it seems clear that *someone* planned it, and that the Portuguese were quite right in calling the operation terrorist. In the following weeks, a thousand more Europeans and probably as many as thirty thousand Africans were killed. Then, in September, as part of its reaction to the crisis, the Salazar government put through a law to the effect that all Africans in Angola were from that time forward to be considered as Portuguese citizens with full rights, though what this law has meant in practice is still not clear. Its enactment was generally attributed to Adriano Moreira, the young Minister of Overseas Affairs, whom Salazar had just brought to power, and who was thought to be his heir. (An Army group later forced Moreira out of power, and some people believe that the military men resented his reforms, but a few Portuguese have said, with the justifiable cynicism of people who have lived for thirty years under a corporate state, that the Army group may have objected to him not because he was so much unlike Salazar but because he was so much like him. Besides, one generally has to wait a good deal longer for a man of forty to die than for a man of seventy-four.) In October, the Defense Ministry in Lisbon announced that the military phase of operations had been completed, and that the Army would be used chiefly for mopping up and for a program of reëducation. The announcement belongs in the annals of public optimism somewhere alongside Neville Chamberlain's 1938 promise of "peace for our time."

Before I left Luanda, I talked to a few people in the government, but I can't say that I got much from them except overwhelming courtesy. The courtesy struck me as remarkable in itself, however, for Americans have not been popular in Angolan official circles since the United States, on the very day the U.P.A. first attacked in the north, supported a resolution in the United Nations calling on Portugal to take immediate steps toward granting full self-determination to the populations of her African colonies, or provinces. On several occasions since then, the United States has sided with Portugal directly or indirectly—last summer, when the Security Council voted on an arms embargo against Portugal, we abstained—but the old wounded feeling persists. So, however, does the courtesy. Among critics of the present regime, there is a tendency to treat the unfailing good maners of practically all Portuguese as a kind of plot designed to hide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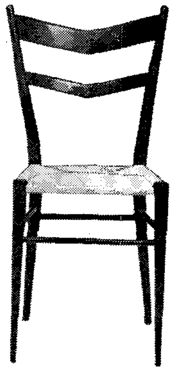
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136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

oppression. This is unfair without being altogether inexact. One may be smothered by kindness to the point where it is difficult to be critical, but that kindness has no such base object. Over and over again, a guest of the Portuguese is forced to remember that he is being treated—and judged—by standards that he thought had disappeared centuries ago. In any case, the officials told me that there was nothing whatever wrong with Angola that the government wasn't attending to, in a strong, paternal fashion, and the phrase I heard most frequently was "if people outside would only leave us alone and give us a chance." There was clearly some justification for this attitude—outsiders interfere much more readily in the affairs of weak nations than in the affairs of strong ones—but I had to point out that many of the recent liberalizing changes had been set in motion precisely by these abrasive foreign influences. I also heard a variety of facts and opinions: that the Governor General of Mozambique a few generations ago was black, that forty per cent of the administrative officials in Angola, including some in high places, were nonwhite, and that Africans had the mentality of fourteen-year-olds. It is easy to imagine the delight of all those fourteen-year-olds at being called "Your Excellency."

I did learn something about Angolan education, if not politics, from the director of the Liga Nacional Africana, which had honorable origins as the first cultural association of *assimilados* in Angola but which is now a para-government organization, with government-appointed administrators. I went to see the director one afternoon, and was met at the head of the main stairs of a lovely old villa by an impeccably neat and nervous little man who was clearly somebody's Uncle Tom. His daughter—a young lady who was wearing a lavender dress very tightly belted around the waist, colorful but unmistakably *haute-couture* beads, and stiletto heels—was on hand to act as interpreter. The director's answers to my questions weren't exactly fiery, and his daughter translated them in a charming accent all airy with "h"s. "Fathhher says there is no heconomic discrimination amonghst the rhaces. He says that dep-hends on one's condhition of lhife." I asked the director if Angolans lived in a *truly* interracial society. I understood the answer in Portuguese, and it was an unqualified affirmative, but when the daughter translated, she said, her great eyes shining with innocence, "Fathhher

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would lhike to say nho—nhot yhet.” With that, I dropped the subject of politics and went on to education—a field in which the director and his daughter, a teacher herself, were able to give me some statistics. The schools of Angola, I learned, were mostly of two kinds—government and mission—and, in all, they have about a hundred and thirty-five thousand students, several thousand African teachers, and several hundred white teachers. The government has recently worked very hard to expand its educational facilities, and it expects to have at least sixty per cent of the country's children studying by 1965. In such an enormous, sparsely settled land, this is just about the best that can be done. The great majority of the schoolchildren are Africans who attend special classes where they learn Portuguese, and even in the regular schools between half and two-thirds of the pupils are Africans or of mixed parentage. However, in the higher grades the registration drops abysmally, and so does the ratio of black to white students. In 1958, only about two thousand students took the entrance examinations for the five official high schools, and less than a quarter of these were of mixed or African parentage. The illiteracy rate among Africans in Angola has been estimated at about ninety-seven per cent; among white Angolans it is somewhere near twenty per cent. In Portugal itself, it is forty per cent.

FROM Luanda, I flew to a town in the south called Sá da Bandeira, a district capital situated on a plateau more than four thousand feet above sea level. When I landed, I was met by the district governor's secretary. In Angola, one is always met, at least if one has checked in with the Information and Tourist Bureau upon arriving in Luanda, and if one hasn't checked in, it is difficult to talk to anybody, or even, in the war zones, to travel. This state of affairs has been pointed to as evidence of police control, and to some extent it is, but there is also an element of uncontrollable official pride involved. The Portuguese phrase *“para inglês ver”* (“for the English to see”) is not often used any more, but it roughly describes the national passion for putting up a good front. Just about the most disastrous thing one can say to a government official is “Don't put yourself to any trouble.” That is exactly what I said, in miserable French, to the district governor's secretary, who had the clipped mustache of a Latin rake and

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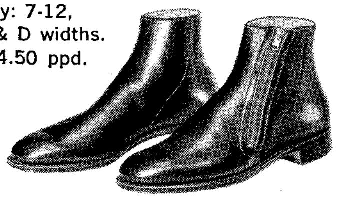

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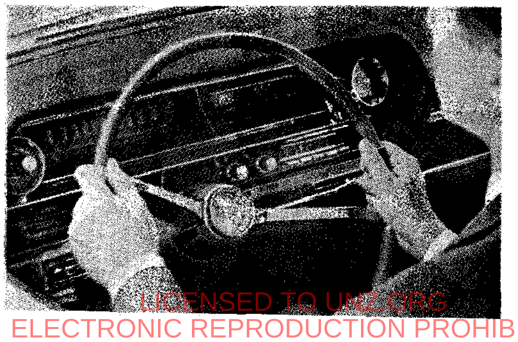

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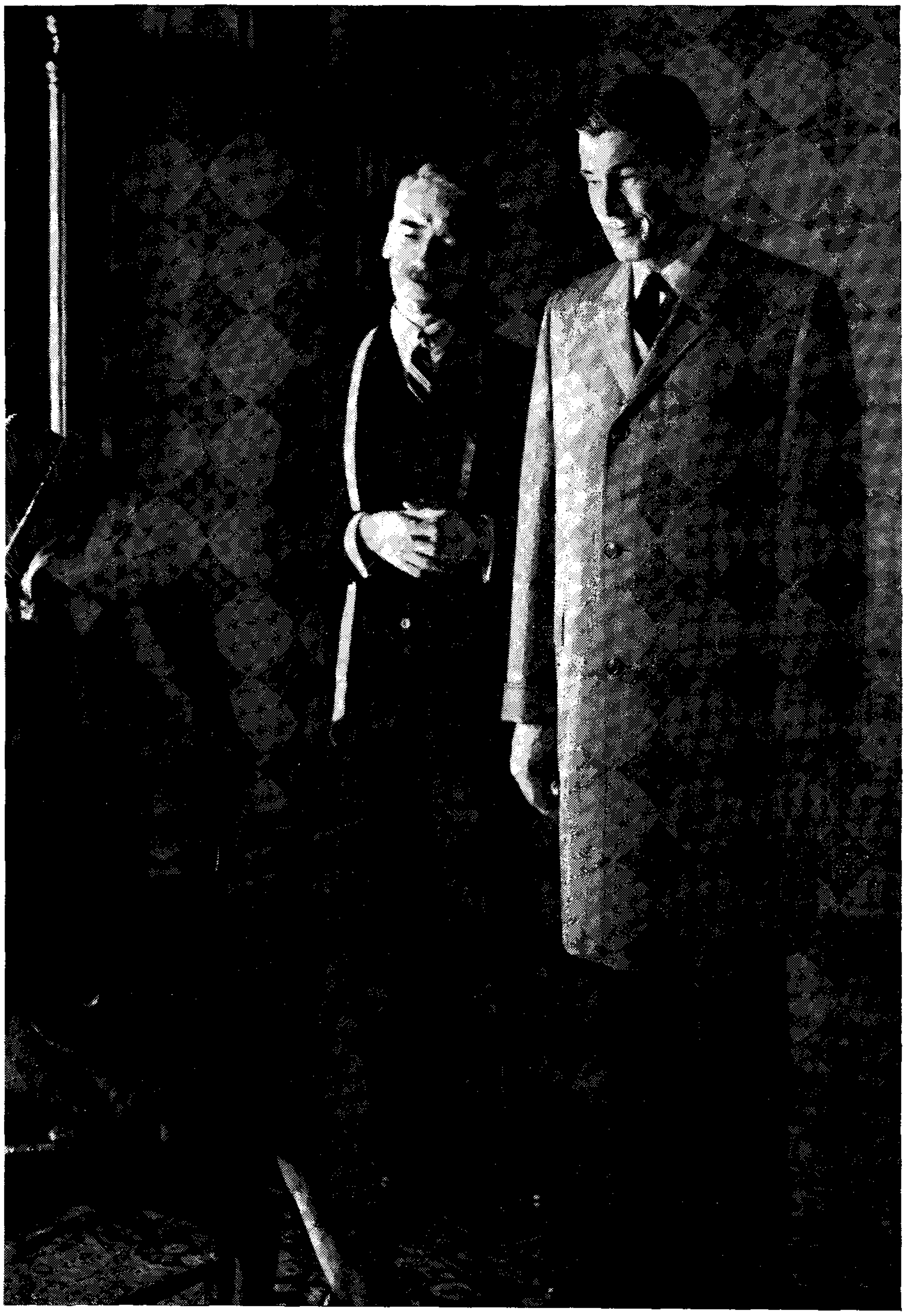
was wearing aggressive dove-gray shoes and a sports jacket, and he replied, in French that was almost as bad, that he was at my entire disposal; from the gleam in his eye, I gathered that this man was going to put himself to trouble even if it killed us both.

It very nearly did. He had a jeep, and he raced me around the town with a fine disregard for intersections. We viewed the Governor's Palace, which was painted a muted orange and adorned with bright-orange flowers; the local casino; a park; and a great many pastel-colored bungalows, with regulation gardens. The town was, in fact, a model suburb, but a suburb of some city five or six thousand miles away. I asked my new friend, whose name was Alvaro, how many people lived here, and he said fifteen thousand. This seemed a rather small figure, and when I inquired further, I discovered that he meant fifteen thousand *white* people. Altogether, he said, there were about fifty thousand. We drove past a swimming pool, and it was occupied exclusively by white children; an African boy of twelve or thirteen was digging a ditch nearby. But again the division was mostly one of class, not race. I saw white children living on the outskirts of Sá da Bandeira who probably wouldn't have felt altogether at ease in the pool themselves. They lived as the Africans did, often as their neighbors—sometimes, indeed, within the same families. And scattered all through the community, though at first they weren't visible, because they blended so well with the groves of trees and the folds of the undulating land, were hundreds of thatched African huts, which one could run to earth by staring into the hazy sky until one caught a thin trail of blue smoke and then following it down. Occasionally, we drove beside meadows where African women marched along in single file—one, a nubile girl, carried on her head an enamel washbasin in which an armless celluloid doll lay on a bed of leaves—without appearing to notice us. Then Alvaro told me he had some things to show me outside the town, and as we plunged off the paved road onto a dirt road it started to rain in buckets, and grew quite chilly. This didn't seem to daunt Alvaro, who headed up what appeared to be a small cascade, driving faster and faster, and I didn't let on that it daunted me. Once or twice, though, we came so close to catastrophe that even Alvaro paled. At last, after we had almost gone through the roof, he sighed gently and slowed down to forty miles an hour. I felt as



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though I had just passed a tribal puberty test, and I suspected that Alvaro had been trying to purge me of my guilt for America's crimes in the U.N. After showing me a stock farm, with some impressive cows, and a vegetable farm, with some delicious pears, he became wholly permissive and proposed that we go see something really stupendous. I agreed, and we drove to the Chela escarpment, where one may stand on the edge of a rock and look down thousands of feet into tropical jungle. For a moment, I considered throwing myself off, in that casual way one's life will probably be disposed of anyway, just for the pleasure of passing from the chilly shelf, where flat rocks all around stared with blind faces, down to the lush forest, with bright birds screeching and heavy creatures moving through the underbrush. In the end, watching a waterfall slither down the sheer face of the rock, I began to worry about slipping, and doing by accident what it might have been glorious to do on purpose.

On the way back, Alvaro brought up politics for the first time. "Friendship is like a good cup of coffee," he said, referring to America's "betrayal" of Portugal. "Once it grows cold, it can never be reheated." I didn't know how to answer that, except to say that I didn't agree. During my stay in Angola, I was to hear many times the complaint about Friendship Betrayed. I even found it tacked to office walls: "*O falso amigo é pior dos inimigos.*" If this clannish view of political loyalties was an oversimplified one, I thought, it did reveal an admirable capacity for friendship.

The next day, I heard some other views on betrayal, very emphatically expressed by a man I shall call Senhor Lourenço de Matos. (He asked me not to reveal his name.) I had been given a letter of introduction to him by some of the liberals I had met in Lisbon, and I went to see him at his house—one of the pastel-colored bungalows. When we sat down, in upholstered wicker chairs, in his living room, I asked him about our "betrayal" of Portugal, and he replied earnestly, "As far as I'm concerned, the United States *has* betrayed Portugal, and Angola, too. But not in the U.N., as the newspapers tell us. Most people here read only the controlled press. In my work, I get to see a bit more. I don't think the Kennedy administration could have taken any other position in regard to Portugal. The *real* betrayal came at the end of the war. You see, most Portuguese—I honestly

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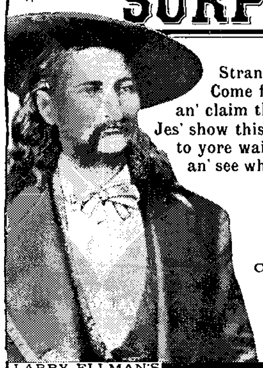
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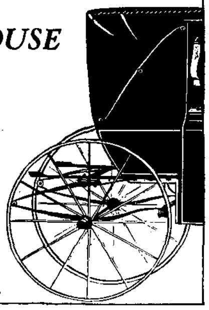
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believe *most*—thought that when the other dictators were gone they would have a chance to get rid of theirs, too. Then they saw that America and England were *supporting* Salazar. A lot of us took risks to oppose Fascism during the war, you know. If you had only let us alone, instead of propping up the dictatorship!"

At this point, Senhora de Matos, a young woman with an air of both good humor and gravity, came in with glasses of foaming beer and sat down to listen. "You know, in 1958 the people here in the south voted about sixty per cent for Delgado for President," her husband said. "It was a fair election, I think; that is, I doubt if we got much *more* than sixty per cent. The government made a mistake; they didn't think we had a chance. We voted for Delgado not because we liked him so much but because we didn't like Salazar. Probably the majority of the Europeans here don't want complete independence from Portugal yet, but they do want a greater degree of independence, both economic and political. There's a great deal of resentment—we're tied to a limited-produce economy, and it's difficult to industrialize our resources. Besides, we aren't permitted to compete with Portuguese products. All the same, we are self-supporting—in fact, our volume of trade is overtaking Portugal's—and we could earn a lot more on the free market. People say that Portugal couldn't exist without her African colonies, but I don't believe it. The majority of the people in Portugal are so poor they wouldn't notice the difference. A few hundred families would be much poorer; the rest, unfortunately, would have about what they have now."

My host paused and sipped his beer. "The uprising came as a shock," he said, after a moment. "We thought we were loved, and evidently we weren't. But then I've been here all my life and I know less and less about what's going on. I think a lot of the trouble in the north was due to the crisis in the Belgian Congo. When things went to pieces there, many natives who had emigrated for higher wages and better working conditions came back, full of resentment. But the thing that probably touched off the fighting was the fact that a lot of the planters up north were new to Angola and some of them were very unscrupulous. Quite a number of natives were forced off their land to make room for the large coffee fazendas, for instance—coffee needs good shade, and you don't always find it—and then there was the forced growing of

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cash crops that had to be sold through certain channels. I have no doubt that *many* bad things went on up there. And the worst of it is that, in a way, the uprising has saved Salazar from a lot of his own opposition—not only here but in Portugal."

The conversation turned to the law abolishing the status of indigenous people and making everybody Portuguese, and Senhor de Matos said, "Well, I don't know how good it is. All the people are supposed to be given cards attesting to their Portuguese citizenship, but I don't know how many have actually received them. And that same law doubled the head tax the Africans have to pay. Now we all pay the same tax—seven dollars a year in your money. That's the kind of equality people don't always appreciate."

Finally, I asked Senhor de Matos whether there was any chance of coöperation between Portuguese who felt as he did and the rebel groups, and he said, "I think some of us—even many of us—would like to negotiate with a native organization run by people who were educated enough politically to serve as go-betweens between the Africans and us. The trouble is that we don't have much political education ourselves, after all these years of one government. I think we ought to have a meeting with the natives, but with whom, and when? You just can't talk to people who aren't there, or who aren't serious. I've heard that Holden Roberto isn't a man you can deal with, but Mário de Andrade at least has a Portuguese name and they say he is very intelligent. I understand he is the more moderate of the two, so it's hard to see how he could be a Communist, isn't it?"

As I travelled in the south, I learned things about the 1958 elections that Senhor de Matos apparently hadn't known. In some places, a great many more than sixty per cent of the voters had supported Delgado; one government official in the interior told me that he himself had adjusted the figures downward. On the whole, I found that the Portuguese who had lived longest in Angola were most critical of the metropolitan government. This disaffection among Europeans occurs in other parts of Africa, too, but, as usual, in Angola there is a difference. The older white settlers—and many of the young people who were born in Angola—tend to identify themselves with the Africans, sometimes to an amazing degree. One planter I met, a wiry, intense young man who had never been to Portugal, spoke of Salazar's rule as people in the

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colony of Massachusetts might have spoken of British rule two hundred years ago. "We'd be willing to coöperate with someone like de Andrade tomorrow," he said. "He's an Angolan, just like the rest of us. We're *not* Portuguese. I want the natives to have more, and I'll help them get it. Only I'm not going to give what I've worked for to another man just *because* he's black. It's not my fault I'm not black myself. I think an independent, bi-racial government—even with the whites in the minority—is the only way out of this mess." Most of the people I met in the south, of course, didn't go to such an extreme, but it was obvious that in a wide-open election a pro-government man would have about as much chance there as Robert Welch would have in a New York City mayoralty campaign.

THE root of Portugal's difficulties in Africa has always been economic. Portugal's national income is just about a fifth of Sweden's, though it has a million and a half more people. Since the sixteenth century, the Portuguese have swung regularly from hopefulness to gloom over the prospect of finding something of value in their colonies other than human labor. In Angola, they did find diamonds, of course, and these bring in about twenty-three million dollars a year, but the project is largely financed by a British-and-Belgian-owned firm, which takes out half that amount. In the mid-nineteen-twenties, Portugal was in deep financial trouble, which had bred about forty governments in less than fifteen years—the last of them Salazar's. To some extent, Salazar's rise to power resulted from fears that the African territories would break away unless something was done. The new leader ruthlessly set about balancing his budget, and did—largely by letting Angola and Mozambique share Portugal's burdens. Today, Portugal exports about twice as much to her major African provinces as she imports from them, and the prices are controlled, to Portugal's benefit. Other things are controlled, too. Angola is not permitted to produce wine, for instance, though grapes could grow well there, and in one recent year Angolans spent more than twelve million dollars on the wines of Portugal. And the growth of Angola's textile industry has been deliberately limited, in favor of the textile factories of Lisbon and Oporto.

To the outside world, however, the most controversial aspect of Portugal's economic policy in Angola has been its

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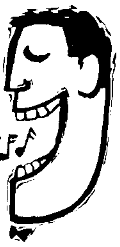

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labor laws. The Portuguese Empire abolished slavery by gradual stages in the years between 1858 and 1878, but in 1906 the English journalist Henry Nevinson, in a book called "A Modern Slavery," accused the Portuguese of promoting forced labor in Angola and their other colonies. According to the American scholar James Duffy, whose book "Portuguese Africa" has drawn praise from Portuguese and Africans alike, a Portuguese who bore the interesting name of de Andrade defended his country's policy early in the twentieth century as follows: "The education to give the native must be, above all, one which will make him a worker. . . . But how can we keep him from passing from a worker to a foreman, to an engineer, or, to put it bluntly, from being bossed to being the boss? Such a result may only be obtained by a labor law which, badly interpreted, will be called slavery." Angola has had badly interpreted labor laws from that day to this, and most of the controversy about them has centered on what is called contract labor. Under this system, all native men between the ages of fourteen and sixty who couldn't prove that they had worked at least six months of the previous year could be forced to work, under contract, on public projects or in agricultural, mining, or construction enterprises for the following six or twelve months. For years, the Angolan administration itself helped in the recruiting. As the English journalist Basil Davidson, who visited Angola in 1954, pointed out in the *New Statesman and Nation*, there was a considerable distinction to be made between even this dubious principle and its practice. Among a largely illiterate people, the very concept of a contract was bound to be imperfectly understood, even if anyone tried to explain it, and it was not unnatural that the people might prefer slavery. According to a report that Henrique Galvão wrote in 1947, they did. "Under slavery, after all, the Native is bought as an animal: his owner prefers him to remain as fit as a horse or an ox," Galvão pointed out. "Yet here the Native is not bought—he is simply rented from the State, although he is called a free man. And his employer cares little if he sickens or dies. . . . [The employer] will simply ask for another." Of course, the employer did have obligations, fixed by a 1928 labor code, which looked fairly good (for 1928) on paper, but in general a *contratado* often worked hundreds of miles away from home, and his monthly pay varied from three to six dollars, part

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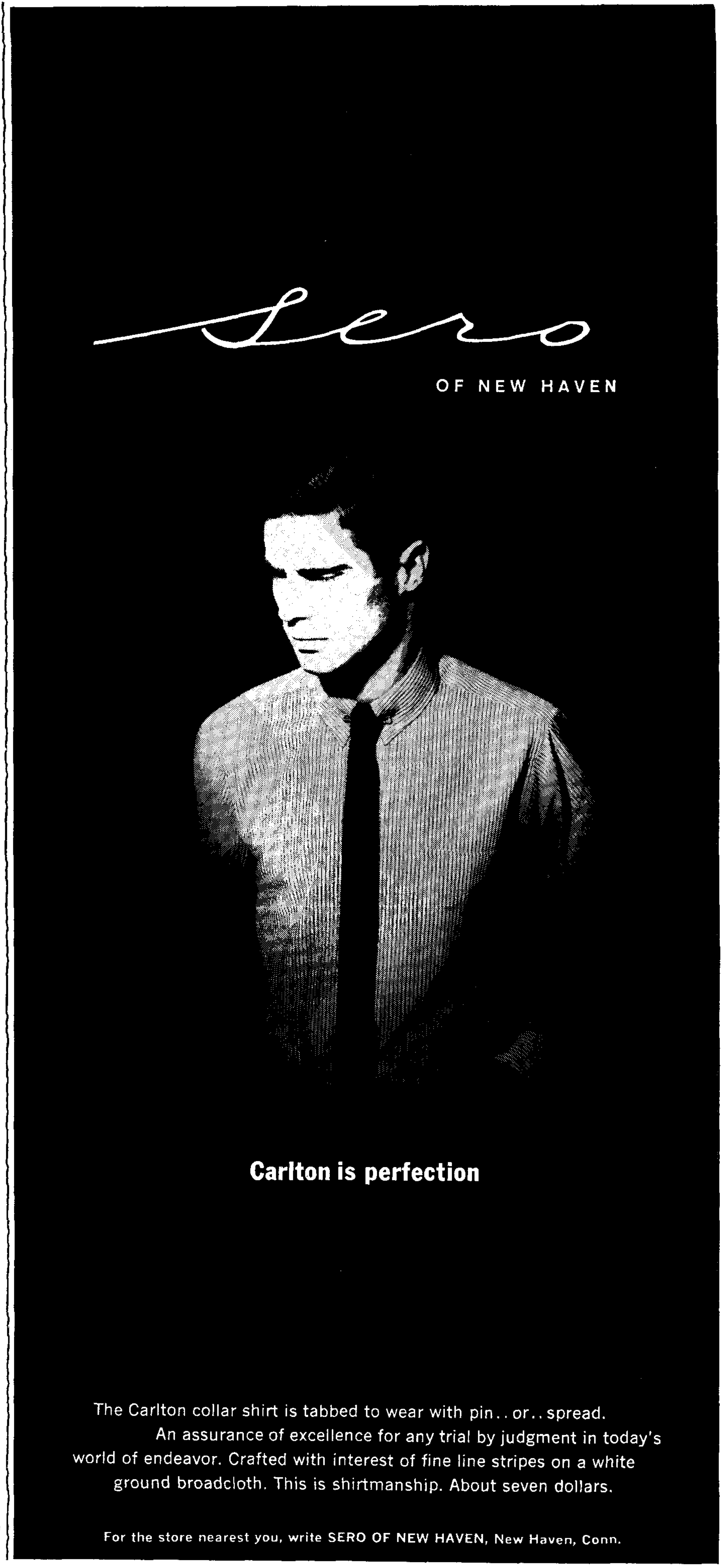
of which was withheld and applied to taxes. Mr. Davidson, in his article, claimed that there were three hundred and seventy-nine thousand *contratados* in Angola in 1954, and that they had been rounded up by local chiefs on the order of the government *chefe de pôsto*, or district commissioner. Many Portuguese contradicted themselves and each other on this point; they said that the workers freely contracted themselves out (this was sometimes demonstrably true), and at the same time they explained that the African was innately lazy and wouldn't work at all unless he was forced. (The Portuguese might do well to read a pamphlet written by Father Pierre Charles, S.J., about a part of Africa adjoining theirs, in which he says, "Without hard and steady work, no African population could have survived. It is romantic nonsense to imagine Nature suckling her heedless children in Africa.") And one heard a good deal about the advantages the *contratados* enjoyed—accommodations and food at the work camps were better than the *contratados* got at home—and how their wages compared favorably with what was paid to lazy volunteers in other African countries, including the independent ones. However this may be, the 1961 law abolishing native status in the African provinces of Portugal also theoretically abolished the native work laws, but though new labor laws have been announced—they provide for minimum wages, vacations, and so on—almost everyone in Angola agrees, when pressed, that the old system is probably still being used, with a few modifications. The government, for example, has ceased to do the active recruiting and also, presumably, checks on the employers for abuses. All the same, many critics of the Portuguese native policy seem to be wrong, or at least unclear, when they use the terms "contract labor" and "forced labor" as moral abstractions of evil that may be applied to any situation without regard to the particular circum-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stances. In March, 1962, a commission appointed by the International Labor Organization issued a report refusing to sustain charges made by Ghana that Portugal imposed forced labor on Africans. In its conclusions, after suggesting that Portugal was very close to the line at some points, the commission said, "The policy of abolishing forced labor . . . cannot be made fully effective in a context of social and cultural backwardness in which for many people freedom and compulsion are equally impalpable. . . . Freedom is not a purely negative concept; it does not consist only of, and does not necessarily exist by reason of, the absence of compulsion and constraint." It is only fair to add that Ghana had prepared its charges miserably (at one point, it referred to Angola's eleven million diamond workers—thus more than doubling the province's population—and at another, in quoting one of Portugal's labor laws, it mistook the phrase "fiscal obligations" for "physical obligations") and that the commission had the lawyer's vice of taking laws a good deal more seriously than other people are likely to do. Then, too, it was judging Portugal on the basis only of the I.L.O.'s Abolition of Forced Labor Convention of 1957, which is much vaguer than its Forced Labor Convention of 1930. In fact, an I.L.O. report, issued last year, accused a number of newly independent African countries of violating the 1957 Convention—among them Senegal, which, oddly, was represented on the commission investigating Portugal.

I HAD found it easy to get around the south of Angola, but when I set out for the north I learned that many roads were closed, at least to foreigners, and that the only practical way to get to the two towns I wanted especially to see—Carmona, which was one of the centers of the original U.P.A. uprising and then became a base for military operations against the rebels, and São Salvador—was to fly from Luanda to Carmona, fly back to Luanda, and then fly to São Salvador. In Carmona, where I spent only a day, I was met by Fernando dos Santos C. Subtil, a member of the district government, and his wife, Nelly Christiane Madeleine F. Gomes-Subtil—a charming young woman, who acted more or less as the government's official greeter, and who, it quickly became clear, meant to accelerate my Angolan indoctrination. As we drove into town, past a coffee plantation, where birds with bright-red heads and black

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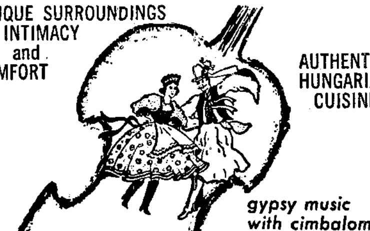

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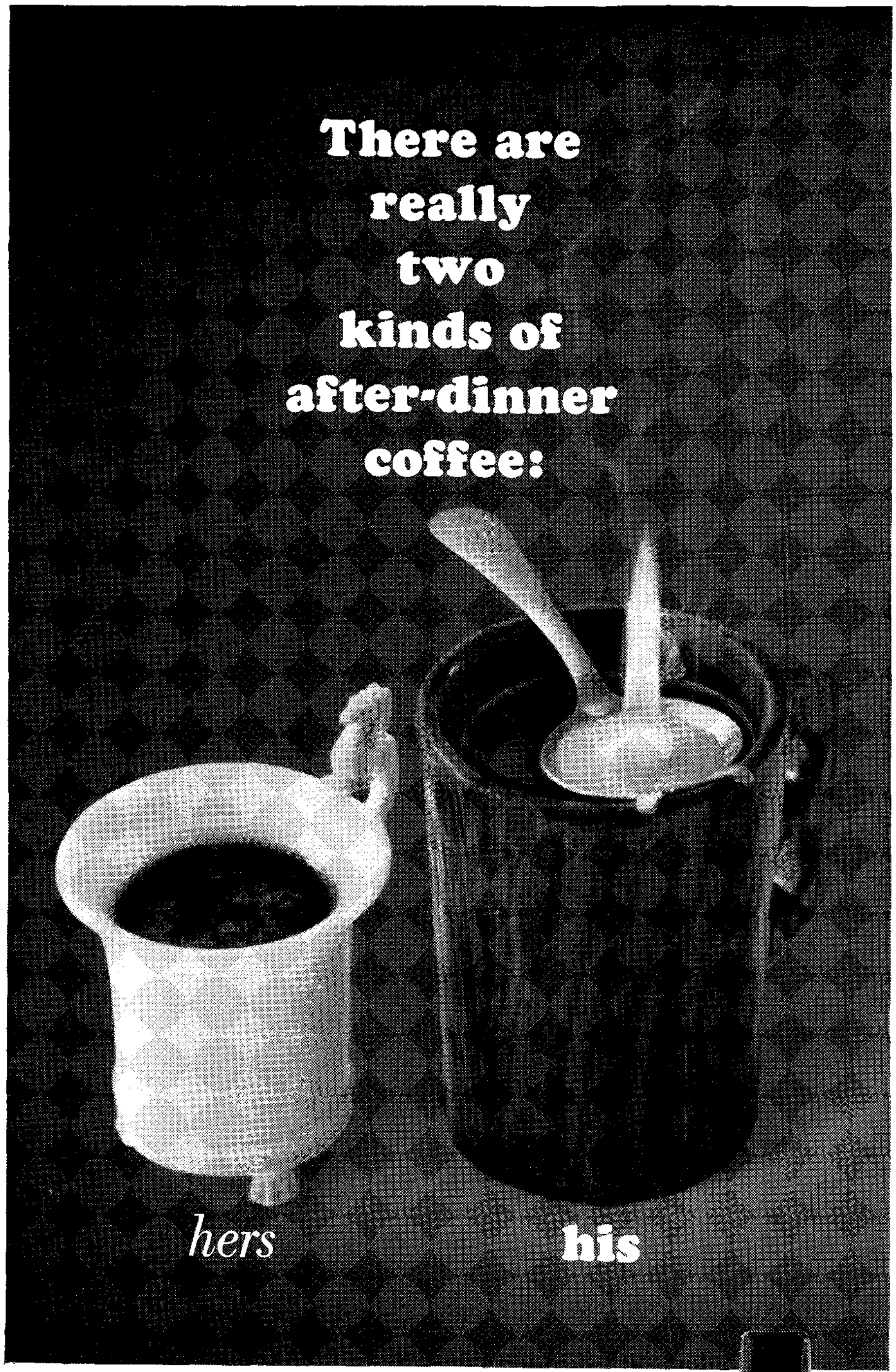
wings knifed through the sky, and others, with sulphur-yellow backs, flitted among the trees, Senhora Subtil told me there hadn't been much fighting in the area recently but that Carmona was ready for anything. "Some of the terrorists come across the border from the Congo," she said. "They spread among the blacks here, and they say to some man who has no education, 'Now, you help us drive all the white men out, and then you can have everything he has—his wife, his house, everything.' And sometimes this poor man without an education will believe it. The black doesn't like to work, you know. He would like to have that house there, for instance, but it doesn't occur to him that six months from now it will fall down if he doesn't keep it up. He never thinks of tomorrow. That's why independence is so wrong. When the black hears of independence, he thinks, I will have everything the white man has—his wife, his house . . . You understand what I mean?"

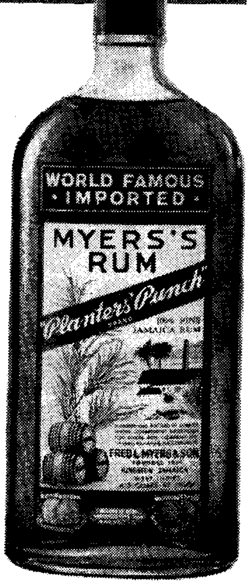
I saw a number of blinded trucks going past; that is, trucks whose windshields were covered by metal plates that had slits cut in them so the driver could see. One truck had a large sign crudely painted on the side: "*Os Sempre Voluntários*," or "Volunteers Forever." Immediately after the uprising, I knew, most of the defense had been entrusted to volunteers; now there were fifty-five thousand regular troops in Angola, well over half of them in the north. "We just weren't expecting anything when the trouble came," Senhora Subtil said. "There were only eighteen soldiers here in town, and when the terrorists started to attack, a man fired a gun from one of the houses and the terrorists cried out that the whites were armed and made off. It was a lucky thing, too, with all the women here unprotected. Of course, lots of the blacks were loyal. They even formed a Salazar Brigade to fight back."

I asked Senhora Subtil whether, in her opinion, most of the terrorists had been Protestants, as I had heard. "Oh, yes, I know that is so," she answered. "Some of the Protestant missionaries here incited the terrorists, there's no doubt about that. I don't know why—and I don't like to say it to you, because many of them were Americans." She looked at me reproachfully.

"They made their mission stations into little towns, didn't they?" I said.

"Yes, that's the way they did it. I know a case where a black came to a *chefe de pôsto* and said, 'My missionary'—'*my*' missionary—'says that on the map the United States is this big and





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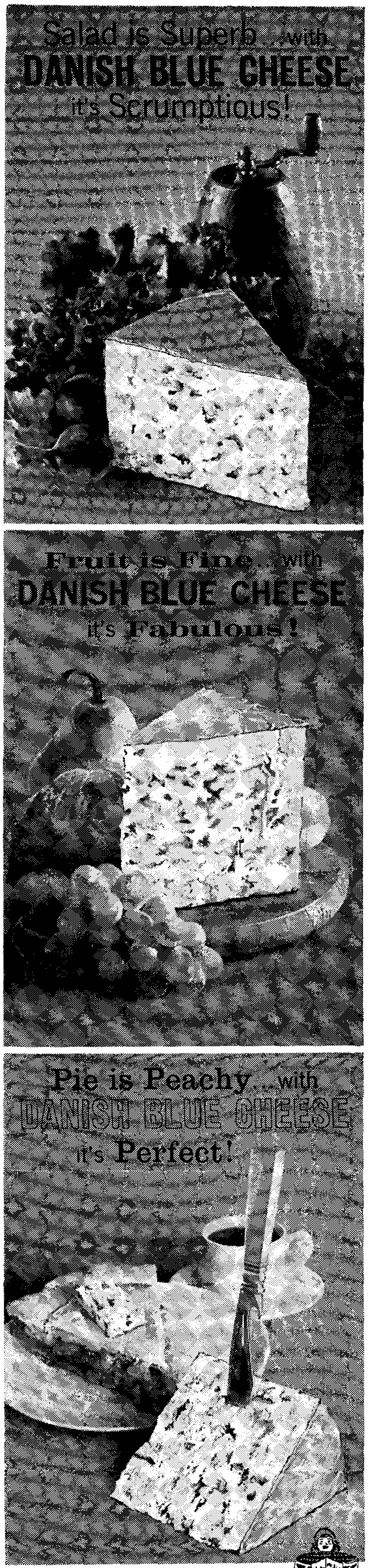

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Portugal is this big.' Do you see? That's just the way it happened."

We dropped Senhor Subtil at his office, and Senhora Subtil took me sightseeing. First, we went to a nursery for children who have been orphaned in the fighting. I had heard about the place, and even knew that one of the little boys had a knife scar starting at the top of his head and coming down nearly to one eye, and that other children, abandoned on the road, had been picked up nearly dead from starvation. Now the nursery was bustling with lively children, black and white. One very small and very black boy sat stolidly in a corner, looking up at the world with the brilliant eyes of those who have not yet learned distrust, although he had had his first lesson. It was pleasant to see these children taking to life again.

Senhora Subtil used the visit as the basis for a brief lecture. "The Portuguese have no racism, you know," she said. "None at all. I believe there is a lot of that in your country, though, isn't there? I think that's where we made our mistake; we take the lack of racial discrimination so much for granted that we didn't realize that perhaps we had to spell it out a little more for you."

I was a bit sobered by this, but later, when I asked her how many people lived in Carmona, she gave me a ridiculously low figure, which, I found, was for the white population only.

In Luanda, Dr. Deodato Coutinho, Secretary General of the province, had told me that the government was building a number of small towns for people who had been uprooted by the rebellion. It was hoped, he said, that Africans would be drawn into these communities by offers of such essentials of civilized life as a steady water supply, social services, schools, and a certain amount of political choice. He smiled dryly at this last, and he didn't add that in a territory afflicted with guerrilla warfare it is useful to have the population living in groups. As we were leaving the nursery, Senhora Subtil offered to show me one of these new towns—or, rather, the site of one, for building had not yet started there—a few miles outside Carmona. For this trip, it seemed, we required an armed escort; the Senhora disappeared for a time, and presently two cars full of soldiers materialized. The cars led us down a road that sometimes barely qualified even as a path, because of incursions of elephant grass, and past a village that had been sacked, in a senseless, hideous way. Finally, we reached the site of the new town.

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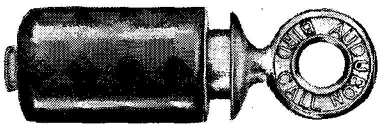

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It was magnificent, I thought. We were surrounded by green hills, humped protectively against the horizon—far enough away not to be confining. From where we stood, the terrain rose slightly to a broad meadow, on which the houses would be built. There were no construction workers in sight, and Senhora Subtil explained that they were off in those hills, working on a pipeline. "The blacks don't want houses of the sort we could put up for them," she went on. "They like huts, and they always do their cooking outside. So the government has said there will simply be a street here, and here, and they can build their huts facing whichever way they want, and not all straight if they don't like that." Having seen government housing elsewhere in Africa, I thought this was a splendid idea. The town was at least off to a good start.

That night, I had drinks with the Subtils, and the most memorable bit of conversation went like this:

"We can't understand why all your newspapers attack us so much," Senhor Subtil said.

I said that very often the newspapers in America spoke of other things besides Angola—America, for instance, and Russia. "Actually, they seldom mention Angola," I said, putting my foot in it.

Senhora Subtil looked at me deeply. "Ah, you mean they don't care about us," she said. "I'm not surprised."

THE following evening, while sitting in a restaurant in Luanda, I noticed a man, eating alone, who was unmistakably a fellow-countryman and almost as unmistakably a missionary. When he reached his dessert, I got up and went over to speak to him, and he asked me to sit down. Missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, have played quite a large part in the history of Angola. The first company of Roman Catholic priests settled in the north in 1491, and at one time the entire Kingdom of the Congo seemed about to become a Christian state; the Congolese had been monotheists to begin with, and King Afonso I, who ascended the Congo throne in 1506, was probably as devoutly Catholic a ruler as Salazar himself. In spite of successive waves of Jesuits and Franciscans, however, there was much backsliding, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the Church had only five priests in the whole of Angola. Then, in the late eighteen-eighties, Portugal admitted Protestant missionaries into her African territories, practically as the price of keeping what

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the Great Powers had left her after they finished carving up the continent for themselves. The Protestants, as I've pointed out, have been a source of trouble—or have been accused of being one. The very methods that the Baptists and the Methodists have used to educate people in their missions have gone against the grain of the corporate state, since they have included the setting up of community governments, which envision a relatively wide degree of political responsibility for the African, and it seems to have been no coincidence that the north, where the Protestant missionaries have done particularly well, was where the trouble started. (The Catholic Church didn't wholly side with the government, either. A number of black priests, especially, have been in serious trouble, and several have been deported to Lisbon. Even the Vicar-General of Angola, Manuel das Neves, was found to be a rebel leader, and Mário de Andrade has a brother who is a priest, and who has been detained in Portugal.) The majority of the Protestant missionaries in Angola did not support Roberto, however, and those who did were mostly asked to leave (some of them from prison cells, where they had previously been asked to stay). Nevertheless, during the rebellion in the north, thousands of Angolan Protestants have been killed or imprisoned, and today it isn't easy for the missionaries who trained them to think benevolently of the government.

My acquaintance was from a mission station in the interior, and he had come to Luanda to buy supplies and to visit friends. Within a few minutes, he had begun to speak to me quite frankly, but he subsequently asked that neither he nor his denomination be identified, so I will call him the Reverend Dr. Hughey. Actually, little of what Dr. Hughey said would seem seditious, or even unreasonably critical, in a place where criticism is taken for granted. "I think," he said, after ordering coffee for us both in fluent Portuguese, "that the extreme stories of punishment and imprisonment you hear about are true to a limited extent, and in some places to a large extent. There have been many arrests among our people—pastors, teachers, nurses, and so on. I won't say that all the educated Africans are under suspicion, but surely the educated Protestant Africans are, and they're often jailed and held without charges. There was a case just a while ago of a man who returned from college in America and went right into jail. And I know of another person, who was extremely pro-government and

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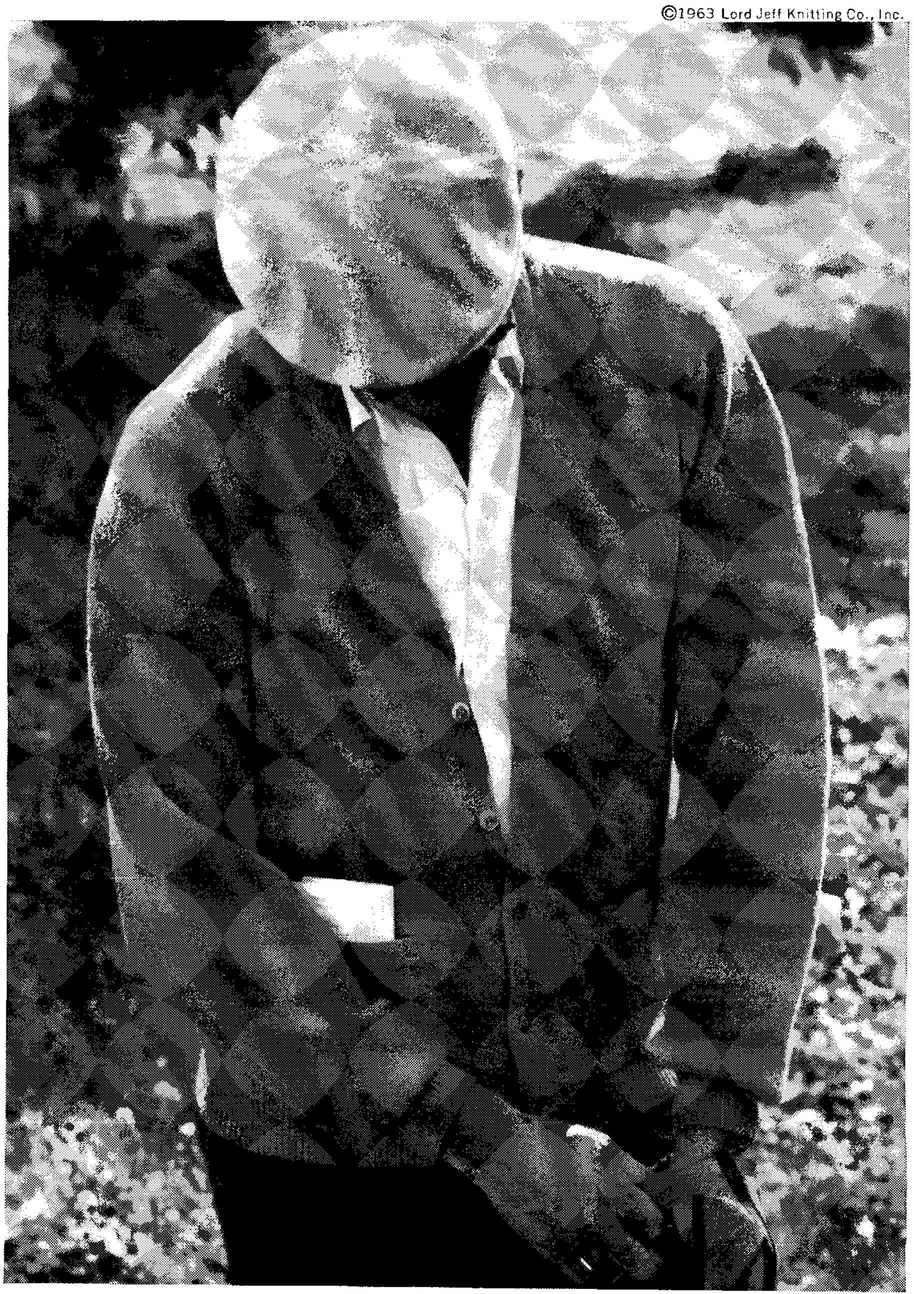
used to say, 'My only dream is to be an assimilated Portuguese.' He's in jail. But as far as I'm concerned, the real sins of the government are not necessarily these. Certainly there have been abuses, but many—most—of the Portuguese are fine people, and on the whole their laws are not so bad. The chief difficulty we have had was that we were teaching independence—not of *them*, of everyone. People in our missions had open discussions and then decided on a course to follow, and they often overruled the opinions of the missionaries. The Portuguese method is different. For years, they have been saying that they believe in assimilation, but you just can't have assimilation in one generation; it simply won't happen, except in rare cases. You must admit the process is taking an awfully long time. Things might be better even now if they could hurry it up. But they can't possibly go fast enough, even if all their efforts are sincere, and they're probably *not* all sincere. Of course, I think immediate independence here without some orderly progression would be disastrous. A lot of people would be killed—and many more Africans than Europeans. It would be about eight times as bad as the Congo."

Dr. Hughey ordered another coffee, I ordered a brandy, and then I asked him whether the government's recent reforms had been intended seriously.

"Oh, yes," Dr. Hughey said. "Reforms have been put through many times, and they are always intended seriously. I will say that things have changed a bit around Luanda. Some people have turned in their old indigenous-status cards for Portuguese-citizenship cards, and the travel-pass regulations, which were officially abolished but unofficially unabolished, are now beginning to be challenged by some Africans. But to a large extent things are still pretty much the same in the back country. Still, they *are* trying, I'll say that."

The government itself wasn't the only force to contend with, Dr. Hughey went on. I gathered that, personally speaking, he was very fond of the administrator of his region and often used him as a bulwark against the Polícia Internacional e de Defêsa do Estado. "As far as I can tell, the P.I.D.E., the secret police, have come to Angola only recently," he said. "There aren't as many of them as people say, either, but they have a lot of informers, black and white. They're not controlled by anybody, and that's what makes them dangerous. The stories you hear about torture and murder by the P.I.D.E. *are* true, and any decent Portuguese will ad-



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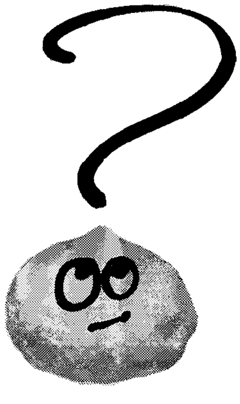

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mit it. When we go to the local administrator for help in getting someone out of jail, the first thing he asks is if this is a P.I.D.E. case. If it isn't, I must say, he usually helps us out, unless there has actually been a civil crime committed. If it is a P.I.D.E. case, he can't do anything about it."

Before we left, I asked Dr. Hughey how his mission was doing, and he smiled. The smile was totally familiar. I thought of the silver collection plate lined with green baize and the hearty handshakes at the church doorway back home. "Well, by golly," he said, "we've never been stronger. Once, the administration—well, someone, anyway—burned a church down, and our people just went off in the bush and made a tree their church." He looked enormously satisfied. "Even young boys now come and ask to be taught to be pastors," he went on, folding his napkin neatly. "It's dangerous for them, and you probably wouldn't expect them to do it, but the Church thrives on persecution, you know, and that's something the Fascists will never understand."

THE next day, I flew up to São Salvador, passing over many of the towns that had been hit in reprisals after the first uprising. While the scale and the ferocity of these counterattacks were regrettable, one found it difficult to blame men whose children had been murdered before their eyes, and whose wives had been literally butchered, for retaliating in the heat of anger and fear. Many, even most, of the African victims were innocent, of course, but undoubtedly some were guilty. On at least two heartening occasions, white people—merchants in one case and a government administrator in the other—actively tried to protect Africans from reprisals, and once, in the town of Salazar, an African pastor was clapped into jail as a means of saving his life. Probably this sort of thing happened in other places also, and, on the whole, during the first weeks after the uprising the government, and even the Army, was a pacifying force. But toward the middle of April, 1961, Salazar himself took over the Ministry of Defense, and a conscious policy of retribution seems to have been adopted. The killings and arrests that have occurred since then, often in places where there has been no uprising at all, seemed a good deal harder to excuse, especially since it appears that the government itself has adopted terrorist tactics, and not in panic but in a deliberate attempt to prevent any further rebellion by a display of force. The

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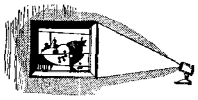

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Portuguese may have originally decided on a display of force to cover up the fact that they really didn't have much force at the time. According to the official statistics, there were only about three thousand European and five thousand African troops in Angola at the beginning of the rebellion. There were also three or four thousand white civilians who had had military training, but the total force available was hardly enough to stop perhaps tens of thousands of rebels. It is likely that on both sides the terrorism was merely a mask for weakness. In any event, the violence separated blacks and whites as neatly as a knife.

Looking down from the plane at the mustard-green land, in places so thick with vegetation that it must have been impossible to take a step without bumping into a tree trunk or a vine, and in other places choked with ten-foot elephant grass, I found it easy to imagine that guerrilla warfare here might last another decade. Now, during the wet season, the hills looked like risen bread covered with green mold. The scattered clouds hung a few hundred feet above the ground, their bellies dark with rain. Over hundreds of miles, there were no signs of human or animal life, and vast stretches of marshy land lay like lakes between the hills. It was a world in which there was no color but green, infinitely varied—astonishingly lovely from above but probably hell below.

At São Salvador, which from a distance looked like another green Congo hill but, closer up, revealed a long gray scar that was the dirt runway for aircraft, I was met by the entire government. This, I later learned, was less a mark of esteem than of boredom. There were five men waiting to greet me: two young *chefes de pôstos;* two slightly older men, who I believe were officially known as secretaries; and a considerably older man, acting in place of the governor, who was away. They kindly asked me to stay with them in their quarters, and then, piling me into a jeep, raced the two or three hundred yards there as though they were late for something. In fact, all drivers of military and government cars move at great speed in São Salvador, not because they have any place important to go but because they haven't. It was strange to see a town at least five hundred years old whose center seemed to be an airport, but the arrangement was logical enough; the roads in this part of the north had never been much good, and now, with the inconvenience of possible ambush, they were deplorable. Today, life gathers around the runways as it once did

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around the railroad stations of our frontier towns. One of the young *chefes de pôsto* was assigned to communicate with me, in French; in the north, French is almost as widely spoken as Portuguese. My *chefe de pôsto* was an intense and nervous young man, with a dashing mustache and a courtly air suggesting plumed hats, sweeping bows, and swordplay. As he showed me to my room, he explained that he would take me around later, though there was little to see beyond several government schools, a small hospital, and the Catholic mission for boys and girls. There had been a Protestant mission here, I knew, but apparently it no longer existed. "After that, my dear sir, I'm afraid there is nothing much to see," my guide added. I remarked that I was hoping to see the Queen of the Congo, and he said, "Oh, yes, I expect she'll be glad to receive you. We haven't had a visitor in months." He paused, caressed his mustache with a trembling finger, and continued, "I was hoping my replacement had come on your plane. I've been here two years."

At least, I said, he must have had plenty to do during those two years.

"Oh, that was nothing," he said. "The worst thing about the terrorism was that they sent the women back to Luanda. When you have unpacked, you may care to join us for a drink."

A few moments later, I went out on the veranda, where my hosts had assembled for a pre-lunch whiskey. The men maintained a precarious calm, I thought, and, with the exception of the elder of the secretaries, who abstained because of liver trouble, each polished off his drink very quickly.

I had read so much about the unscrupulous Portuguese officials in Angola, especially *chefes de pôsto*—how they shattered the hands of workers with the *palmatória*, a sort of wooden bat with five holes drilled into it, and how they sold Africans into slavery for a few dollars a head—that I had expected the *chefes de pôsto* to be ruffian descendants of the old slave traders. They weren't. They were obviously from good families, and, whatever their faults, they weren't ruffians. When I inquired about this, indirectly, I learned that all the present members of the government in São Salvador, except the acting governor, had attended the so-called Overseas School in Lisbon at some time during the years from 1958 to 1961, when Adriano Moreira was its director, and they thus represented an entirely new type of Portuguese official, who was gradually taking control in the African

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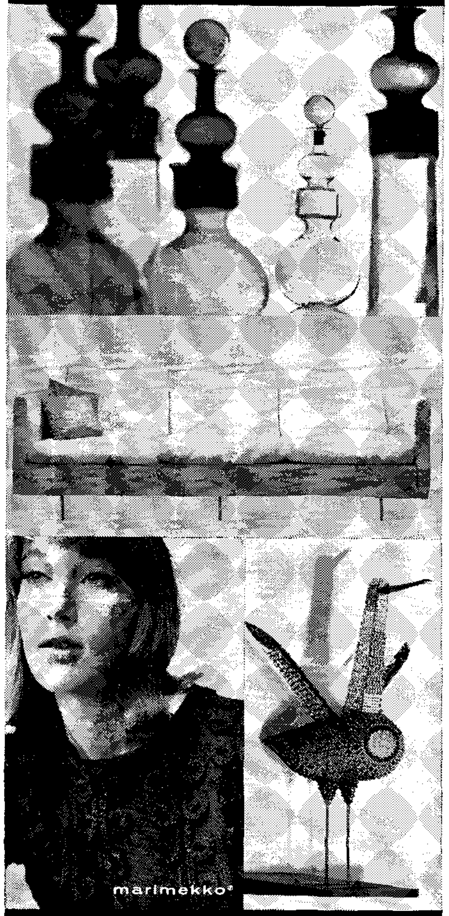

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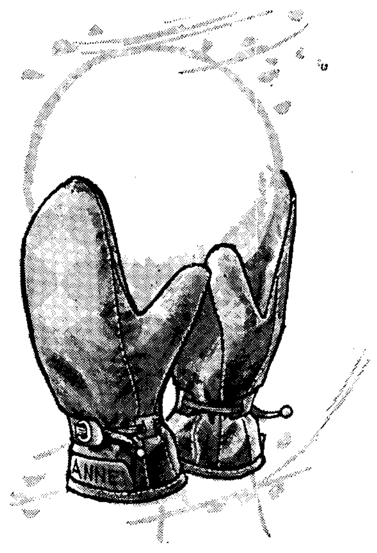

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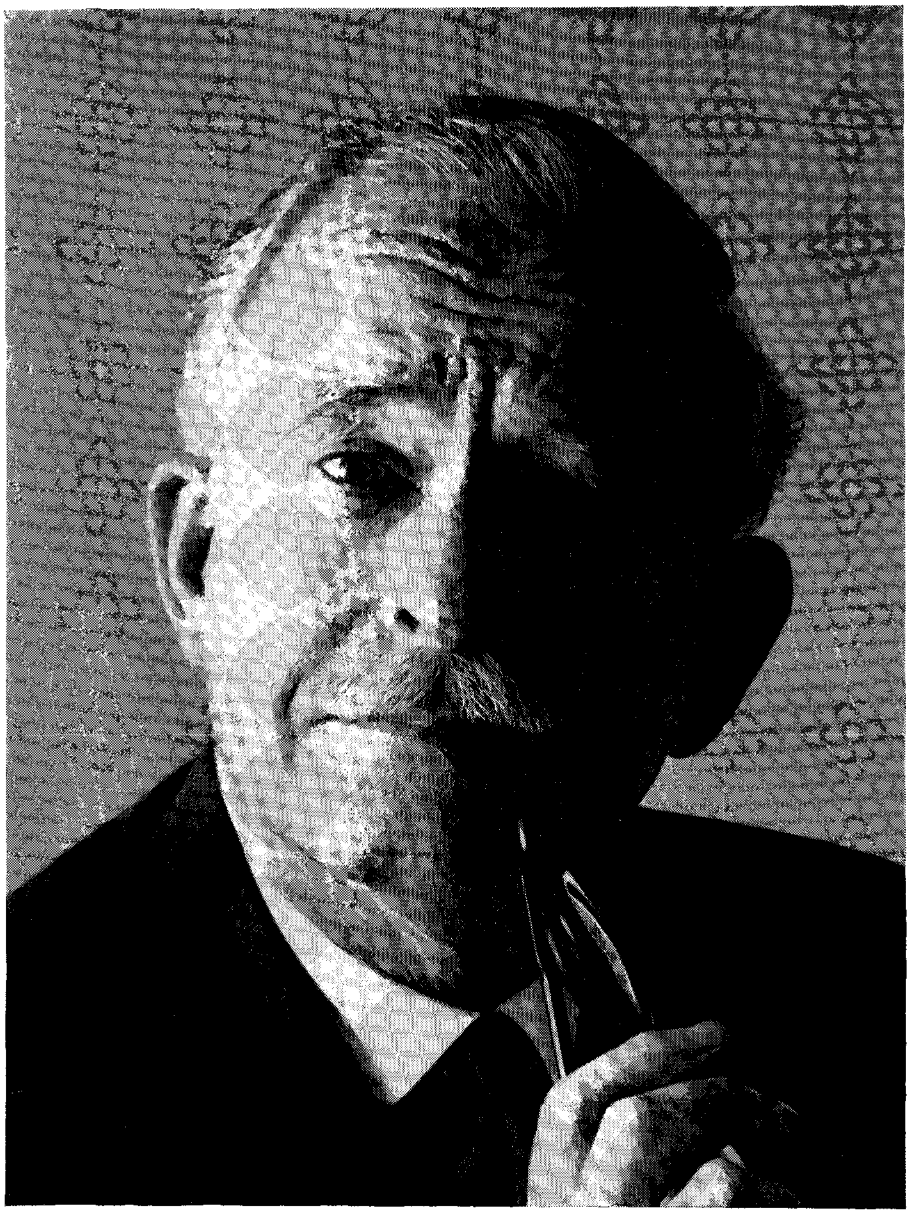
provinces. Without exception, these new men were passionately idealistic—a fact that I would have found more heartening if I had been able to agree with their ideals, which stopped a few decades short of the French Revolution. If the change represented a step forward morally, it probably represented several steps backward politically. It was very hard to picture one of these *chefes de pôsto* using the *palmatória*, but perhaps I was wrong about that. Later on, in one of São Salvador's mission schools—it was interracial, naturally—I saw a little white girl with a large and very ugly bruise at the side of her right eye. The Mother Superior told me, laughing, that the child's father had hit her, because she hadn't done her homework. Then I remembered something that an older Portuguese man had told me about the *palmatória*. When he was a child, he said, it had been used regularly in school, and he and his friends had called it the Old Lady with Five Eyes. As far as corporal punishment is concerned, the Portuguese may not treat the Africans much worse than they treat themselves.

That first day in São Salvador, my *chefe de pôsto* made an appointment for me with the Queen, but before we went to see her we toured the town, which was entirely surrounded by tiers of barbed wire, with searchlights mounted on poles every twenty yards or so and directed outward toward fields of cut-back elephant grass. São Salvador was split in two by the airstrip, and, like American towns built around railway stations, it was divided socially as well as physically by the track. On *this* side were government buildings, stores, and a number of private houses, including the Queen's. On the other side were clusters of thatched huts, where life seemed very tranquil, perhaps because there were almost no African men around. The *chefe de pôsto* explained this curious circumstance by saying that the men were off working—"on activities related to defense," as he put it—but immediately afterward he told me that African men don't *like* to work, and let their wives do it for them. Walking around on the other side of the track, we spoke to a woman preparing a kind of flour made out of manioc in a cooking shack just outside her hut. She reluctantly came out to greet me, and when I extended my hand, she gave me her wrist, because she had been working in flour; anyone who ever had an aunt who made her own bread would recognize the gesture.

As we approached the Queen's house,

"Me drink sherry?"



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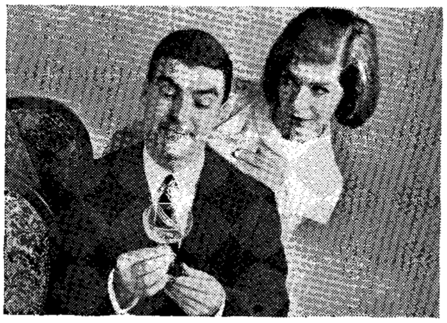

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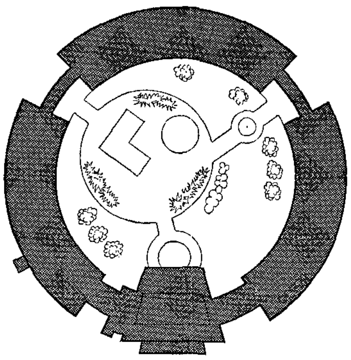
the *chefe de pôsto* said, "Her Majesty can make no decisions affecting her people without consulting her headmen. If she did, she would no longer be Queen. You can ask anything you like, but you may not get an answer right away." The house was a large, rambling affair—one big building, with several small buildings grouped behind it around a yard of beaten earth—and on the front steps, waiting to greet me, was Her Majesty, backed up by seven or eight incredibly old men dressed in faded uniforms of the sort that, these days, one sees only on bellhops and ushers. The headmen were all so sere with age that I doubted if they could be much help in making decisions. The Queen, a pleasantly plump woman, was wearing a mail-order house dress, but she wore it as though it had been cut for her by court seamstresses. I was taken inside and shown photographs and gifts from the former kings of Portugal, and some shabby velvet robes of state. There was also a pitifully broken crown, a sword, and a sceptre, and practically nothing else; the house was almost entirely unfurnished. Still, these symbols of power, with their power extracted, had gained a kind of gallantry. I was invited to ask a question, and I'm afraid I chose a cruel one. "What does Her Majesty think of the present unrest in Her Majesty's Kingdom?" I inquired. After a moment's consultation with an old man in a gold-braided red suit, she replied that it was a question that required a formal council meeting, so I would have to wait a day for the answer. Everyone hobbled out to the front steps again, to watch with rheumy eyes the departure of the foreign visitor. In the front yard was a great tree that had once been reserved for official hangings. It was the only symbol of power that had not yet lost its strength.

The following day, I took a walk around São Salvador alone. One end of the town was occupied by a considerable military force, black and white, and I was given to understand that I wouldn't be very welcome there, especially with a camera. The soldiers more or less made up for the lack of men in town, and I constantly saw them among the women's huts. They were good-natured boys, on the whole, and many of them carried around soiled letters from home, reading them over and over as they walked along. It sometimes happens that educated Africans in Angola will read and write letters for illiterate Europeans. I, however, was unable to make any but the most casual contact



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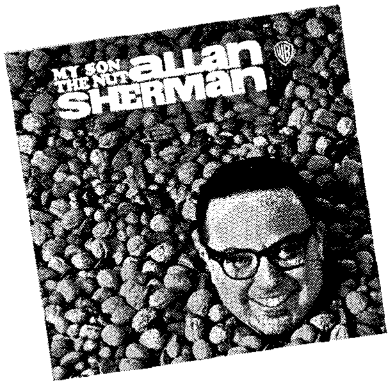

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with Africans, and since I hadn't had that trouble in other African countries, it seemed clear that the war had done its work here, at least for the moment. I left the next morning, but not before I had received the Queen's reply to my question, carefully written on lined paper in a crabbed but well-schooled hand. The document stated the question first: "*O que a Sua Majestade pensa com os seus conselheiros sôbre o estado atual do seu povo?*" The answer began by recalling, as though it were yesterday, the ties that bound the Congo and Portugal, and ended with "We wish to testify, in the presence of Your Excellency, that we are Portuguese and will always be Portuguese, and that whoever crosses a bit of Portuguese earth will have to do so over our dead bodies, because we will defend it to the last drop of our blood."

AFTER leaving Angola, I went to Léopoldville, where, according to newspaper accounts I had read, Angolan intrigue thrives and a dozen different groups are hatching or carrying out revolutionary plots. At first sight, it appears that the most important of these groups is Holden Roberto's U.P.A., for it maintains a sizable military-training base in the Congo and has been conducting repeated forays into Angola, using mortars, machine guns, and explosives supplied by Algeria and Tunisia. Moreover, it is the U.P.A. that has set up the Angolan government-in-exile, with Roberto as Prime Minister, and that government has been recognized by a number of the new African nations. The second most important group is the more pacific M.P.L.A., which seems to have its problems, both internal and external. For one thing, it is widely accused of being a Communist outfit, and, for another, a cluster of splinter factions have broken away from it, some of them after unsuccessfully demanding a policy based on a more frank appeal to race. Actually, the M.P.L.A. embraces several anti-Communist or simple non-Communist subgroups, but there seems to be little question that its inner conflicts have been a reflection of the larger conflict in the Marxist world; a few of the groups that broke away are known as "Chinese," and it is a fact that some of their leaders have, indeed, visited Communist China. However, the M.P.L.A. has various things in its favor. Such states as Guinea and Mali, on the radical fringe of the new African countries, seem to prefer it to the U.P.A., and so, apparently, do many Portuguese

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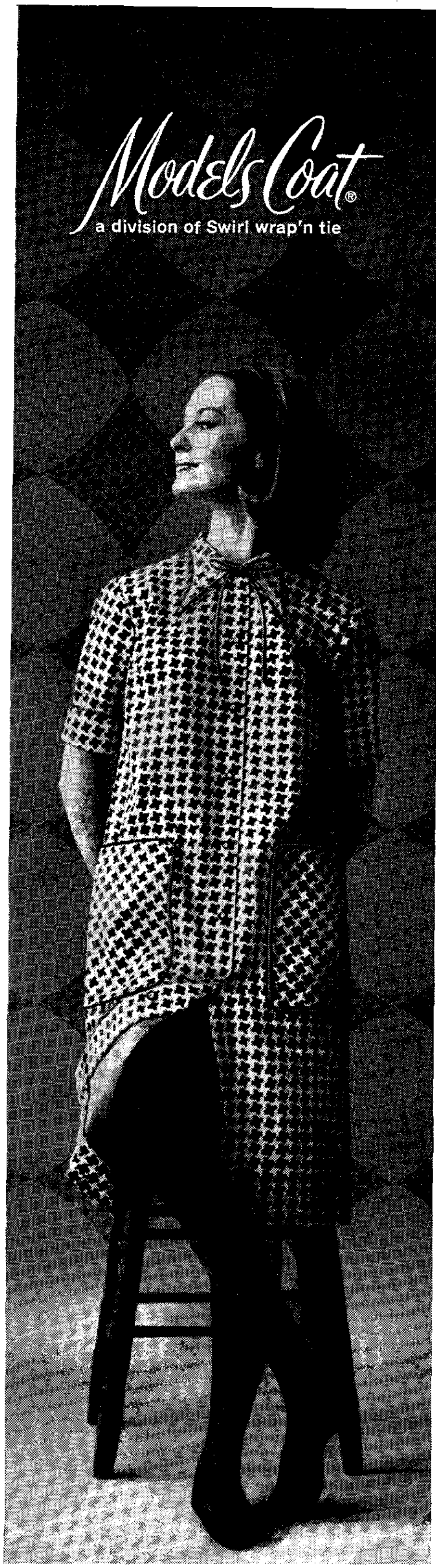
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democrats, who don't seem to be shocked by the accusations of Communism and who probably are impressed by its more moderate attitude toward race. In general, the M.P.L.A. appears to be stronger in the south of Angola and the U.P.A. in the north. To confuse the situation further, the Salazar government, which is spending a good part of its income on the Angolan war and on security measures in other colonies, has been luring various nationalists away from Léopoldville and back to Luanda, whether with promises of reform or with money no one I spoke to could say. On the other hand, several white exiles from Portugal who have been closely in touch with the rebel movements have clarified the situation for me, though only partially and perhaps too hopefully, by saying that if a democratic government came to Portugal, or to Angola, the troubles of factionalism would tend to resolve themselves.

In Léopoldville, I found Roberto's U.P.A. headquarters on a back street near the center of town. It was a kind of compound of weathered frame houses, with a yard of packed earth in the middle, which was crowded with refugees. To one side, in the shelter of a small, tin-roofed building, several large pots were steaming on open fires. I saw one or two men who were apparently wounded, and a great many who simply looked very tired. There were almost no women. I was approached by a bearded young man in a clinical white coat, who introduced himself, in French, as a doctor and the Minister of the Interior of the government-in-exile. He took me to his dispensary, where he showed me the backs of people burned by napalm bombs, and other honorable scars of war. His name was José Liahuca, and he had such an electric quality that I was quickly convinced that—if electricity means anything in rebellions—we would soon all be mispronouncing his name. After Liahuca and I had inspected the dispensary, he took me to an adjoining building and led me into the office of his boss.

When we entered, Holden Roberto was standing on a chair, struggling with a stuck window. "Sit down," he said. "I'll be with you in a minute." His English was colorless and nearly perfect. As he descended from the chair, with the deliberation of a man who despises athletics, I noticed that he was very slight and that he wore the regulation half-rimmed glasses of a prize mission student. Before he sat down, he brushed off his hands and straightened his tie. "Now then, what—" The telephone rang, and

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he spoke into it for a few moments in what I thought was faultless Portuguese, though there may have been a French accent. When he hung up, he looked across his desk at me and said, guessing my thoughts, "You see how childish it is? I'm sure everyone has told you that I don't speak Portuguese and that I've never been to Angola, either—is that right?" It was. "I wasn't there very long, of course," he went on. "I was born in São Salvador in 1925. I lived there three years and then we came to the Congo. We went back in 1932 and stayed four years; then I returned here. But my parents were Angolan, and so am I. My grandfather was involved in rebellions in Angola during the First World War. He was just a slave, but he rebelled. I never had much formal schooling—only the mission and the *lycée* here—but I wrote to Paris for one of those correspondence courses and got along pretty well. I was in the Congo's government service for a while and spent some time in Stanleyville. I knew Lumumba. He was my good friend. Then, in 1954, I set up here, but during '57 and '58 I was nearly forced out by the Belgians. We didn't really get started again until 1960." He spoke quickly and with an assurance that people don't usually have when they're telling someone about themselves. He might have been reading a paragraph out of *Who's Who.* But, of course, he had been through this many times before, and the dates and places connected with his life were now public property. It occurred to me that if he had decided to alter these dates and places, that alteration was public property, too. I had no reason not to believe him, of course, but both he and his detractors considered these facts important. I asked whether he considered his organization a truly national one or whether his support was mostly confined to the north. As I spoke, he leaned back in his chair, and, with the sun glinting on his glasses, he looked like a neat and well-disciplined version of his friend Lumumba. "Of course we're a national organization," he said. "That's another thing they say about us—that our people are only northern Protestants and that we're racist. Many of our officers are from the south, and if you go out in the yard there, you'll meet a lot of southerners, too. What's more, we are *not* racist. We'll need Portuguese Angolans in the country after independence, and we want to keep them, if they will obey the country's laws."

Roberto gave me some mimeographed sheets to read and went out into

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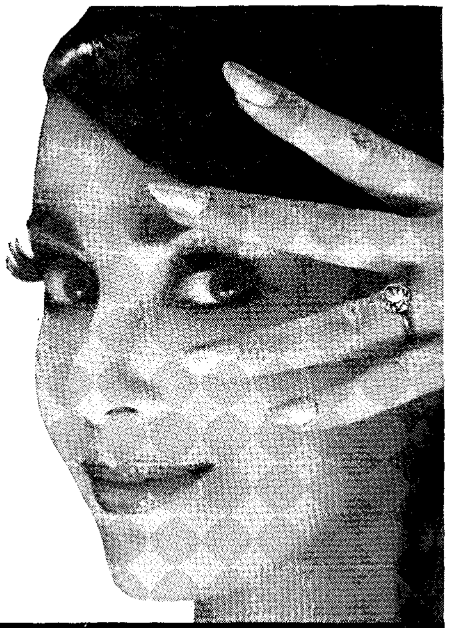

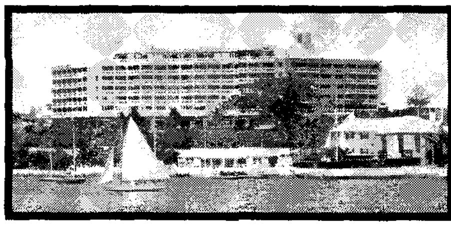

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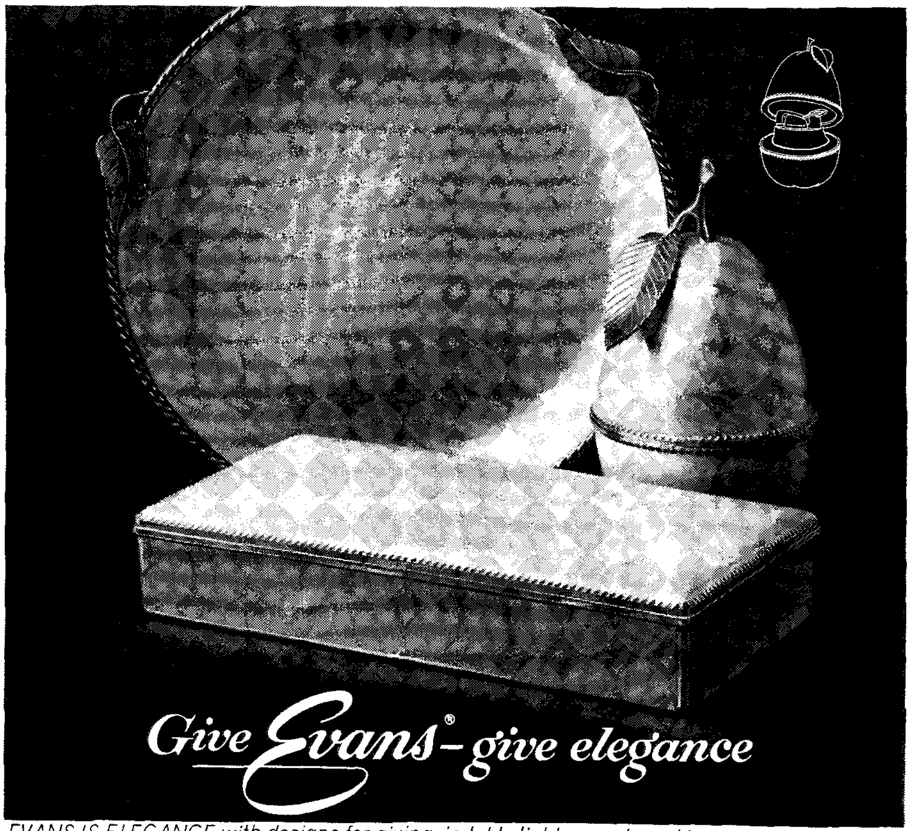

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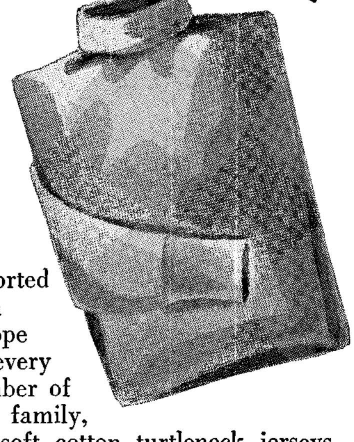
the yard. One of the documents, which was written in Portuguese (a language I can read without great difficulty) and addressed to the people of Angola, began by saying that a number of white Angolans who were opposed to Salazar had formed the Angolan Unity Front, and that the Front was willing to coöperate with the M.P.L.A. After what I had learned, I did not find this surprising, but the conclusion drawn in the document was that the M.P.L.A. was dangerously close to selling out to the enemy, if it hadn't already done so. The document said that a member of the Portuguese government had actually approached de Andrade at the U.N. and offered him a deal. The document ended with an exhortation to Africans in Angola to be suspicious of any movement for independence that collaborated, for any reason, with the whites.

Roberto came back into the office with a few of his Cabinet members and one of the leaders of his soldiers—a man who had just come across the border. Roberto was reluctant to call this man a general, perhaps because he was only about nineteen years old, but he looked every inch a soldier anyway, and stood rigidly at attention. The Cabinet members were rather impressive, too, but one sensed an uneasiness among them. The war hadn't gone on long enough for anyone but Roberto himself to be sure where he stood, and it seemed to me that even Roberto sometimes saw his position through other people's eyes. He was an African nationalist leader and had molded himself in that image without regard for any of the special circumstances in Angola. He would deny that there were special circumstances, of course, and every day the war had been allowed to go on it had helped create classic African nationalist conditions.

I went back several times to talk with this gravely boyish man. I wouldn't have expected him to be so scholarly about his rebellion, but in a way, of course, it is only fitting that African revolutionaries should be somewhat bookish, because the training camp for practically every one of them has been a school—if only a correspondence school. They have stepped into their own heroic age, in which it is fashionable to look like, and even to be, a rising young professor. Furthermore, though I believed Roberto to be an honest man, I couldn't be sure of anything he claimed except that he was the head of an organization that was fighting a war, and that he meant to win. He was extremely sure of himself; once, when I asked



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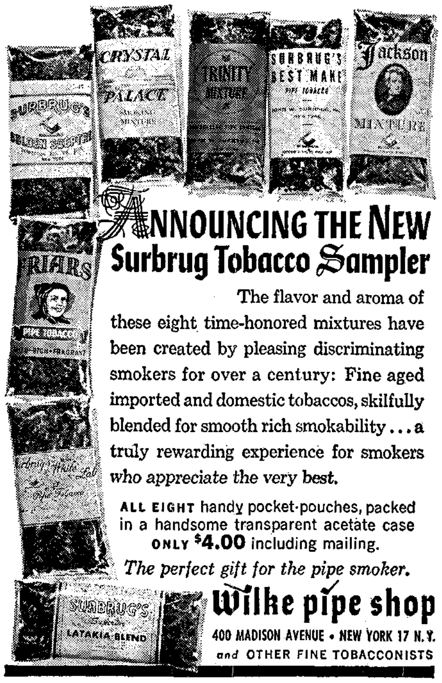

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if he didn't expect a good deal of trouble after independence, in view of the fact that Angola has had about the worst preparation for it of any country in Africa, he said lightly, "Oh, well, all newly independent countries have trouble at first." He didn't seem to have any clear idea of when newly independent countries *stopped* having trouble, and I wondered if he cared very much. Roberto was convinced that the M.P.L.A. was Communist and was taking money from outside Africa. All *his* money came from inside, he said. I wasn't so sure that it did, nor was I convinced that the M.P.L.A. was Communist or that it was in league with the Portuguese government, let alone both. But one morning, when I mentioned this last charge to a Frenchman from Brazzaville, in the former French Congo, and added that it was probably absurd, he said, "*Mon cher, il n'y a rien d'absurde en Afrique—puisque l'Afrique est absurde.*" If Africa is absurd, I decided, it is because events change there so rapidly that a hundred years of history can pass in ten, giving political and social gestures a phrenetic speed, like some of the acrobatics in those old two-reel comedies.

THE M.P.L.A. also had a headquarters in Léopoldville—a large, two-story building, containing an office, a conference room, and a dispensary. The organization was geared to dispense medicine and political pamphlets to refugees, but I found no one around who would speak freely. Agostinho Neto, the leader of the movement, was up the coast at Conakry, the capital of Guinea. From his point of view, Conakry is almost as important a base as Léopoldville for harassing the Portuguese, for Portuguese Guinea lies just north of Guinea itself, and any disturbances there naturally siphon off the Salazar government's strength. I was sorry to miss Neto, for I had been told that he was an interesting and highly popular man—and a Protestant as well, which struck me as odd.

A bit later, I did, however, get to meet Mário de Andrade, who was about to withdraw, or so he had been saying, from Angolan-exile politics in order to do some literary work in Paris, where he had studied and taught. We got together for apéritifs before lunch in the patio of a Léopoldville hotel, and when de Andrade ordered a *pastis*, I said I would have one, too. He recalled his days as a student and a teacher, and if Roberto had been studious, this man was downright professorial, in the

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youthful way that inflames girls at expensive schools. "My main interest is literary criticism and making anthologies, and I'll be delighted to get back to it," he told me, with the accented but academic English of an exchange lecturer.

I said that I had seen a book of his recently, an anthology of African poetry, which had included a number of Neto's poems and just one of de Andrade's own—an almost unbelievable display of discipline, I remarked.

"Oh? Was that the French or Italian edition?"

"Italian," I said.

"Of course it was sold with the prose collection, wasn't it? It's much more expensive that way, but they're only complete together. I've always wanted to do a really thorough study of indigenous African literature. . . . But may I ask what it cost for the set?"

I felt that in a moment he was going to begin to discuss royalties—a favorite topic in the groves of Academe—so I asked what, in his opinion, the difference was between the U.P.A. and the M.P.L.A. He smiled winningly, and began to talk like a man who was addressing just one person rather than lecturing.

"Well, that is based a bit on where we have lived, you see," he said. "The people who have stayed a long time in the ex-Belgian Congo tend to think more racially, I believe, whereas in Angola, especially near the larger cities, we were more influenced by the lack of racial feeling among the Portuguese themselves. Nevertheless, there *is* considerable racial feeling among our followers now. It will take some persuasion to get them to accept the democratic Portuguese, but we think we can do it. We *must* do it. Of course, they will have to meet our conditions—principally, complete self-determination. You will find it all in our program. We're not even opposed to some form of commonwealth arrangement, always provided our terms are met. It's as simple as that. The trouble is that the Portuguese democrats have always hoped that there would be a spontaneous movement toward democracy within the Salazar government. They have wanted to work *within* the law. I think we've convinced them now that this is no longer possible. What we're afraid of, quite frankly, is that Salazar will die in his bed before they've had a chance to overthrow him. That would be very bad." He sipped his *pastis* and laughed nervously. "You see, of course," he said, "that if a *more* extreme government comes in—a military junta, for in-

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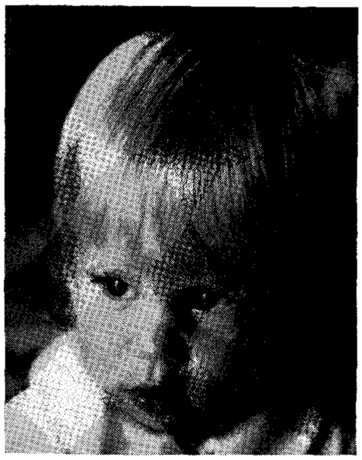

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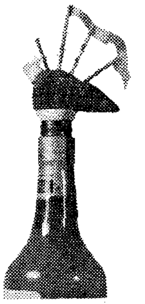

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stance—there is a considerable danger that it will make an agreement with some of the other Angolan dissidents."

I asked if he meant the U.P.A., and he smiled as though I were a particularly bright student.

"Well, I wouldn't want to say that, exactly," he said. "Anyway, there is the danger."

I had read some of the M.P.L.A.'s mimeographed material, and in that Holden Roberto didn't get off so lightly. For one thing, he was accused of physically liquidating educated Africans in Angola, because he was afraid of competition. He was also accused of encouraging racial and religious hatred among Africans themselves, assassinating militants of other nationalist organizations, and taking money from large plantation owners in the north who didn't want to be disturbed. Thus, these two African organizations had accused each other of crimes only a little less damning than the crimes that the Portuguese were supposed to be guilty of. This meant not that they were altogether wrong about the present government but simply that Angola couldn't expect much peace in the near future, whoever won.

"Actually, the key to the overthrow of the Salazar regime is the colonial problem," de Andrade was saying. "However, the difficulty right now is that the Portuguese are in the middle of a colonizing *movement*, while all the other peoples in the world are coming out of it. Very curious. As I told them at the U.N., this is all perfectly hopeless—members of the Portuguese government won't even understand the language you're using, let alone your intentions. You should read some of Salazar's speeches. They're really very funny, like the *regimento*—the royal directive—that King Manuel sent to the Congo king in the sixteenth century. You only have to change a few titles and you have it. The same style down to the last flourish. The Portuguese are just living in the wrong century."

We ordered two more glasses of *pastis*, and de Andrade glanced at his watch. "I'm sorry, I have an appointment in a few minutes," he said. "Is there anything else?"

I asked him straight out whether he was a Communist. He shook his head. "We are Angolans," he said. "Roberto says we are mulattoes and Communists, I know. We take help from wherever we can find it. We've never denied that. We have a democratic program, which everyone can read if he wants to. We also have a number of connections

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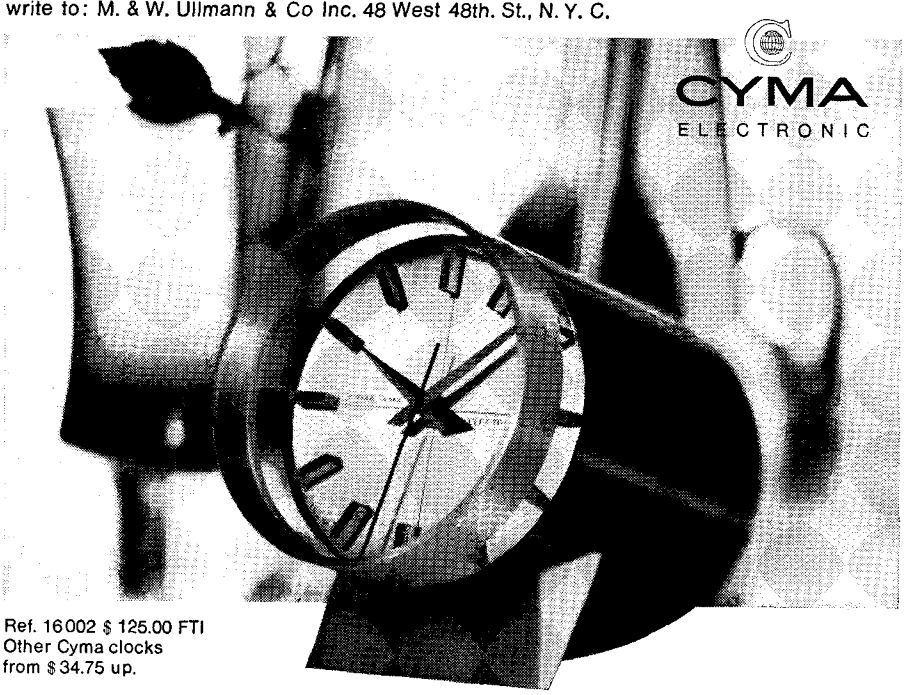

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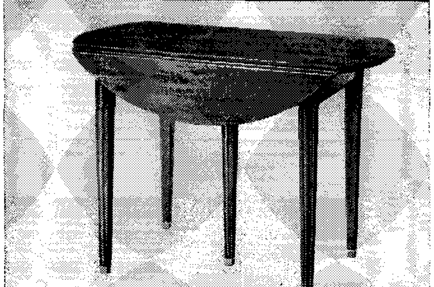

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in Brazil, centered in the Junta Democrática," he went on. "In a way, it's a shame that the rebellion in the north seems to be a Protestant one. It drives the Catholic Church in the other direction; the Church has a very good concordat with Portugal to defend. But that hasn't been true of the African priests. A lot of them are in jail. My own brother is a priest, you know. He's in Portugal now, under a kind of 'restricted liberty.'" He laughed, and finished his drink. "I find the phrase offensive, don't you?" he said as he pushed back his chair. "At the very least, a violation of logic."

We stood up and said goodbye. De Andrade was rather short, I noticed, and a bit heavier than Roberto. I was absolutely sure that he wouldn't spend the rest of his life writing poetry and compiling anthologies.

I walked out of the bar into the savage sunlight. De Andrade had told me nothing I hadn't already heard, and that was evidently what he had intended. Roberto had managed almost as well. In a way, they were much alike. The days of naïve African politicians are over. Now African politicians are just like all the others. One discovers what they *really* mean only in tomorrow's papers and, if they survive, in the careful books they write about themselves.

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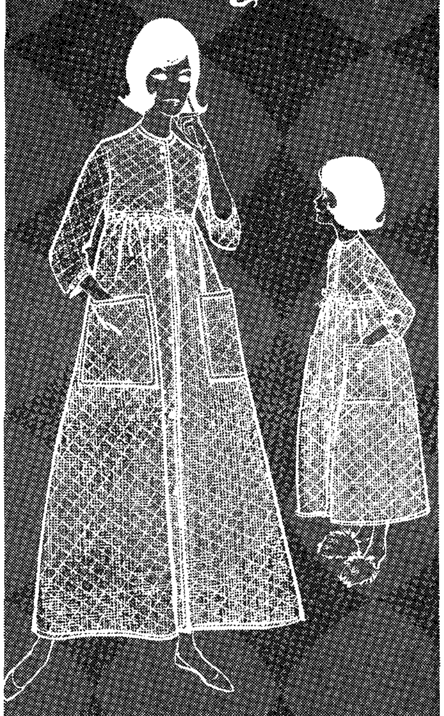

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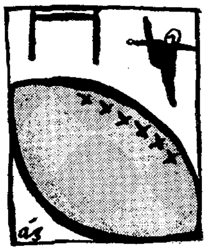
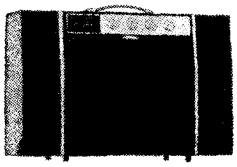


ONE of the beneficences of the Ivy League repertory theatre is its aloofness from the star system; one week's dunce gets to play next week's hero, one week's hero gets to play next week's court jester, one week's slaughterer gets to play next week's fatted calf. Another beneficence is its willingness to lay things by for a rainy day, wherefore on Saturday last—when, up in Cambridge, more than one bystander, glancing fearfully over a shoulder, observed the prow of the Ark meaningfully cleaving the cloudburst—a veritable tournament of football in its several forms was set forth. In a landscape of chill and gloom that only Wagner could have orchestrated, Princeton, the Ivy League's most enduring hero, turned clown and died—well, not a thousand deaths, but five, anyway: varsity soccer (Harvard 2, Princeton 1), freshman soccer (Harvard 4, Princeton 1), freshman football (Harvard 7, Princeton 0), junior-varsity football (Harvard 6, Princeton 0), and varsity football (Harvard 21, Princeton 7). He was a long time a-dying, too; his death scene, which for length outmatched anything Isolde has ever done, ran from half past ten in the morning to half past three in the afternoon. Secondary—or ten-thirty—football is contemplated with solemnity only by the men who once took part in it ("In a situation like that, we would never have run with the ball," one of them is forever telling another as they walk along the sidelines) and by the young ladies, brave in knee boots and sheepskin, of the boys who are still taking part in it. Portents of what was to come did bob up, though—such as the way a Harvard freshman back named Leo, not at all impeded by the mire into which the Princeton freshman line was sinking, skipped gaily around it, and such as the difficulty the Princeton junior varsity had in kicking off. Having acquired three penalties for three faulty kickoffs in a row against the wind and the rain, it at last launched a good one, but from its twenty-five-yard line instead of its forty-yard line, and Harvard ran the ball back for the game's solitary touchdown.

The rain that fell upon the varsity players was just as partial; it made the ball slippery only when it was in Prince-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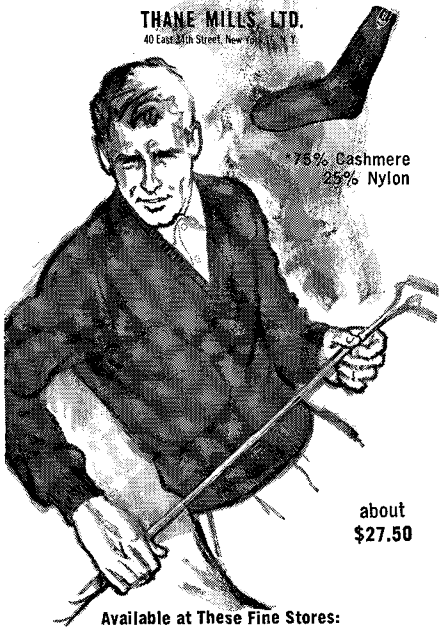

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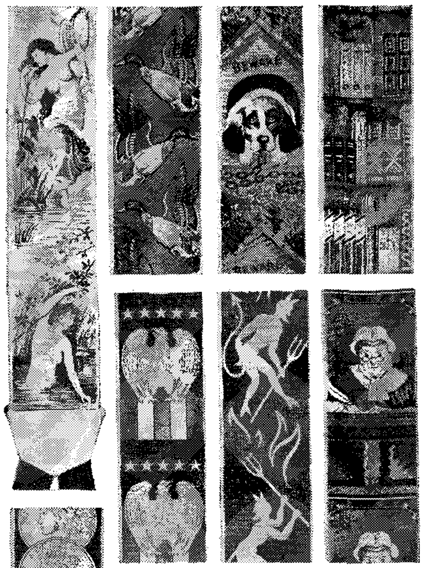

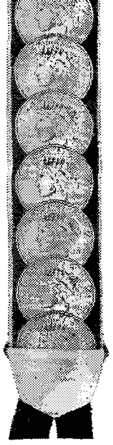

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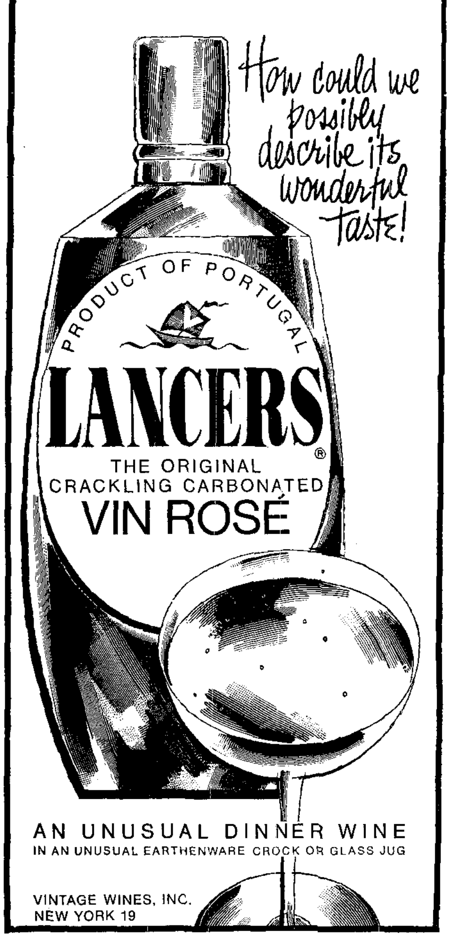
ton hands, and it soaked clear through the thinking caps worn by several Princeton characters, both on the field and on the sidelines, while it left completely dry the thinking cap worn by Mike Bassett, the quarterback who was in charge for the whole afternoon of Harvard's assaults upon the enemy. Might isn't always right, the onlookers kept realizing; that cavalcade of Princeton backs who delight in leading from strength instead of guile was wastefully deployed to begin with, and enormously hampered by the inactivity of its supporting cast of hitherto nearly impregnable linemen. Harvard, digging into a bag of tricks that had no bottom, made almost all of them work. One was the neatest quick kick of many a day; another was a maneuver in which Bassett was the sole participant. The ball was on the Princeton twenty-five-yard stripe, and the Princeton line, expecting more of Bassett's sidewise operations, offered him a large blank, through which he went to the Princeton fourteen; the touchdown that won the game came along a moment later. A third trick was the début—at least, no one could remember hearing of him before—of a Harvard sophomore named Poe, who carried the ball all afternoon with the aplomb of a senior. This is part of the Harvard principle of the unexpected player. Two weeks before, it had been Humenuk, the quarterback who had so much to do with putting an end to Dartmouth's long winning streak. Poe, last Saturday, had a lot to do with ending Princeton's winning streak. (The week before, though, Harvard, unable to think of a startling newcomer to dazzle Pennsylvania, had done away with its own winning streak.) Bassett, who, by the way, is my own all-weather Harvard quarterback, is reputedly his coach's rainy-weather quarterback; Humenuk, who was invisible on Saturday, is said to be his dry fly—on the ground that Bassett is not an excelling passer. At that, the one pass Bassett needed to throw against Princeton was a perfect one.

NOW that Princeton is gone, there are just three invincibles left in this part of the country. One is the University of Massachusetts, which began its term of duty this year by restraining Harvard (or was it the other way around?) to a score of 0–0. It kept up its merry way last Saturday by downing American International, 42–0. The second is Northeastern, which on Saturday put away Tufts, 34–0, and Delaware is the third. Army had hell's own time up at West Point with Utah, which



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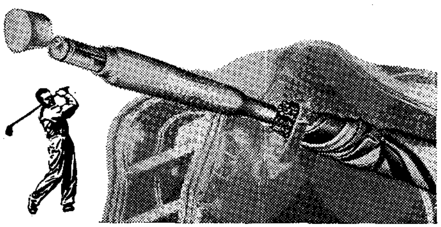

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should have been a soft touch. It was only the decision of Stichweh, who is this department's all-weather Army quarterback, to run with the ball after his team's belated touchdown that put Army ahead, 8–7, in the fourth quarter. The choice of a pass or a run for the point after touchdown is not often taken any more, and now that soccer players like the Gogolaks are turning up to kick points after touchdown, perhaps the choice will be permanently abandoned. Cornell's Gogolak, who hasn't ever missed one of these points, set what may be a record that can be broken only by himself in doing all the kicking he did against Brown on Saturday, in a match won in the closing seconds (this is Cornell's favorite grandstand play) by the count of 28–25. Meanwhile, Dartmouth, wearying of the dunce cap that the Ivy League's casting director had imposed on it for a fortnight, was defeating Columbia, 47–6, in a rather pointed display of impetuosity, and Yale, apparently unaware that Pennsylvania had been doughty enough to beat Harvard the week before, beat Pennsylvania, 28–7. The League repertory system should therefore call upon Yale to turn turtle before Princeton this coming weekend, so that Princeton can end its season by turning turtle against Dartmouth the weekend after that. Navy, which doesn't hold with this scheme of reversal of form, kept right on about its business last week, thoroughly disposing of Maryland, 42–7; Air Force, which is in one day and out the next, was very in on Saturday—Air Force 48, U.C.L.A. 21.

The week's awards for prowess now having been disposed of, only the week's award for forbearance remains to be allotted. It goes to the officials of the Princeton-Harvard freshman match. Perhaps in sorrow at Princeton's having given Harvard the chance for the winning play by fumbling away the ball on its two-yard line, they later admonished Princeton for taking too much time to run off a play, inquired of the Harvard captain whether he wished the prescribed five-yard penalty to be imposed upon Princeton, received that gentleman's assurance that he did, and then forgot to impose it.

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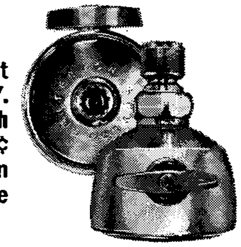

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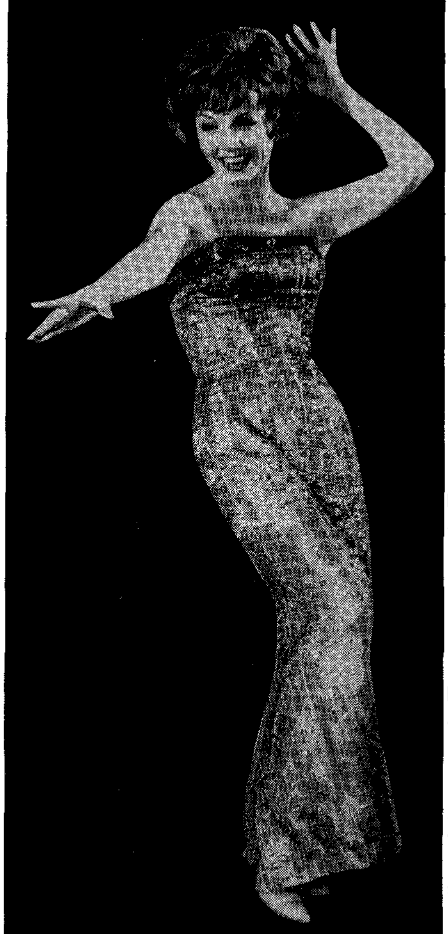

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"EDUCATION." After some remarks about systematic instruction and the development of character or mental powers, my dictionary concludes by mentioning "training of animals." I do not really think that if the methods applied to me had been employed upon a horse the effect would have been exactly the same, but there is some room for that conclusion.

I was born in London and had a brother two and a half years younger than I. Until I was six, we lived a nursery life where a bedrock of routine, superstition, and injustice was laid. Each day was like venturing from and returning to a carefully marked harbor studded with familiar and reliable landmarks. Of our nurse, Nanny Wiltshire, I can remember little except that she reminded me vaguely of a thunderstorm, with her crackling aprons, her sudden rages, and, in between storms, her smell, alternatively of licorice and pear drops. She told me that if I swallowed pieces of wool or cotton, they would join together and when long enough wind themselves around my heart and kill me. Her justice, like Portia's mercy, was an indiscriminate affair; it dropped incomprehensibly from the skies. It ambushed one like a jaguar, and one endured it dazed with fear and grievance.

Thus I can remember her shutting me up in the linen cupboard (dark, hot, and unbelievably frightening) because my brother had cut himself on a tin motorcar when I was alone in the nursery with him. Shrieking with terror, I pulled down all the linen I could reach and stamped on it. When my noise and damage were apparent to her, she released me, and I had learned a lesson: my brother was younger, infinitely more attractive, and a boy; ranged beside him, I was inferior in every respect.

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But these were not all his advantages. My mother taught us both to read and write. She began, naturally, with me, but I was rather dull and did not succeed until I was over six. My brother, however, was proficient at five, at which age he decided to write a book called "Percy Rainsbull Edwards—the Adventures of a Pig." This, I thought, was my chance to prove my age and superior grasp of life. I, too, would write a book, but whereas he was so young that he had to make up his own story, I would actually write a real book, which meant taking one off the bookshelf and copying it. Percy's life was a dangerous one, and my brother wrote it in a state of abominable fear, while I plowed away at transcribing the first pages of Hans Andersen in block capitals into an exercise book. I got a mixture of boredom and complacency from my task, but in the end boredom won and I abandoned it. My brother, trembling with uncertainty, reached a happy conclusion to Percy's life—back in a field with his mother after a journey to Africa with a suitcase marked "P.R.E."—and I realized that my brother had beaten me again; his book engendered far more interest than mine.

We moved to a larger house and began our formal education by having morning lessons in the dining room with half a dozen other children. We were taught by a lady whom I shall call Miss Pott. She had a very gentle voice, eyes like some nervous nocturnal bird, and cheeks like a rubber doll's; I believe that she taught us well, though all I can remember about it is singing nauseating little songs and giving brief impersonations of snowdrops. She drove the appearance of a snowdrop clean out of my mind when she taught us this, and I remember thinking, If her hands are petals, what on earth is the rest of her? But my fellow-pupils were fascinating to me, and represented the world. There was one little girl who told me that her family kept a python at home. "Of course, she's an only child," people said of her. This utterly confused me. For some time, I toyed with the idea of her mother's having had a python by mistake, and I went to their house to tea not so much to see the python as to gaze at its mother. I was by then so steeped in fairy tales that this relationship seemed natural and probable.

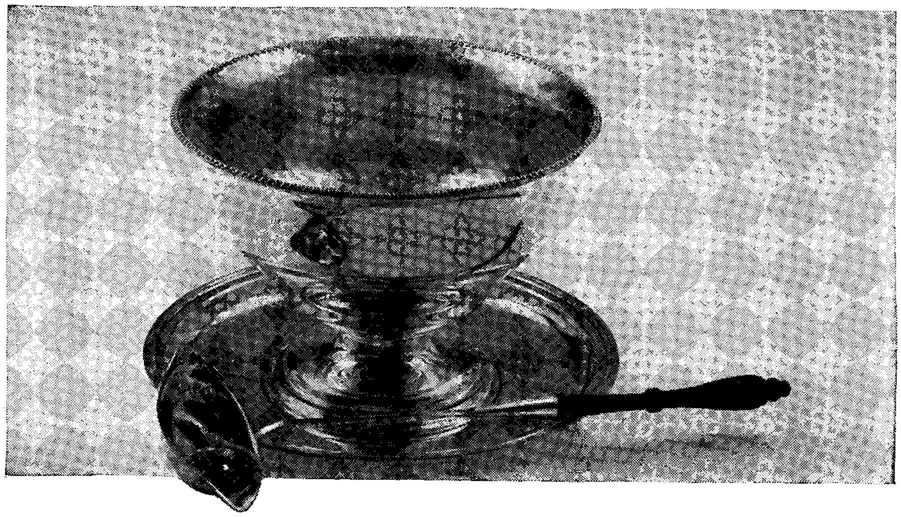
Looking back on the terms on which I lived, I am astonished that I was so calm about them. For instance, the structural maxim of most fairy tales—that beauty is invariably allied to goodness—caused me only passing regret. I was not beautiful; there was therefore small chance of my becoming good. But my brother, with platinum-blond curls, brown velvet eyes, and a voice as charming as it was deep and commanding, seemed all set for goodness on a large scale. I remember that one winter afternoon, when we were discussing what we should most like to be, I—assuming an expression of, I hoped, irrevocable goodness—said that I should like to be kind and brave. My brother looked at me, evidently did not like what he saw, and gazed dreamily up at the ceiling. "I should like to be rich and pretty," he said.

You would, I thought, angrily retreating from my hypocrisy, but what would be the use of *my* saying that?

In Kensington Gardens, there was somebody called the Magic Man—rightly—as he had the power to produce marbles, white rabbits, and other luxurious objects from anywhere he pleased, and for ordinary people Kensington Gardens did not abound with these things. One day, he produced three beautiful marbles from the hem of my coat. I held out my hands for them, wanting them very badly. But "Finding's keeping," he said, in a knowing voice, like a law, and slipped them into his pocket. This law, I very well knew, did not apply at home, and I was furious with the Magic Man. If I hadn't been there, standing about in my winter coat, what would he have done for marbles?

The problems of living half by fairy formulas, half by strict justice (my brother and I even measured bananas with a ruler), occupied me for some years, and abandoning the former misconceptions for the latter (which I did at the age of eleven) did not help matters much. It was a long time before I realized the justice in fairy tales, and still longer before I perceived the fairy-tale elements in justice.

My brother and I, by the time we were five and seven, had accumulated a number of imaginary people all of whom were more or less magic—that is to say, unaccountable and powerful. It is difficult to say how much we believed in them, but we shared ownership of them and thus developed a kind of oblique balance of power with each other. They were responsible for everything from bad behavior to exacting demands, and here again my brother had the whip hand. He owned the most powerful and frightening of these creatures—one called Ciggi, who had a small garden consisting of a piece of cement out of which grew a drainpipe and a Michaelmas daisy. Ciggi was capable of the most frightful rages. Nothing pleased him; he rumbled with disapproval at everything we—particularly I—did, and gave vent to frequent eruptions of wrath. My



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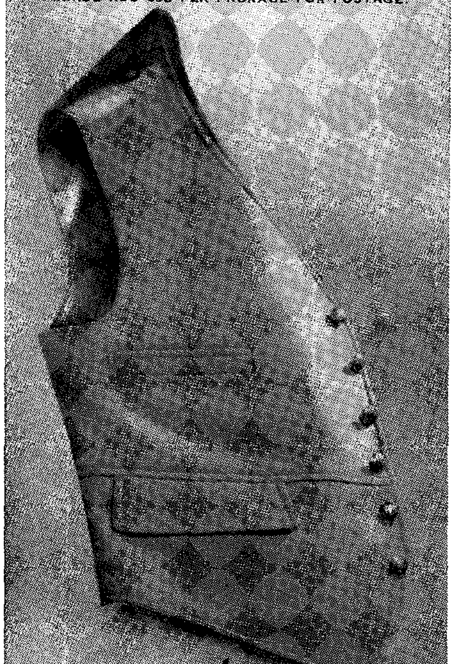

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brother eventually married him off to someone called Rose, who had golden hair and a tiresome giggle, but this did not improve Ciggi's temper.

THESE were the stark unrealities of life, and I drew no conclusions from them, because, as experiences, they took place, so to speak, in transit. But about this time two things happened that impressed me deeply enough to be called educative, the first occurring when I was six or seven. My brother and I were walking with our mother, one spring evening, along a narrow pavement. On one side was the enormously high wall of the Campden Hill reservoir, on the other was the road, and at intervals there were gas lamps that were lit each evening by a man with a long, mysterious pole. The street was empty except for a little shabby man a distance ahead of us who was leaning with his back against the wall. As we approached, he took a few uncertain steps away from us, put his hand to his head, and pitched forward straight into the road. My mother told us to stay where we were, and went up to the man. We watched him speechlessly. He was now sitting on the curb, rubbing his head in his hands. He was a pale old man with dirty white hair. My mother helped him to his feet and gave him some money. His trousers were round on his legs, and he had crabbed, nervous hands, which he kept putting in and out of his pockets. Eventually, he trembled off down the road and disappeared in the soft gray evening. What was the matter with him, we asked. Was he very ill? He was just weak from being hungry, my mother said. She had given him half a crown, and he would buy some food, and then he would be all right, she added, and I suddenly saw her watching my face, and didn't believe her. The idea of somebody's fainting with hunger was as new as it was horrible to me. I had no idea how many meals could be bought for half a crown, but when the old man had eaten them what would he do? He might faint when there was nobody near to give him anything. Added to that, I felt that my parents were phenomenally rich, frequently handling pounds and ten-shilling notes, so why had we not given the old man more, or, better still, taken him home, where there were meals forever? I do not remember getting what seemed to me a satisfactory answer to these questions, and the argument that there were other old men in the same predicament simply widened the horror that this first

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infringement of the world outside my life had presented.

The second event came late on the following Christmas, which the family spent at home. The day had been a haze of excitement—food and drink, everybody smiling, and wonderful presents that reached the zenith of beauty and ingenuity and were a delicious assortment of things one had always wanted and things one had never even heard of. After tea, suddenly a stroke of doom: a ripple of departure in the room, an acceleration of bonhomie, and the blinding moment when I realized that both my parents were going away—to Switzerland for a holiday, that minute—had kissed me, had gone, and had left me sitting on the nursery floor surrounded by a sea of presents and undulating waves of tissue paper. In vain did various aunts and uncles point out each other's generosity to me. The gorgeous presents became absolutely valueless as the front door shut; they could not compensate for the interminable time and unknown distance of two weeks in Switzerland, because I realized that one thing had nothing whatever to do with the other. After the nursery formula of "You can have a sweet after tea, if you are good," this was a discovery. *Things* could not always be equated with feelings or behavior; they were sometimes entirely unrelated. I remember looking at the presents and finding that I would exchange any one or the whole lot of them for my mother's immediate return.

WHEN I was nearly nine, I stopped having lessons with Miss Pott and went to a large day school. It was very large indeed, and smelled of cottage pie, gym shoes, and floor polish. By now, I had emerged as an average unattractive little girl—thin, yellow, cowardly, and self-conscious, with a passionate love for my mother that was regarded in the mainstream of our family as morbid. After a comparatively peaceful week at the school, I was moved into a form where everybody was a year older than I, and my troubles began. I believed in fairies, and was stupid enough to let this be known. My grandfather examined all pupils with any musical ability or pretensions (this included me), and the headmistress, who was a howling culture snob, sealed my doom by pointing out to rows of hostile little girls my musical capacities, which were nonexistent and a figment of her otherwise torpid imagination.

The form organized themselves into a team for making my life miserable;

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there were fourteen girls, and they left nothing to chance. They hid my books or splashed them with ink; they locked me in the lavatory so that I was late for prayers or lessons; they covered my lunches with salt or pepper; in the ten-minute morning break they linked arms in pairs and ran up against me; they frequently twisted my right wrist so that writing was difficult or impossible, and, apart from these and other practical torments, they stuck at it verbally day after day. I was nine. The oldest girls in the school were eighteen. I was to spend seven hours at school, five days a week, for about thirty-seven weeks of the year, and this situation showed every sign of continuing for nine years. It did not occur to me that I could escape either the teasing, as it was called, or the school itself, and I endured it all in a spiritless manner, neither publicly informing against my tormentors nor rising to any kind of effective private resistance.

Fortunately for me, the work was very hard. After the seven hours at school, one still had to travel home and do an hour's piano practice and at least an hour's homework before one went to bed, and I soon got ill and was not allowed to do any homework for a term. This simply meant that it was impossible for me to understand any of the lessons, which made me more unpopular and more ill. I spent one blissful summer term in the country, and very soon after that I left the school altogether, having learned nothing about work or people, and having sunk to a state of fear and stupidity in which I could only read and write. The school, with its sense of rushed mechanical effort, its layers of middle-class consciousness and religious artificiality (Christianity was all talk and no do, there), with its misconceptions based on appearances and effect, and its ignorance of a reality or a cause, was not, by any standards, a good school. I am only sorry now that I was unable to do as much damage to it as it contrived to do to me, but at ten one does not conclude with clarity, and it simply left me with a sense of failure, a fear of people, and a distrust of myself.

My brother had gone to a boarding school, and I missed him very much. In contrast to mine, his school seemed perfect, and although he told me that one boy kept his nails long so as to scratch his enemies, we both agreed that this was a defensive measure and had nothing to do with the cold-blooded bullying that I knew about. I missed him and longed to join his school, but I could not, for in spite of wearing gray shorts,

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like him, I completely failed to change my sex as I planned to do. Our lives divided at this point; we spent holidays together but gradually became strangers and didn't really meet again until some time after we were both grown up.

MY mother decided to educate me at home, and to this end she procured the services of a Miss Cobham, who had been her own governess, and who, she admitted, had seemed old to her then. The point about Miss Cobham was that age could not possibly wither her; she was one of the ugliest women I have ever seen in my life—large, fat, and almost blind, but infinitely gentle. She had sparse, greasy hair screwed into a tight bun, small gray eyes armored by steel-rimmed spectacles, and a varying number of soft, pale chins that meandered into her clothes, which she wore on a Chinese principle: layers and layers of loose—and in her case indiscriminate—garments, which were increased or discarded according to climate. She wore thick, lazy stockings and sensible shoes, and, in spite of her bulk, she trotted everywhere, lightly, in a zigzag fashion. But she was a woman who had accepted her appearance, and who treated it in the only possible manner—she ignored it. She really behaved as though it did not exist, and this comforting dignity left one's mind clear and open for her gifts and advantages, which were at least as remarkable as her appearance. She was a woman of good intellect, encyclopedic knowledge, an active, most buoyant intelligence, and a quality of appreciation that I have never met in anyone else. As a teacher, she was endlessly patient, and, in some subjects, too gentle to push me into the disciplined concentration that was required of me.

I spent five years with her. She came every morning, punctual to the minute, and taught me until half past one. In the middle of the morning she drank a large glass of hot water, and on Fridays she stayed to luncheon. Apart from ordinary lessons, we read the whole of Shakespeare aloud together at my request, and she allowed me to write, as English composition, an interminable book about a horse, and my first play. The play was a domestic comedy, with all the stage directions written as in Shakespeare, and, with a certain sense of proportion, it was called "Our Little Life." Miss Cobham and I laughed at it like anything; indeed, she was such a good audience that I often wrote her poems and stories as a kind of extra treat outside my homework. She taught

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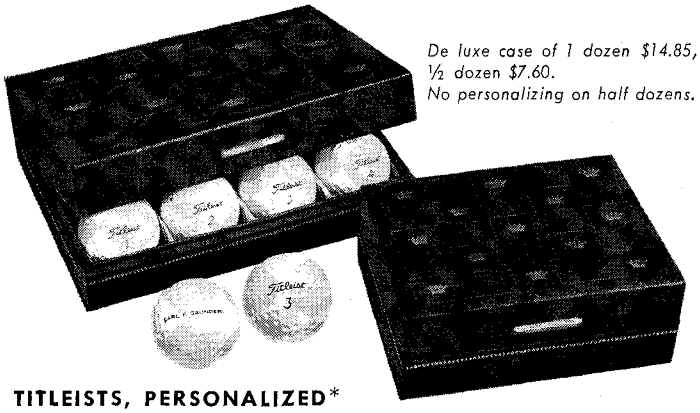

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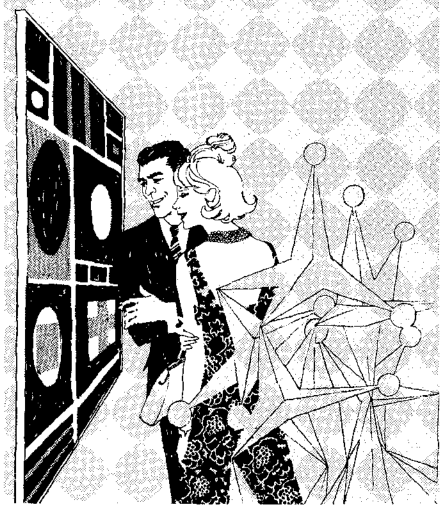

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me Greek and Latin. She even tried to teach me grammar and algebra for much longer than anybody else would have tried, but the former I have always understood only by ear, and the latter in no circumstances whatever. She refused to teach me French, although she would read French history aloud to me, translating extempore into English, and it was a long time before I realized what she was doing. She did not teach me music, drawing, or needlework, which were left to a number of interesting people.

I had a series of French mistresses—the first a widow, who had been married to a Frenchman. She was always dressed entirely in silvery gray, she had a complexion congested with self-pity, and she reeked of violet jujubes, on which I imagined she lived. I could do what I liked with her by asking about her past, which she took far too seriously to tell me about it in French. But after a while, my lack of progress oppressed us both, and by the time I seemed to know as much about her husband as she did our relationship came to an end. She was succeeded by a hardy little Frenchwoman who was like an evergreen shrub—always the same and always dull. We went for biting winter walks in Kensington Gardens, and from her I got the impression that French conversation consisted entirely of unnecessary banalities. She came to life only when we came to a road, when she stopped and shrieked "*Attention!*" like a parrot. Her cry made not the slightest impression on me, and I crossed all roads alone, with an air of dignified British incomprehension. Either my continual danger or maddening immunity from it depressed her, and she left. The third French mistress was a terrifying creature, like a brunette frog with fiendish energy and devotion, and it was quite difficult not to learn any French from her, but by then I had had a good deal of practice, and I succeeded. She had a voice like a cheese grater, what seemed to me a wholly misplaced sense of fun, and a childish passion for colored chalks, which I quickly found could be used to deflect her from her main purpose.

Drawing, or "art," as it was optimistically called, I learned from a very sad, bronchial young man who lived in a basement. He invited me to get on with expressing myself, and waited with apathetic incredulity while I tried. Very occasionally, he painted a picture himself. They were usually rather angry overstatements of very simple subjects—a kind of painting equivalent of "I told you so." Afternoons with him were very peaceful, and as neither of us

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embarked upon them with any expectations other than his earning a little money and my using up a decent quantity of materials, we were both unmoved by my total lack of talent.

I was taught to ride by a flinty little Irish earl with despairing blue eyes and a hacking cough, who was always late for lessons. After some time, he acquired a German mistress—a tough, enigmatic blonde, who sometimes rode with us and always quarrelled with him in a manner that I labelled as grown-up, since they never said what they meant, although their voices made what they felt quite clear. This made the earl later than ever for lessons. To make up for it, he and the mistress sometimes gave me tea at his mews stables; and cupcakes have seemed slightly raffish to me ever since.

Then, I learned needlework—mostly embroidery—with my great-aunt May. She was fat, arthritic, and, of course, phenomenally old, with short, straggling white hair and joyous blue eyes. She lived with a Siamese cat and a bony witch called Frances, who managed to have unsatisfactory relations with this world and the next, and who cooked for her. My aunt's room was always boiling hot, but she did not notice, and wore gigantic blue cardigans knitted by herself. She was a beautiful needlewoman. She taught me how to frame a piece of silk and put a design on it by pricking the design paper with pins and painting through the holes onto the silk with a tiny brush and water-color paint, to do gold and silver thread work, to make simple kinds of lace, and much else. She scorned ready-made designs, and drew whatever she needed—birds, animals, flowers, angels, even dragons—as she or I required them. I worked with her for several years and enjoyed it very much. She talked a great deal, and her mind seemed regularly to sweep a broad circle, but I never discovered its center. She was always making something, and whenever she rose—with difficulty—from her chair, she left a nest of little balls of wool or silk, until one came to believe that she must have laid them. At intervals, Frances swept into the room in an indiscriminate frenzy about the Spirits and the milkman, both of whom had been rude to her. My great-aunt preserved a Victorian indifference to any aspect of her elderly servant's life, and although I felt vaguely that the next world was in the basement, and so did not much like to go there, this indifference saved me from acute anxiety.

During all these years, I was taught music, which consisted chiefly in my struggling with the piano, first with my

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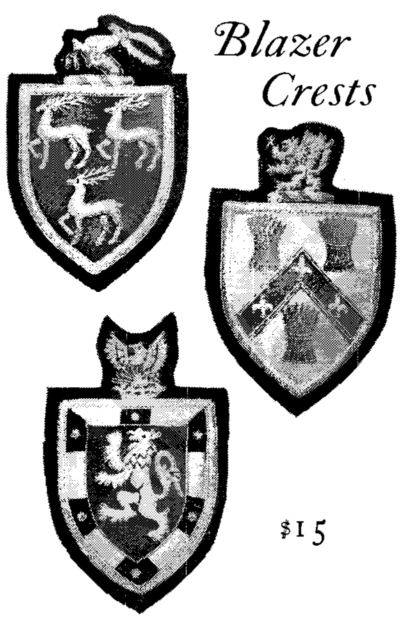
mother, and then with the music mistress at my day school. She was a tall, willowy creature, whose movements had the incongruous grace of suggesting that she was under water, and, in her jersey suits, she swayed and undulated over me, reeking of stout, which she drank at luncheon, and bathed in perspiration because of my incompetence. I had respect for her rages, feeling that they were honestly founded and that without them I should not progress even the little that I did. The lessons usually ran a gamut of effusive greeting, followed by my playing to her, which generated paroxysms of horror and impatience, then by my trying again and again, her rage mounting until, in an avalanche of angry despair, she lost her temper and spat. I never questioned her methods; I felt she really cared about teaching me, and also that I merited her fury. I was not good at the piano, and I wanted to be. Long after I left the school, I continued to learn the piano with her, and our relationship staggered on, top-heavy with her temper and my incapacity, but founded, nonetheless, upon a mutually honest desire to promote the matter in hand.

Eventually, possibly because she really thought I had improved, possibly because her impatience was becoming exhausted, she took me to play for Harold Craxton, a professor of the Royal Academy of Music, and for this alone she has my lasting gratitude. I became his pupil and studied with him for several years. I have never known why he consented to teach me at all. I must have been easily his least talented pupil; I have very little natural ear, was not good at reading music, and my long, bony fingers, unlike Rachmaninoff's, never adapted themselves to a keyboard. Mr. Craxton taught me for half an hour once a week, but during that time he gave me his unremitting and acute attention, endless patience, and the extraordinary confidence of feeling that he really loved what he was doing. He taught me something about how to learn—how to take trouble and go on taking it, and, above all, how to listen to what I was doing.

SO Miss Cobham and the rest conducted my education for about five years, until I was sixteen. During that time, three other pupils came to her lessons with me—two girls and a boy. We spent most of our spare time together, chiefly acting plays, or scenes from them—anything from Shakespeare, whom we all loved and knew extremely well, to pieces I had written or that we made up as we went along.



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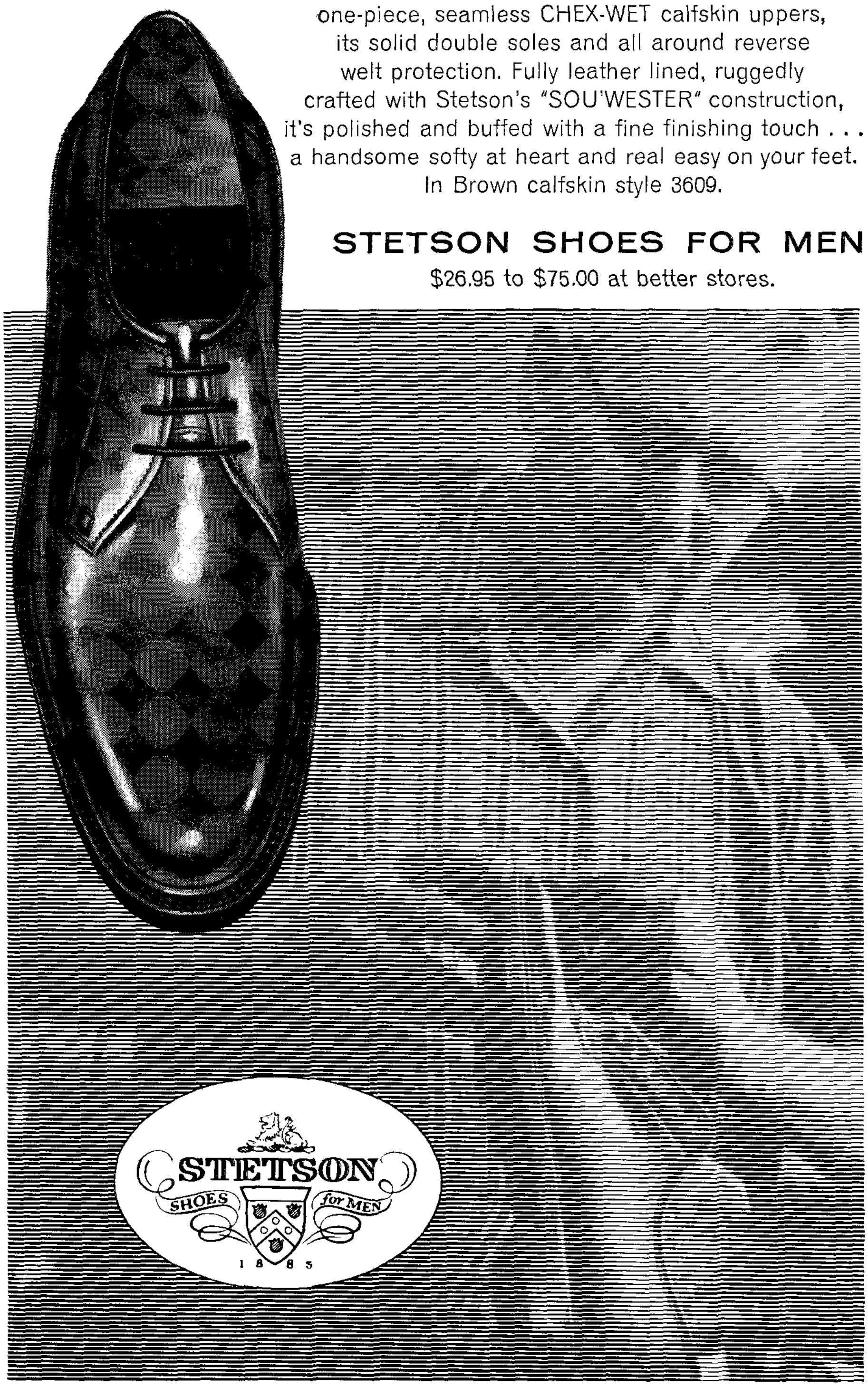
One of the other girls and I were going to be world-famous actresses, and the boy, John, was to be a painter. He had my unspoken respect for having been to eight schools before he came to us, and having been expelled from the last one for biting the matron, who, according to him, had scraped his chicken-pox spots with a knife.

Miss Cobham managed all of us with ease, and, in spite of being deluged by plays, drawings, and all kinds of writing, she contrived to slip in some history (dates), geography (exports), arithmetic (uphill work, and I don't think she got beyond fractions), and Latin (a few elementary and more or less useless phrases)—all this between streams of poetry, which we all liked to read or say aloud. The Chinese Exhibition, which came to London in 1935, unhinged us all—particularly Miss Cobham, who really liked looking at pictures more than anything else—and for weeks we had days without any lessons at all, and spent hours in Burlington House.

With John, I went to picture galleries and concerts, and to the Caledonian Market, where we bought Buddhas, Elizabethan manuscripts, Turkish knives and slippers, incense, and second-hand books with our pocket money. We spent a good deal of our time dressed up in turbans, long silk gowns, and pointed slippers, and wearing elaborate beards, which involved applying quantities of spirit gum. We also went heavily armed, and practiced expressions of fiendish cunning. We got out of these clothes only for concerts and other public appearances, as our parents drew the line at taking malignant and turbaned Turks to the Queen's Hall.

During these years, my peaceful, sheltered, and pleasant life was shadowed by three anxieties. My father had fought in the Great War, as it was always called. Beyond being aware that he had a row of charming little medals, which he wore sometimes in the evenings, I was not concerned with that part of his life until one day I noticed a yellow photograph, on his dressing table, of a large group of Army officers, one of them my father, looking extraordinarily young and unfinished. Were those his friends, I wondered. Well, where were they? They were all dead, he said when I asked him, and when I stared at him, unable to believe in this mass coincidence, he added, "Killed in action. They were all killed in the war, except me." This knowledge filled me with horror, and I was so sorry for him



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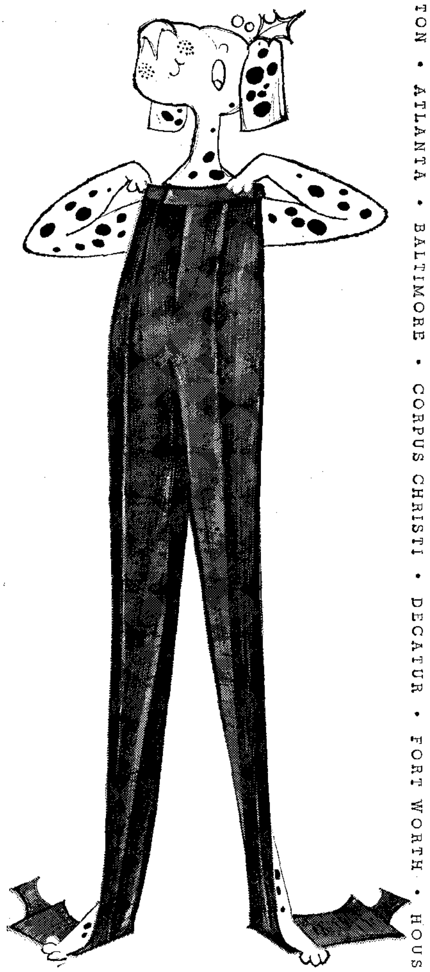

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that I didn't pursue the matter, but I did start reading everything I could lay hands on about his war, and the more I read the more terrified I became of the prospect of another, even more frightful, war. Nothing that I read or that anybody said was at all reassuring, for in spite of their telling me that there would never be another war, war continued to break out in various parts of the world as though they had never said it.

The other two anxieties were only runners-up to this one. Although they frightened me, I felt that they were unlike everybody's being gassed or bombed to death; I could, with care, avoid them. They were a general, uncontrollable homesickness on those occasions when I had to go away by myself, and the fear of being sent to a boarding school. This was sometimes threatened—generally by my father, when he felt that I was leading a life of lazy, intellectual isolation and that one was better off doing things rather hard in the open air in groups. It was all very well for him, I used to think; after his war—leaving his home and family and seeing all his friends killed—a boarding school would be nothing to him; but to me the prospect of it was a temporary equivalent of Hell.

Boarding school was a recurring threat that either was not serious or that I managed to avert, but eventually I felt that I would have to do something about my homesickness, or all prospects of being a world-famous actress would be doomed. One of my companions was going to a domestic-science school in the country, and I decided that I had better go with her. My parents agreed to the plan, and my friends and I read our last piece of Shakespeare with Miss Cobham, from whom I parted in a panic of grief.

I WENT to the new school in the summer term of 1939. At least it was not an ordinary school; at least one did not have to wear a uniform; at least I was going away accompanied by one of my oldest friends. By the time I reached the school, I had temporarily exhausted my homesickness and lived the first few days in a kind of watery curiosity about the work and people. There were about forty girls, mostly older than myself. They wore makeup and smart clothes, and seemed to me indescribably glamorous. As the course at this school was only two terms, at least half of them were as new as I. but they did not seem so, and it was some time before I realized that they had all

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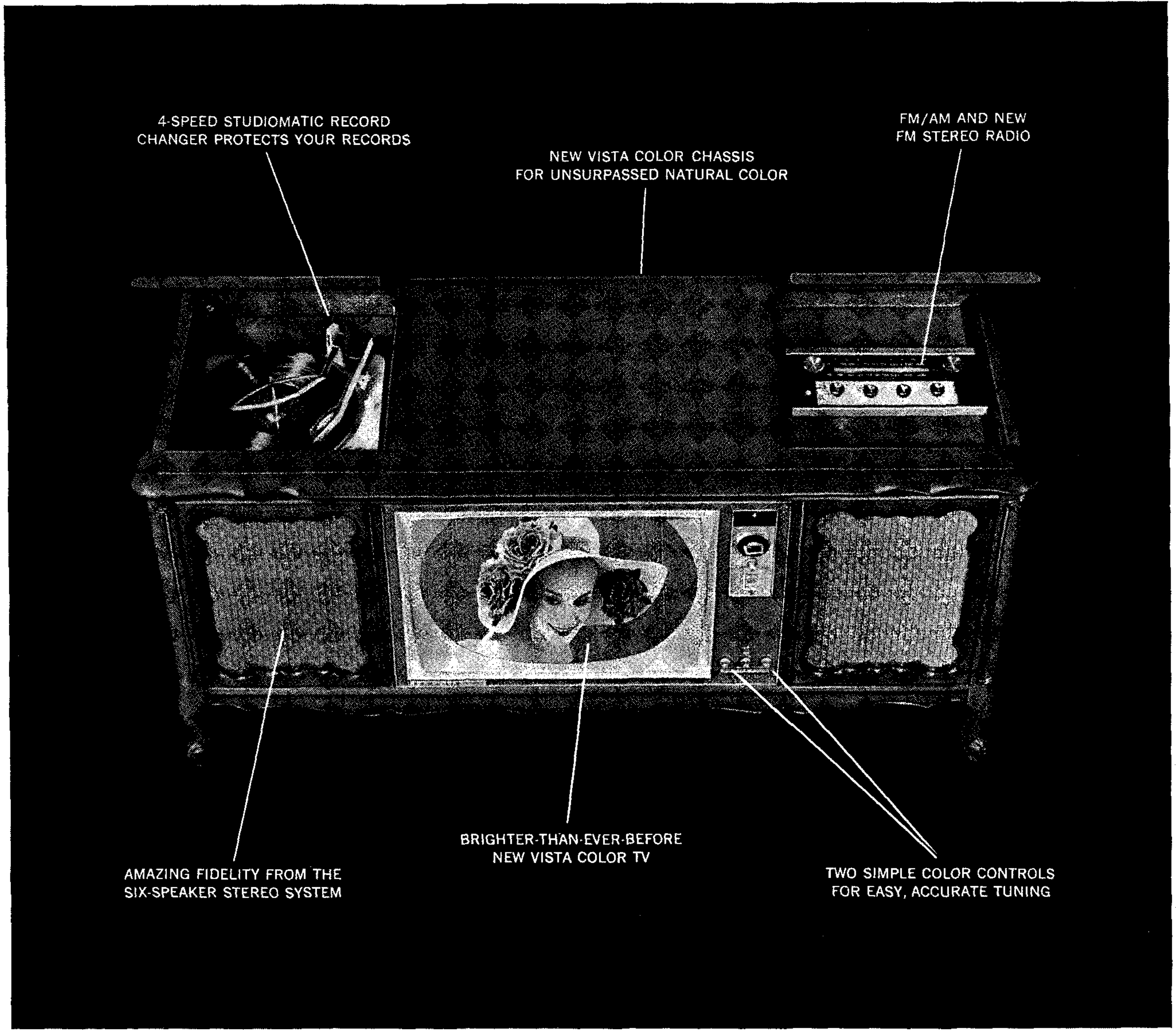
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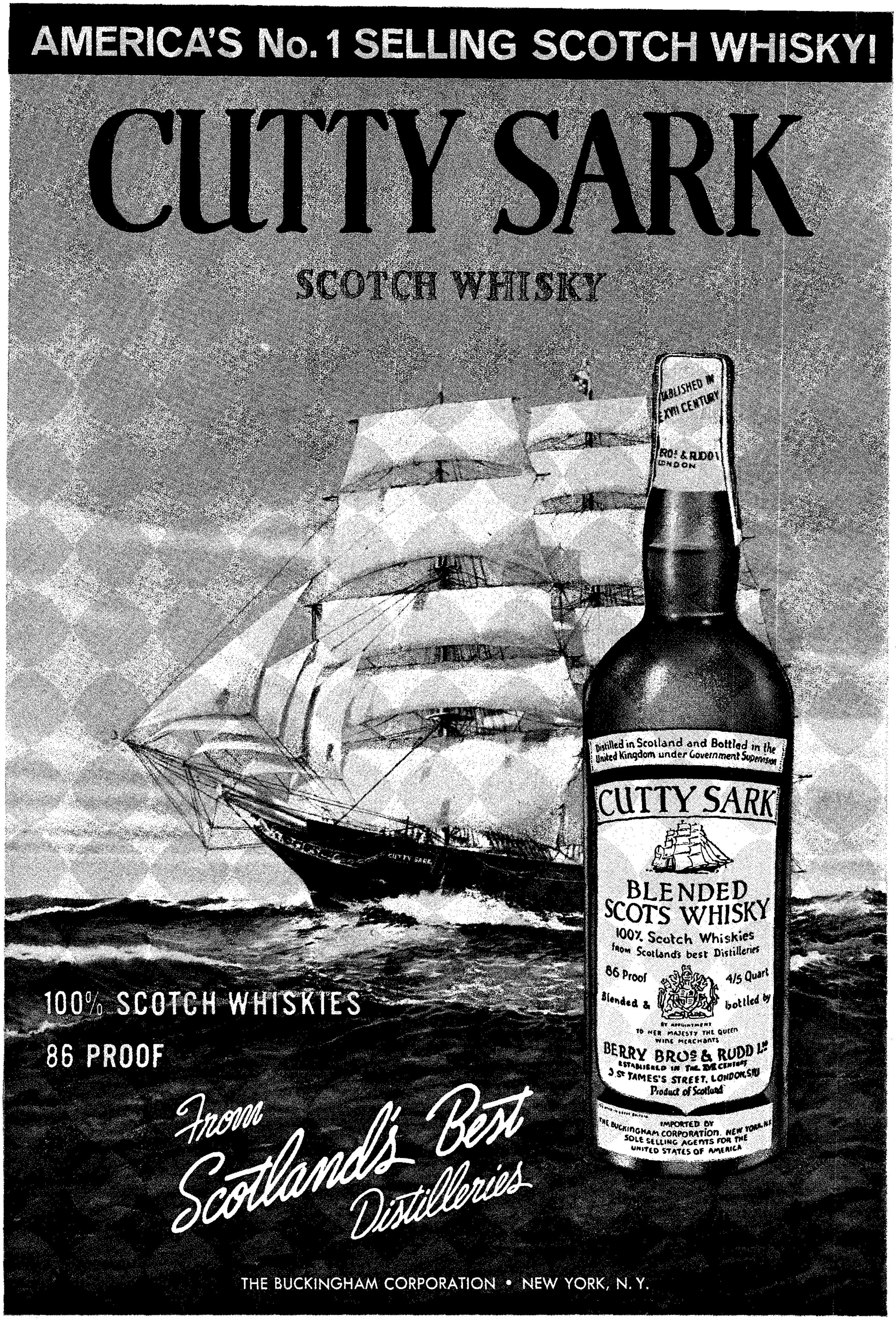

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spent half their lives at boarding schools, and therefore knew the ropes.

We were taught domestic science by the simple method of everybody's practicing every imaginable branch of it. There was no theory; we ate what we cooked, and wore what we laundered, and did all our housework and cleaning. The people on the staff were mostly related to one another, and very good at their work, but the girls were a disappointment to me, for I found them unconscionably dull. I had been accustomed to the company of people much older than I, or that of a few friends whose interests were the same as my own, and conversation, on the whole, meant that one was either absorbing ideas and information or exchanging these. I was just sixteen and therefore violent and narrow-minded, and, faced with a lot of people whose opinions and interests I was totally unable to discover or understand, I became a prig about them. Let alone any discussion on the aims of life, the future of the theatre, or the comparative merits and pleasures of the arts, one could not even have a jolly good conversation about submarines or snakes—and what was there left to talk about? The girls' former schools and the variations of routine there, the girls' personal appearance—hair, makeup, and clothes—and, most frivolous and unseemly of all, *men*. Their futures, I used to say to them desperately—what were they going to *do*? And visions of my own packed professional life, which was to begin the moment I was seventeen, floated impatiently before me. Some of the girls said they were going abroad, and some of them said they would be staying at home, but to my dismay nearly all of them ended by saying "and then I shall come out."

During the first week of school, Gielgud produced and played Hamlet at the Lyceum, to commemorate Henry Irving and to mark the end of his theatre, which was to be demolished. I went to the headmistress and intimated that this piece of theatrical history absolutely required my attendance. She heaped coals on my little cultural torch by taking me and anybody else who wanted to go, and asking me to give a résumé of the play to the large party that responded. I did this with mingled feelings of self-importance and incredulity that so many people should be ignorant of such a play.

Although I must have been in many ways intolerable, what with prostrating bouts of homesickness alternating with intellectual priggishness, the staff liked

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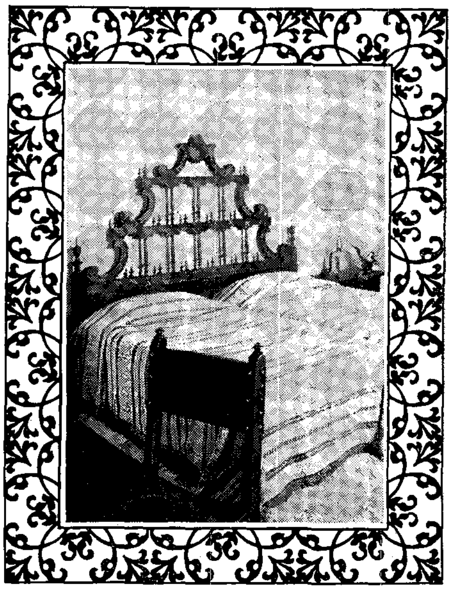
me and the girls regarded me, with an amiable inaccuracy, as brainy and eccentric. I had a natural, equable relationship with the friend who had accompanied me. We discussed a great deal with passionate ignorance, and laughed at each other when this became apparent. We parted at the end of the term, and I never saw her again, because war was declared soon after, and she did not return to the school. I, however, spent two more terms there—a term longer than anybody else, partly because of my age and partly because of my incompetence. In the last term, I was set to teaching other people bread- and cake-making, to give me enough confidence to stop breaking things, at which I had set a record. I left when I was seventeen—having learned to cook and having overcome my homesickness—had a successful audition with a theatre school, and entered it.

At last I felt that my real life was beginning. I was absolutely single-minded about the theatre and possessed of boundless energy, and as a bore I must now have reached a peak that it is given to few to attain. Fortunately, the other students were quite as energetically boring. Snakes and submarines went by the board, and we discussed plays, performances, technique, and inspiration (our futures crept in there), wore clothes that made us look like tropical fish, and read Stanislavsky like the Bible—the whole thing exceeding my wildest dreams. We were taught by a mixed bunch—actors with melodious voices, cynical expressions, and a wholly understandable lack of conviction about the whole business; stringy, bleached, beached women, emotionally bankrupt, who continued to go through a reflex of emotions for our benefit; and a few tense specialists who felt that if we could be got to emulate a chicken picking up grains of corn it must make some difference to our movements.

I really don't think we learned much, but we enjoyed ourselves enormously, and it must have been a great help to our families to be relieved of our egocentric shoptalk for even six hours a day. Then the war suddenly arrived as an event in our lives when France fell out of it. The director of our school disappeared for several days, and when he returned we were surprised to learn that he had been collecting people from the beaches at Dunkirk. My family moved to the country, and I necessarily went along, but, perversely, I stuck to the drama and travelled six hours a day in order to spend six hours at school.

Not all of the furnishings at Hotel El Convento are authentic Spanish antiques. The air conditioning and telephones, the swimming pool and ice-cube machines, for example.



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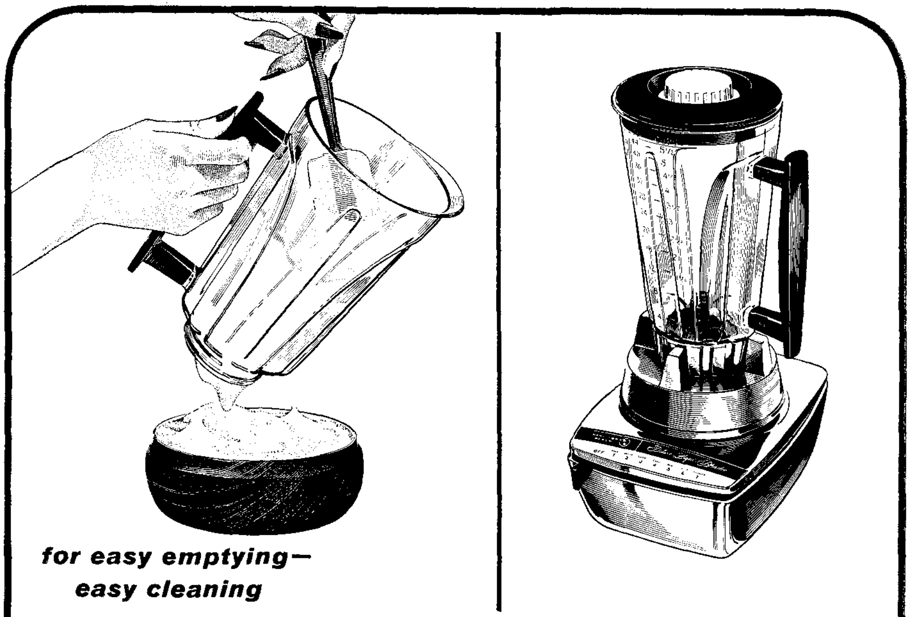
The battle hung over our heads, but we hardly referred to it. Glass fell from the roof of the school studio and was kicked aside by earnest, sandalled feet. A train I was in was machine-gunned, but we were rehearsing our first play and I was more concerned about whether we would be allowed to play it in a real theatre or not. We were selfish and preoccupied, and I have the impression now that we simply didn't understand what was going on because we never looked at it for long enough to find out. At the back of it all was the feeling that we were going to be dragged into what was going on anyway, and we had a kind of greedy desperation about getting every drop out of every second we had left in which to pursue our own ends. The time wasn't long; the school closed that autumn when the blitzes on London opened up.

I PURSUED my theatrical career with increasing difficulty and against family opposition for eighteen months, and wrote two plays, which were not successful (a manager who bought the second even went to the length of dying rather than presenting it), and it finally became clear to me that my talents would have to be set aside or put to more general purpose. Accordingly, I repaired to a recruiting center for the Wrens.

Up until then, nobody had attempted to examine, or conclude upon, the methods by which I had been educated, and the interview at the recruiting center cut new ground from under my feet. The lady who examined me was an officer who sat at a desk in Westminster while an unsteady stream of English girlhood queued to pass through her fire. In a few minutes, she discovered that I had not matriculated or even passed my School Certificate, that I had hardly been to school at all, that I had no languages (I had succeeded in learning no French), and could not even type. On being asked what I had done, I mentioned the theatre and playwriting, but the first she regarded with suspicion, and the second she utterly dismissed as an occupation at all. As there was a stream of candidates behind me, all looking as though they had passed their School Certificates, she announced that the only vacancies in the Service were for cooks and stewards, and that she did not think that I would be suitable. I opened my mouth to say that I could cook, but her watertight attention was, I saw thankfully, on the next girl. My dislike of community life boiled up in my throat, and I left. It seemed too



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much for the Wrens to accept me at such great mutual sacrifice. I went back to the country and told my family that the Wrens did not seem to want me much, and it was decided that I should not be of use for anything until I had learned to type.

The next morning, I went to get some shoes repaired. The cobbler worked in a little hut at the end of the village. He was a charming, tragic-looking man, and a very good cobbler. He was deaf and dumb, but he, too, could read and write, and he had a slate on which one wrote one’s requirements. He would then examine the shoes and tell one how long the job would take and how much it would cost. He and I, that morning, stretched our smiles to embrace the entire greeting, and then I wrote my needs—new soles and heels—on his slate. He turned my shoes absently in his hands—he was not really looking at them—and suddenly seized the slate, wrote furiously upon it, and pushed it into my hands. It read, “You lovely girl like princess me like marry you.” Then there was a space, and then “?”

I looked up. His face was lit with intention. He pushed the pencil into my hand and took the slate and carefully rubbed it clean for my reply. I wrote, “You very kind. Cannot marry anybody must learn typing in London for war.”

He read it like lightning, but his face changed only slowly, like the sun going in. Then he shrugged his shoulders gently and wrote, “Tuesday 12/6. Don’t get bombed.”

I wrote, “Thank you will try not to get bombed.”

He smiled with great sadness, and underneath my writing put, “Goodbye Goodbye,” and I stroked the words on the slate with my fingers to say it back.

Walking home, I saw how little I knew. And it was suddenly clear to me how little I understood of anything that I thought I knew. Even being able to type would not have helped me particularly with the cobbler and his feelings, which either meant that education as I had thought of it wasn’t education at all, or that, at its best, it was a preliminary to something that, so far as I could see, was going to continue for the whole of my life.

—Elizabeth Jane Howard

• •

BAHAMAS

Where are we,
Mary, where are we?
They screen us and themselves
With tree-lined lanes

And the gardens of hotels though we have travelled
Into the affluent tropics. The harbors
Pierce all that. There are these islands

Breaking the surface
Of the sea. They are the sandy peaks
Of hills in an ocean

Streaked green by their shoals. The fishermen
And the crews from Haiti
Tide their wooden boats out

In the harbors. Not even the guitarists,
Singing the island songs
To the diners,

Tell of the Haitian boats,
Which bear their masts, the tall
Stripped trunks of trees

(Perhaps a sailor,
Barefoot on the ragged deckload
Of coconuts and mats, leans

On the worn mast) across the miles
Of the Atlantic, and the blinding glitter
Of the sea.

—George Oppen

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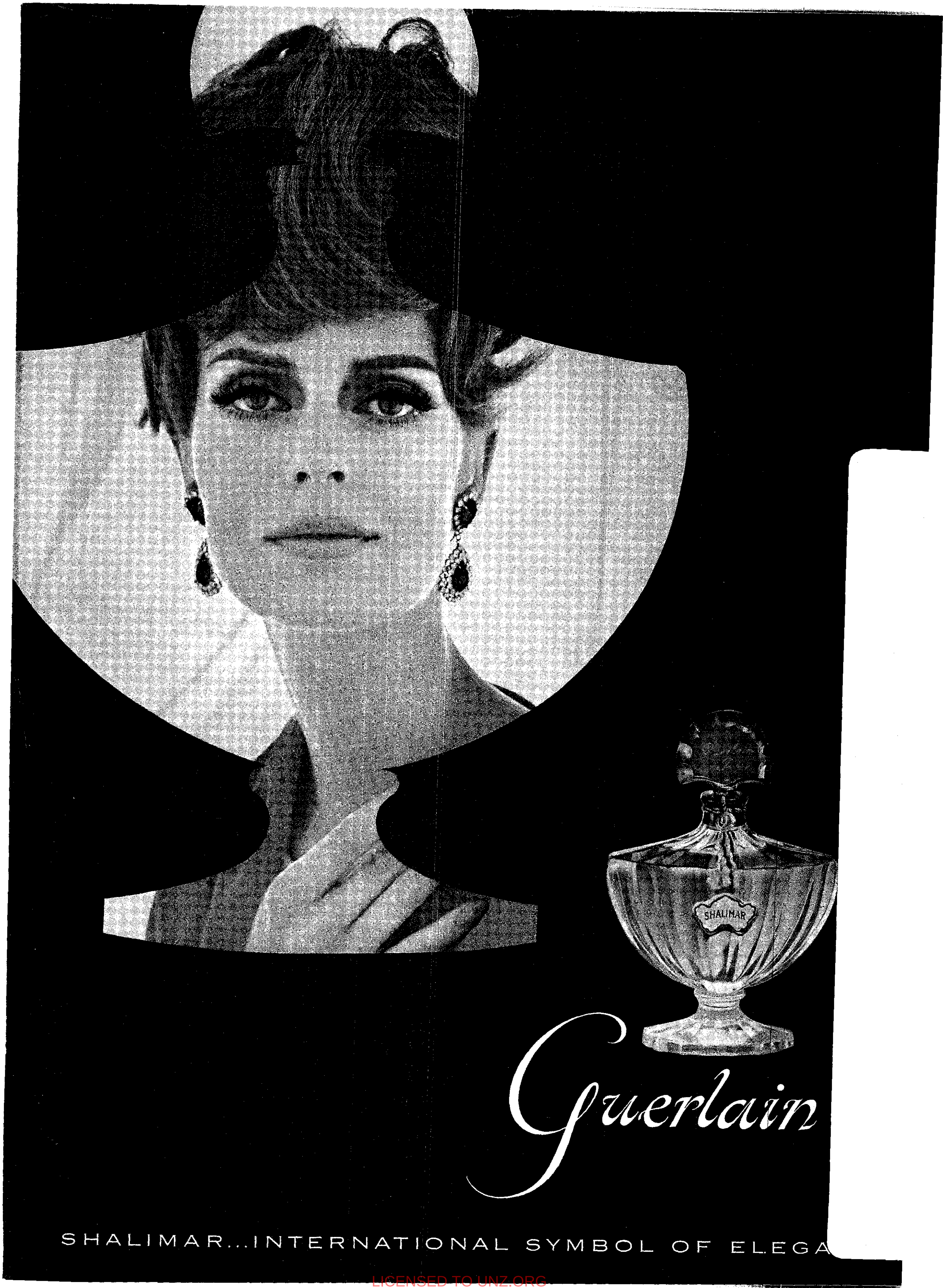
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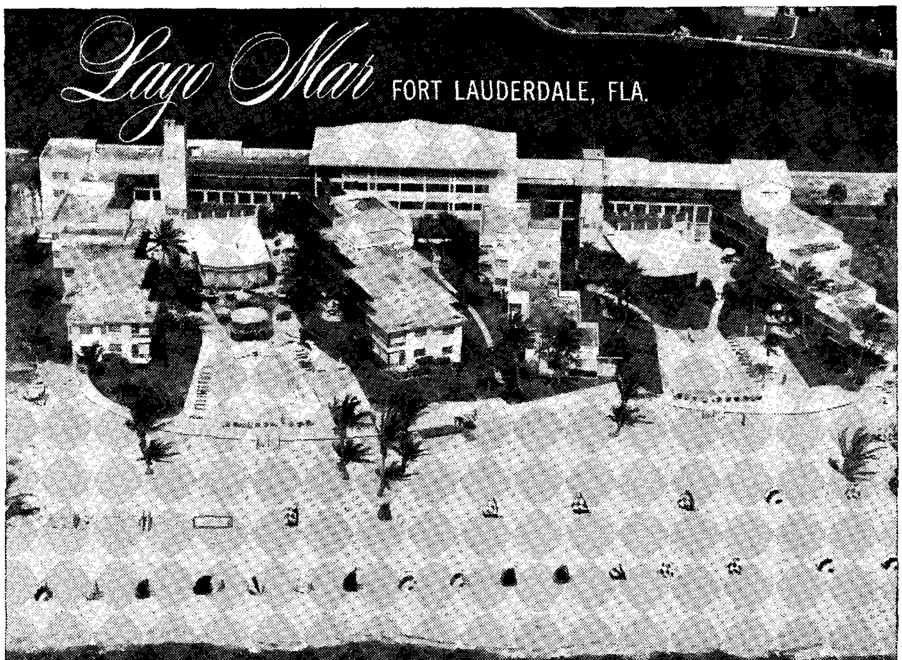
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Country Troubles

THE great American movie industry having nothing more tempting to offer me than the sunny horrors of "Palm Springs Weekend," I've fallen back with understandable relief on a couple of modest French imports, in which the weather is nearly always cloudy, with heavy rains predicted by nightfall. The better of these sombre studies is called "Thérèse," and it's an adaptation of François Mauriac's well-known novel "Thérèse Desqueyroux." In his fiction-writing days, it was M. Mauriac's particular bent to tell us how hellishly suffocating life could be both in his native Bordeaux (*l'aristocratie du bouchon* isn't as bouncy as it sounds) and in the Bordelais outback—that flat, rather eerie district known as Les Landes, which stretches for miles along the indifferent Atlantic and seems, to the passing stranger, a mere wasteland of marsh, moor, and infinitely numerous spindly pines. It's a countryside so bleak that when it attempts to attract tourists it can find little to boast of except that it possesses the highest sand dune in Europe. (What tourist with a proper respect for superlatives would fail to seek out and climb the highest sand dune in Europe?) Most of the action of "Thérèse" takes place in Les Landes, and we are evidently to understand that the unfeeling obtuseness of its characters is aboriginal; these warped and miserable people spring from and are perfectly adjusted to a warped and miserable landscape, where no one can hope to grow up straight and merry, and the many mercies of love are unknown.

The wretched young woman who gives her name to the picture is the heiress of an important family in the district and marries the son and heir of a neighboring family of equal importance. He is a conscientious dolt and something of a hypochondriac; since they have nothing in common but a contiguity of pines, his bride isn't long in taking advantage of his habit of self-medication. She adds increasing portions of poison to his daily dose, and nearly contrives to dispatch him before arousing the sus-



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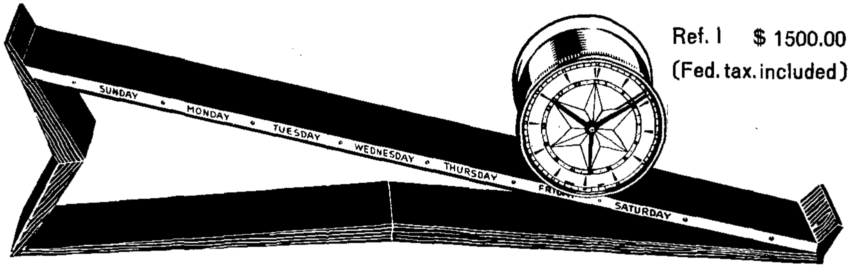

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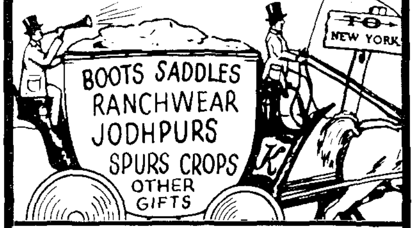

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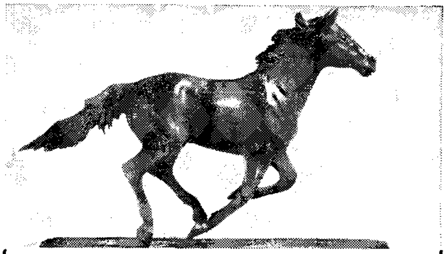

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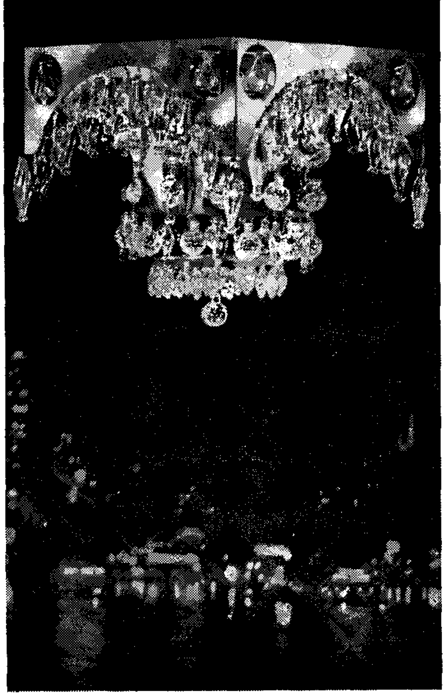

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picions of the local druggist and doctor. Having failed to commit this trifling domestic crime, Thérèse is made to suffer not the harsh justice of the state but the much harsher justice of the two families. Alike in pride and hypocrisy, they sentence her to the doom of having to go on living among them. At last, when she is herself nearly dead of despair, her husband permits her to escape alone to Paris. By then her case is past curing, for she is as deeply bound to Les Landes as all the rest of them; in the warmth of Paris she will perish of homesickness for the cold country she has left behind.

Emmanuele Riva, the heroine of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," has an interesting face and brings the necessary amount of sad self-scrutiny to the monotonous role of Thérèse, while Philippe Noiret is extremely effective as her gross husband. The director, Georges Franju, wrote the screenplay in collaboration with François Mauriac and Claude Mauriac, and with astonishing frequency his camera has found faithful equivalents for M. Mauriac's lucid, unforgiving prose. I'm aware that this is a circular form of recommendation, but it's the only one that I'm able, in good conscience, to make—if you like Mauriac, you'll like "Thérèse," and if you don't, you won't.

"THÉRÈSE" is a thoroughly depressing glimpse of *les mœurs de province*, and "Naked Autumn" doesn't make them look a bit more appealing. (The "naked" of the title is, of course, a come-on, though nature makes an unstimulating nudist; a translation of the original title, "Les Mauvais Coups," would have proved just as thrilling.) We are again in the French countryside, this time among rolling hills and brimful rivers, and again we are confronted with a husband and wife who cannot bear to confront each other. After forty years of life and ten of marriage, they have grown tired. The husband would like to begin an affair with a pretty young schoolteacher but dreads repeating the pattern of past affairs; his wife is determined to keep her husband at all costs but fears that she has lost the means of doing so. A grim muddle, which the director, François Leterrier, has let run on at far too slack a pace. Simone Signoret performs her usual wonders as the fiery, slatternly wife; Reginald Kernan is a fine figure of a man as the troubled husband; and Alexandra Stewart is as schoolteacherly as anyone could ask. Life in the city has much to be said for it.

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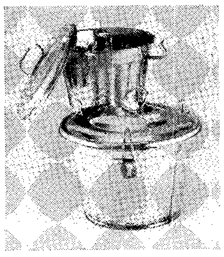

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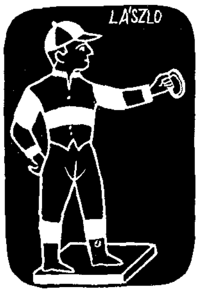
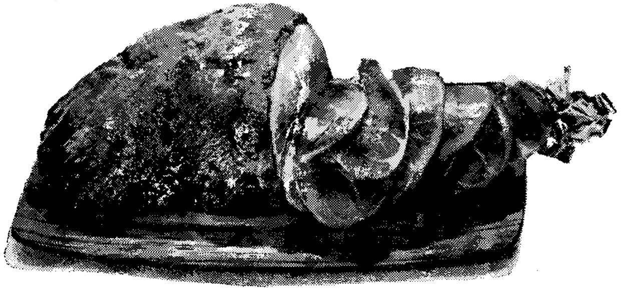


IT'S a little upsetting after finding a turf idol to discover that he ought to have been born web-footed. I refer to Roman Brother, who was beaten by Hurry to Market in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey last weekend. Still, the race showed the reliability of form on a muddy track, because the two had finished in the same order over the same course in the same sort of mud in the Trial Purse eight days earlier. Somehow, the Garden State Stakes has never been a pushover for favorites; only four have clicked in its eleven runnings, six of which have been in sloppy going. Anyway, in most respects this jackpot for two-year-olds was up to par. The purse had a gross value of $317,290 (of which $192,290 had been put up by horsemen in nominations and starting fees); the winner's share—$190,374—was a new high; there was a crowd of 36,652 in the stand; and there was the usual hoopla in the infield, contributed by a drum-and-bugle corps and a platoon of drum majorettes.

The fourteen runners got off to an even start, with Dunfee, Sophia's Boy, and Hurry to Market prominent in the dash from the gate. Roman Brother, closest to the rail, was never worse than fourth. Hurry to Market, always galloping smoothly, went into the lead on the stretch turn, by which time Roman Brother had moved up, too, and as they swung into the straight there appeared to be a bit of crowding, but neither seemed to change stride. Then, a furlong from home, Hurry to Market drew away, to win by a length. Hardly anybody noticed Ishkoodah (the name means "Ball of Fire" in the Seminole language), who came from tenth in the last quarter to be third. Sophia's Boy was fourth and Bupers fifth. As soon as he could weigh in, Rotz, who rode Roman Brother, claimed a foul, charging that Cook, who rode Hurry to Market, had struck Roman Brother with his whip, but the stewards dismissed the claim after seeing the film patrol's slow-motion shots of the race.

Hurry to Market, a bay colt by To Market out of Hasty Girl, is owned by Roger Wilson, a New Orleans oilman,



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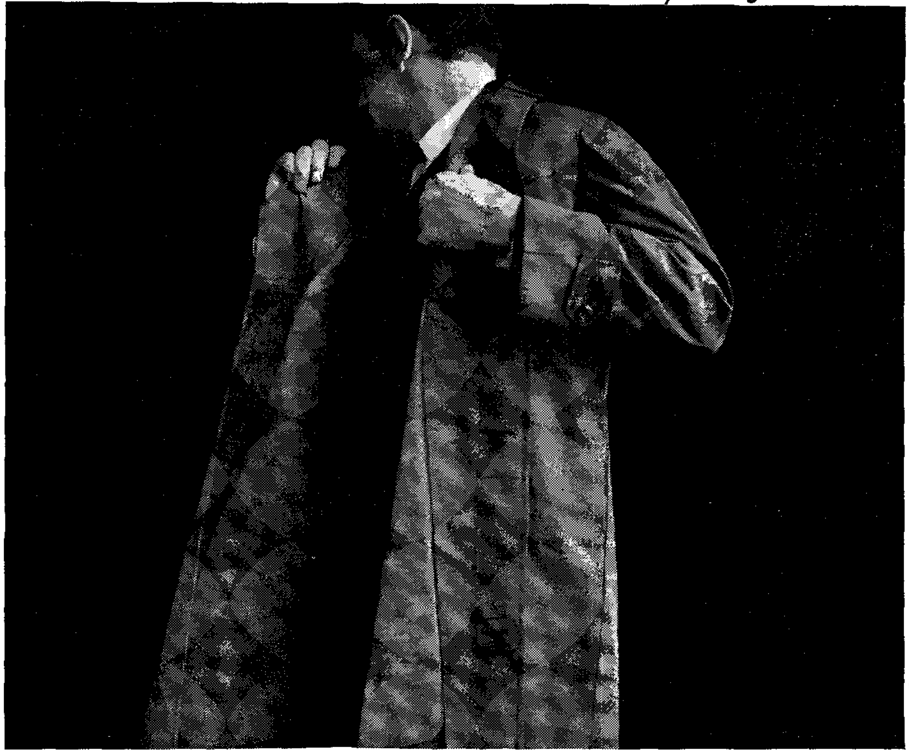

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and Mrs. T. P. Hull, the daughter of Mr. Wilson's business partner; he is trained by Dave Erb, who rode Needles (remember him?); and he has started six times, winning three and never being out of the money. Not bad for a beginner.

THE race of the week at Aqueduct was Saturday's Roamer Handicap, for three-year-olds, in which Dean Carl, winner of the Lawrence Realization Stakes, led from start to finish, passing the winning post four lengths ahead of Admiral Vic. Get Around was third. Admiral Vic, who was cock of the walk at Hawthorne in Chicago, where he had four firsts in a row, winding up with the Hawthorne Gold Cup, made a game try, but he simply couldn't catch Dean Carl, thanks to Ussery's smooth handling. Incidentally, Ussery's following among those who bet on jockeys rather than horses—and many do—has been having a high old time. In six days, the hustling young man rode twenty-nine mounts and came in with twelve winners, four of them last Thursday and three on Friday. If you ask me, though, the most popular victory at the Big A in some time was that of Affectionately in the Interborough Handicap on Election Day. She was one of the leading two-year-olds last season (Hirsch Jacobs, who trains her, once said she was the fastest runner he'd ever handled), but ankle trouble reduced her efforts this year. Nevertheless, so many in the crowd of more than fifty thousand recalled how good she'd been that they sent her to the post a hot favorite over the eleven other fillies and mares. Their faith was rewarded, for after Charspiv had whizzed the first half mile in less than forty-five seconds, Affectionately swept past her in the stretch to win comfortably. Smart Deb, on her bad behavior again, came in third but had her number taken down for crowding. I don't think she likes Aqueduct.

TIME and again, I've heard disgruntled horseplayers threaten to burn down the grandstand, but I've never seen any of them try it. Devotees of light-harness racing are of sterner stuff, it seems. When six of the eight trotters in a race at Roosevelt Raceway cracked up in a jam the other evening, the crowd put on an untidy little riot, smashing the lights in the tote board and setting fire to chairs in the grandstand, because the management didn't refund all the losing bets on the race. It was almost as lively as a débutante party.

—AUDAX MINOR

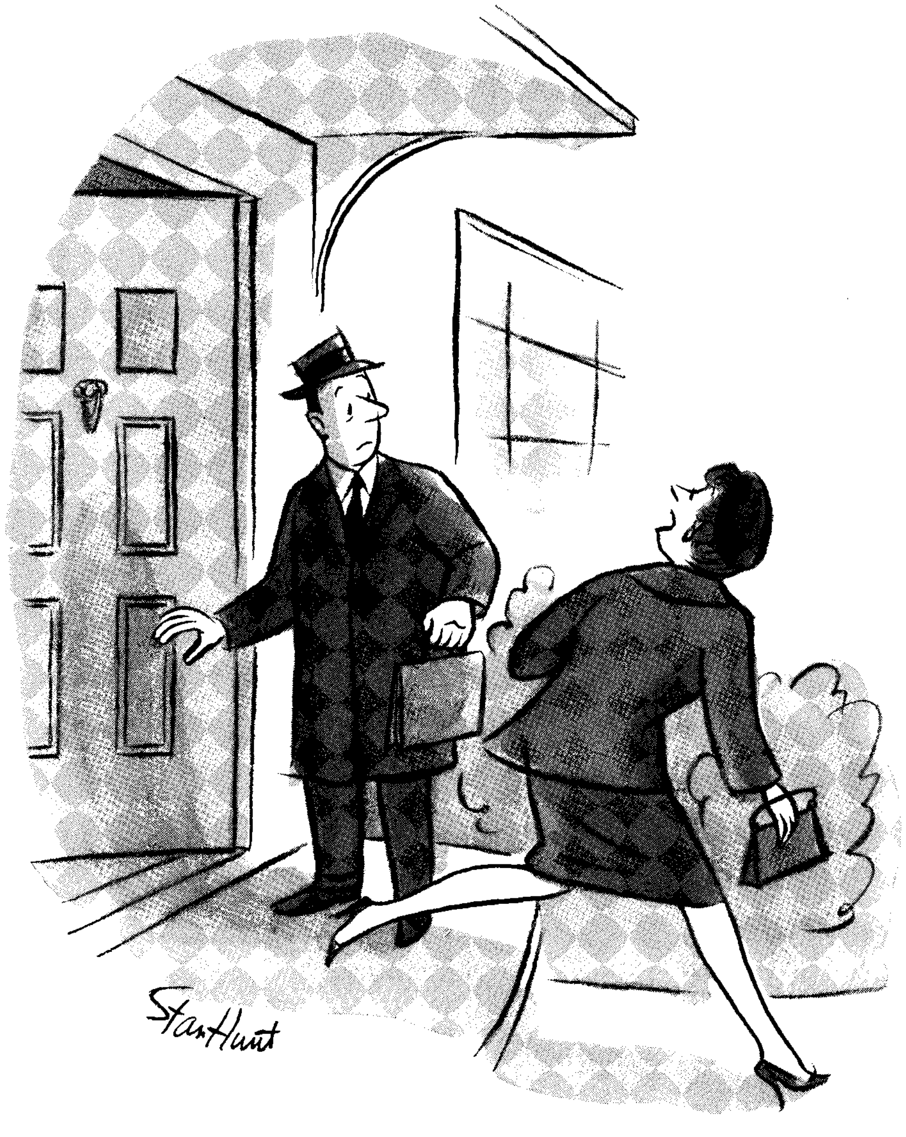
BOOKS

The Way Was Clear

THE dust jacket of Dwight D. Eisenhower's "Mandate for Change" (Doubleday) is mostly taken up with an essay in appreciation by the historian Allan Nevins. "This book is a great national service," the historian says. "Writing with as much frankness as he put into his military memoirs . . . Eisenhower adds new dimensions to our understanding of his work and personality. [He] paints a portrait of himself which in genial honesty [is] unmatched in Presidential literature." One blinks, one ponders, one wonders—and then one sees how true and how very cagey the whole thing is. After all, what is good for the country's historians is good for the country, and a Presidential memoir is by definition a service to the nation. In this book, as in "Crusade in Europe," Eisenhower has carried "frankness" exactly as far as Eisenhower thinks it ought to be carried. He told us long ago that he would never stoop to dealing in "personalities," and he never does, except in the case of a few people he particularly likes and a few he particularly dislikes. As for "genial honesty"—well, on the score of geniality Eisenhower may well have been unique among Presidents, and he is surely unique in this respect among those who have written much about themselves. Asperity is the quality most often encountered, from John Adams to Harry Truman.

In large part, Eisenhower's book is not a memoir at all but a history. He gives us the facts, pretty much as we got them in the newspapers at the time: "Between 1945 and 1952, the consumer price index had gone up nearly 50 per cent. . . . The price of children's shoes went up 73 per cent, of men's shoes 93 per cent. The price of white bread doubled; so did the price of a plow. . . . Between 1952 and 1955, the total number of motor vehicles in use increased by 10 million—more than the aggregate owned in 1955 by the British and the French together." His approach often puts one in mind of the *Times* Sunday "News of the Week in Review": "The strategic importance of Indo-China, made up of the three Associated States—Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia—is obvious. . . . The Mekong River Delta is to the south. To the west of Indo-China is Thailand; on the east and south is the South China Sea; on the north lies Red China." (It puts one in mind of Caesar's "Commentaries," too.) What would be stupefying under any other signature can be fascinating under Eisenhower's. Such an observation as "The situation at Dien Bien Phu had now become impossible" is arresting when Eisenhower makes it, because Eisenhower's judgment that it was "impossible" was an enormous factor in the "situation." The French didn't think it impossible. Neither did John Foster Dulles. But Eisenhower did, and evidently had thought so for some time. "Dear Al," he wrote General Alfred M. Gruenther, his successor in the NATO command. "As you know, you and I started more than three years ago trying to convince the French that they could *not* win the Indo-China War and particularly could not get American support unless they would unequivocally pledge independence to the Associated States upon the achievement of military victory." The French would not do anything unequivocally. They bumbled along to Geneva, where the Associated States were disassociated. For Eisenhower, though, almost every story has a nice ending. "Much good . . . came out of the Indo-Chinese struggle. It . . . paved the way to an understanding among the free nations of Southeast Asia. [It] saw the beginning of . . . better understanding between the Western powers and . . . Southeast Asia. It paved the way for a system of true coöperation between both." It is hard to see why President Kennedy has recently had to go through so much unpleasantness with Diem and his relatives.

Nowhere does Eisenhower seriously entertain the possibility that he may ever have been wrong about anything. In part, this is because he is still a Re-



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publican politician; indeed, reading the bulletins that come from Gettysburg these days, one sometimes feels that he is far more interested in politics now than he ever was before. His record will be defended and attacked in next year's campaign, and it would be too much to expect that he would in a work of this sort lend any comfort to the Democrats or to his even fiercer critics among the Goldwater Republicans. It seems unlikely, though, that he would have written differently about most things if he had arranged for this book to be published long after his death. His view of all criticism is that it was based on ignorance. The means by which he arrives at this view can, in specific cases, make positively appalling reading. In explaining why he authorized the Dixon-Yates contract for a power plant near Memphis, instead of allowing the T.V.A. to do the job, he says it was mainly because he wanted "fair treatment of citizens." In his view, evidently, this is a goal to which private industry is invariably dedicated; government projects, on the other hand, fall into the hands of men "some of whom at least are more interested in partisan advantage." He is never uncharitable about the opposition. It was simply that his critics were all deplorably uninformed about his views, his aims, his strategies. For labor leaders to have assumed for a moment that he had any strong feelings against them and their followings "was perfectly ridiculous and, from my viewpoint, unthinkable." He made this point time and again to his first Secretary of Labor—the celebrated plumber among the millionaires, Martin Durkin—and the Secretary, it would appear, could not but agree that prejudice on the part of the President was indeed "unthinkable." Durkin said, though, that there were a couple of people on the White House staff who did seem somewhat hostile. "It was very clear to me," Eisenhower says, "that he did not understand the function that the White House representatives were performing." Poor Durkin never did get clear on that point. He quit.

Eisenhower's air of certitude is to a large degree a product of his White House years. In this volume he makes a good bit of an encounter in 1945 with Henry Stimson, Roosevelt's Secretary of War. Stimson told Eisenhower about the first atomic bomb, and Eisenhower told Stimson that he wasn't sure it would be a good idea to use the weapon. "I was one of those," he writes, "who felt there were a number of cogent reasons to question the wisdom of such an act." He thereupon outlines the familiar moral and strategic arguments against the

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Hiroshima policy. In "Crusade in Europe," reporting on the same meeting, he says he did have worries about what Stimson had told him, but disposes of the affair by adding, "My views were merely personal and immediate reactions; they were not based upon any analysis of the subject."

There are times when Eisenhower seems to see himself as a kind of American de Gaulle—a born leader of men who was too much of a patriot not to answer the country's clear call for him to raise it from its squalor. He had slight use for the prestige the Presidency conferred on him; he was conferring his own prestige on the office by agreeing to serve in it. It takes great hauteur of spirit to write a book like this and insist—or, rather, point out—that one's leadership could be opposed only by those who failed to grasp that it was selfless in nature and always based on the one appraisal of the facts that any sensible man could make. In Eisenhower's world, there are no interesting controversies, no clashes of principle, no conflicts of interest that can't be resolved by just doing things the way he would do them. He realizes that ordinary men can make hideous mistakes, can be blind, can be venal, can be careless, but he is no ordinary man, and it is important for this to be understood, since it eliminates the possibility that he might have any ordinary failings. There are passages, though, in which the great world leader reveals himself as a kind of V.I.P. version of some epitome of ordinariness from Sinclair Lewis's Zenith. He describes the White House as a pre-Kodak tourist might have described it: "The north side . . . facing upon Pennsylvania Avenue and looking upon Lafayette Square with its equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, has three stories." And, again, as a proud tenant: "Next to [the State Dining Room] is a room . . . that was, during my tenure, listed in the book entitled 'The 100 Most Beautiful Rooms in America.' " (In this, as in much of the rest of the White House chapter, Eisenhower seems to be saying "How about that!" to the redecorating Kennedys.) When he speaks of entertainment, he puts Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians at the bottom of a long list that begins with "such artists as Risë Stevens, Gregor Piatagorsky, and Artur Rubinstein" and then works along to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Waring, who appeared "in response to numerous requests from former guests who were themselves repeaters at such affairs." (This is a puzzling remark. Could he mean that Waring was just one more of the headaches he inher-

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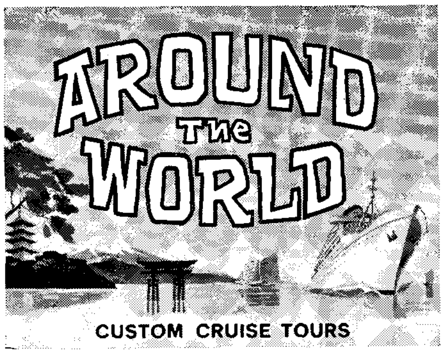

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ited from the Democrats?) Sometimes, the Eisenhowers, in their journey through the White House years, sound like Ring Lardner's New Jersey couple in "The Golden Honeymoon" recalling the more memorable moments of their trip to St. Petersburg: "On Monday, November 14, which happened also to be Mamie's birthday, she and I left the White House after several appointments in the morning and motored to our home at Gettysburg. As we approached Emmitsburg, ten miles south of Gettysburg, we were greeted by the entire student body of a girls' Catholic School, St. Joseph's. The Sisters and the students lined the road on both sides, called out greetings, and displayed signs of welcome. This gesture will always live in our memories."

The intimations of ordinariness are of interest only because Eisenhower is really an extraordinary historical personage. One may be shocked by the spectacle of intellectual arrogance in a man largely incapable of intellectual endeavor, but the fact is that Eisenhower did—certainly in his first term, which is the subject of this volume—outsmart most of his critics and opponents. He aimed to put an end to Republican isolationism, and he did. He promised to negotiate us out of the Korean War, and he did. There was disunity in this country when he became President. Had Adlai Stevenson won the election of 1952, there might have been political chaos. Stalin's death may have had a good deal to do with the speedy settlement in Korea, but, as Truman said at the time, a Democratic President could have been impeached for agreeing to the terms Eisenhower was widely praised for accepting. Eisenhower's critics set upon him for doing nothing about Senator McCarthy, and nothing was what he did. Nevertheless, eighteen months after Eisenhower took office, McCarthy was finished. Eisenhower had little to do with it, but it probably couldn't have happened that way had anyone else been President. From this distance, anyway, the first four Eisenhower years have the appearance of pure historical necessity. Eisenhower, to Eisenhower, has the same appearance.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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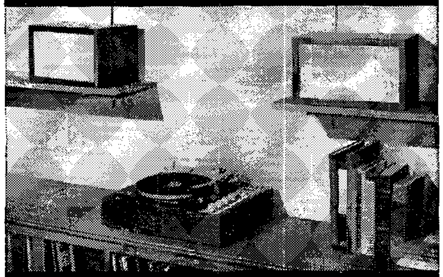

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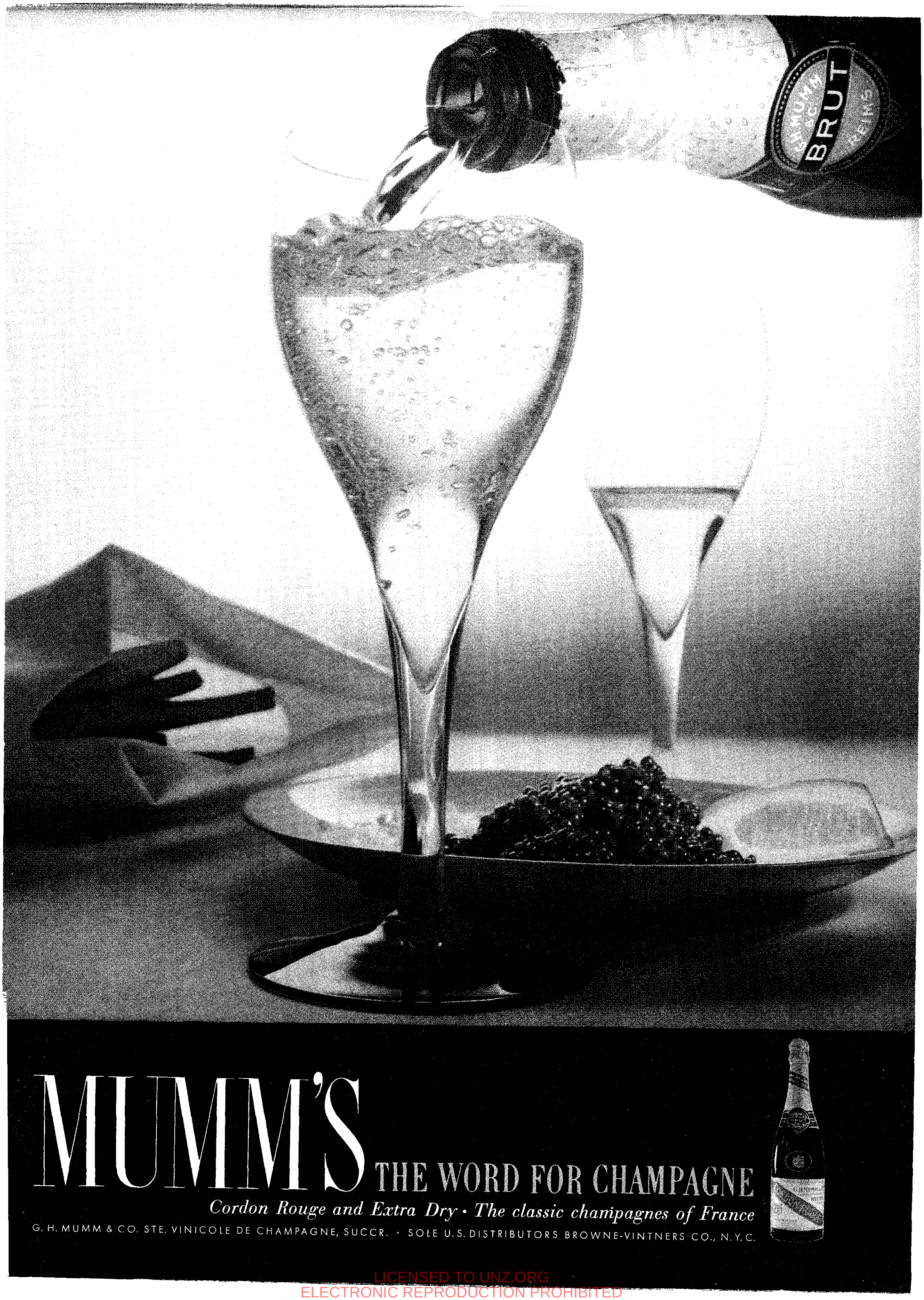

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being cut to a third of its length. This story of a little boy who is a bone of bitter contention among his dead mother's four sisters is turned from a sharp protest into a flabby lament by the author's intoxication with his own prose. Mr. Elliott's style is as domineering a personality as any of the four sisters, and, like the sisters, it has far too many mannerisms. The little hero's plight is pathetic, but he is a nice little boy and will grow up nicely—that is clear The four sisters are excellently realized and well distinguished from one another, but a little of them is enough. The scene is Australia.

THE PAPER BOATS, by Roger Longrigg (Harper & Row). This amusing and entirely satisfactory English story tells about a Little Man, caught between those two dragons, the White-Collar Job and Organized Crime, who triumphs over both of them. Gregory Pratt, who is not so small physically but who is mentally and emotionally a Square—a very likable Square—lives with his ancient and equally admirable father in a flat in an ex-mansion called Marshfield Hall, near London. All the other flat-dwellers are like Gregory and his father—the cost of living has gone too high for their fixed salaries and pensions, the small decencies they need to maintain their self-respect seem to be slipping out of reach, and they all lie awake at night worrying. Gregory solves every problem when he is unexpectedly confronted, just for a minute, by a member of a highly successful gang of thieves. The rest is all noise, but this is a tale that calls for noise—the louder the better—and for a happy ending for those who deserve it.

NOTE: "Cliffs of Fall," which has been published by Knopf, is a collection of ten short stories by Shirley Hazzard. All but one of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean (Houghton Mifflin). Dorothy Thompson met Sinclair Lewis at a party in Berlin in 1927, and that night he asked her to marry him. At the time, she was convalescing from a divorce and he was on his way out of his first marriage; both of them were riding high—she as a promising young foreign correspondent, he as the most successful American novelist of the day. Within a year, the wedding took place, and fourteen

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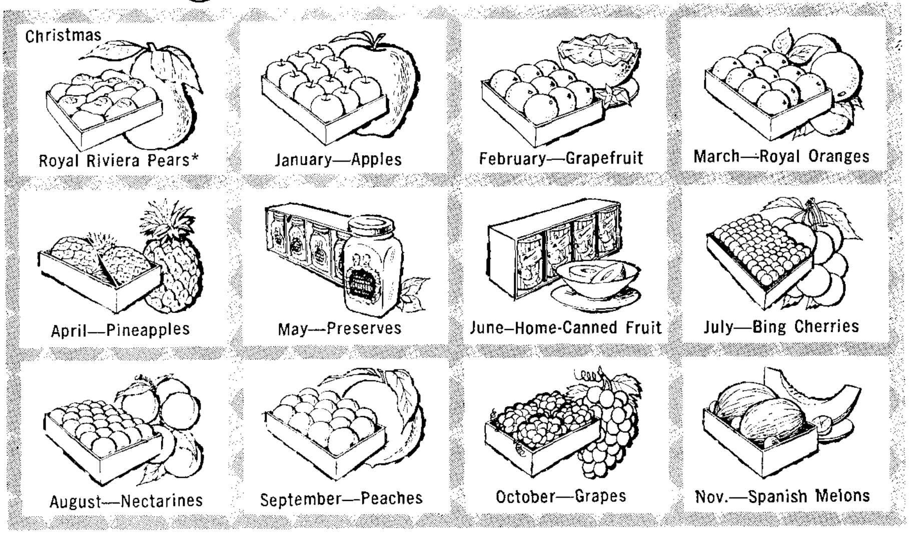

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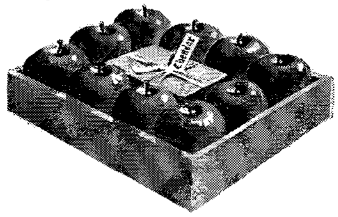

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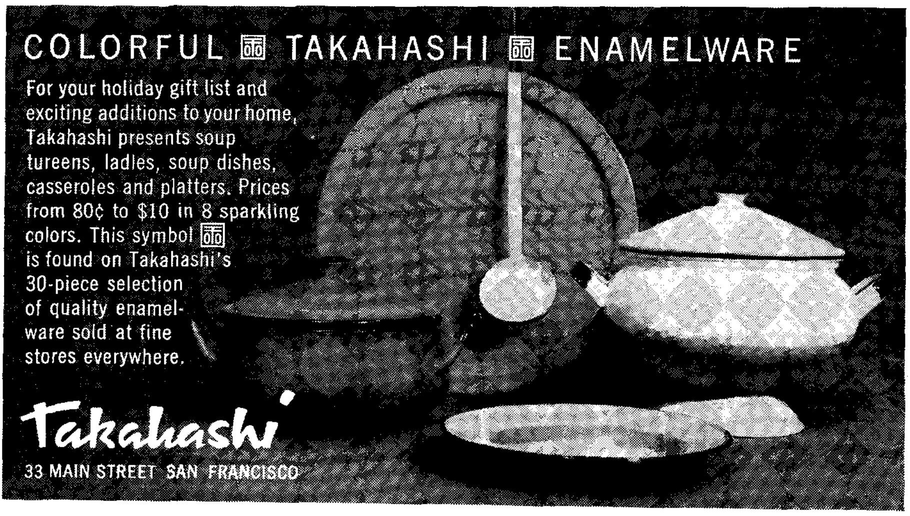

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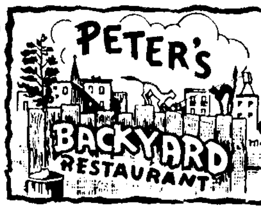

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years later it was all over. This book contains the annals of that marriage, which was, if not a tragedy, then a major disaster for at least one of the people involved. Mr. Sheean, who was a close friend of both, has based his narrative on the personal papers that Miss Thompson willed to Syracuse University and on what he himself observed of the couple, along with his speculations about their motives and thoughts. Why the book was written is a good question. Mr. Sheean says that Miss Thompson must have wished the full and painful story of her years with Lewis made public, for otherwise she would never have left such intimate documents to what amounts to a public library. Considering the nature of some of the papers, and the bleak light they cast upon her and the father of her son, one can only wonder. This is a sad book and, oddly, an irrelevant one, for its revelations do not, in the end, in any way affect the feelings we have toward the woman who was Dorothy Thompson, or in any way diminish the literary legacy left us by her unhappy husband. Illustrated.

SUCCESS STORY: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF S. S. McCLURE, by Peter Lyon (Scribners). A thorough, brisk biography of one of the most important figures in American magazine journalism. McClure ascended, like a Horatio Alger hero, by pluck and luck; on something less than a shoestring, he founded a successful newspaper syndicate, and then *McClure's Magazine*, which brought the work of the best-known turn-of-the-century authors and journalists to the American middlebrow audience. Editing one knockout issue after another was his highest ambition, and for a number of years he achieved it. McClure's downfall was Balzacian—frayed nerves, mistresses, unfaithful friends, debts, obloquy, and then years of poverty. From the First World War until his death in 1949, McClure knew only one moment of glory—when the National Institute of Arts and Letters awarded him its Order of Merit in 1944; he was eighty-seven and had outlived himself by some twenty-five years. No matter how sadly the tale ends, it is the high days of inventive editing that stick in the reader's mind—the inexhaustibly resourceful McClure in frantic activity, presenting something strange and provocative every month: wireless, the North Pole, Ida

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Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, the Negro problem as of 1904.

And Not to Yield: An Autobiography, by Ella Winter (Harcourt, Brace & World). Miss Winter, German-descended, Australian-born, and London (School of Economics) educated, met Lincoln Steffens at the Paris Peace Conference, where she had a small secretarial job. Several years and several occupations—journalist, relief worker—later, she married him. With their son, they lived in Carmel, California, amid artists, writers, thinkers, and crackpots. Miss Winter kept up a career of her own, reporting, with enthusiasm, from the Soviet Union, running a local newspaper, and helping the migrant workers in the California valleys during the nineteen-thirties. After she was widowed, she married Donald Ogden Stewart, who wrote for the movies and shared her interest in causes. Eventually, they moved to England, and there Miss Winter—what with more excursions (her book closes with a winning account of her junket to China during the Great Leap Forward)—has managed to keep busy and interest herself in peace, "popular revolutions," and "greater welfare."

The Perennial Philadelphians: The Anatomy of an American Aristocracy, by Nathaniel Burt (Little, Brown). Philadelphia's first and oldest families, Mr. Burt says, have sought mediocrity and have generally achieved it. Energetic in sport (but cautious in intellect), handsome (but dowdy), appreciative of art, science, and charity (as long as they don't have to bother with details), they live in the country, marry their cousins, and exclude everybody else—everybody who wants to join, anyhow—from their clubs, their charitable boards, and their staid dance, the Assembly. The genealogy of the city's prolific clans, which have been intermarrying since the seventeenth century, is a necessary but weighty load on Mr. Burt's account of them, and his single joke—the self-satisfaction of people who have nothing much to be self-satisfied about—grows a little heavy, too. Nevertheless, he keeps his book afloat with a lively style, some thoroughly funny stories, and many interesting bits of social history.

Jamaican Blood and Victorian Conscience, by Bernard Semmel (Houghton Mifflin). In 1865, a bloody uprising of Negro peasants in

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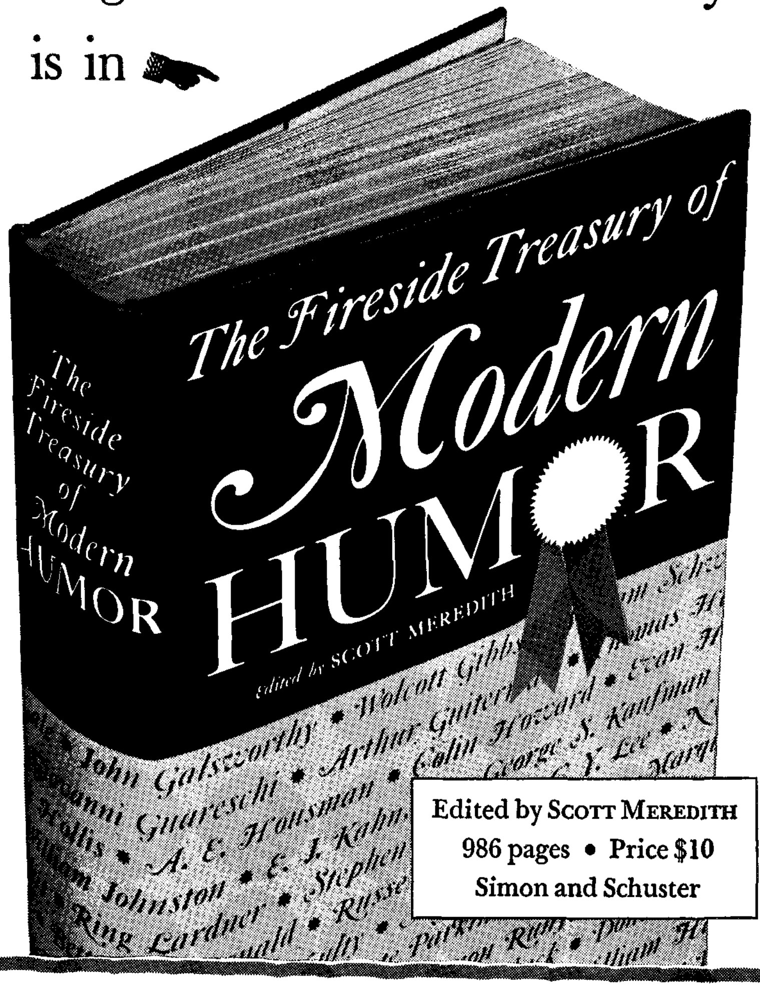
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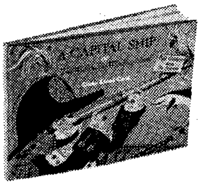

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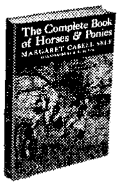

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF HORSES AND PONIES by Margaret Cabell Self. Illustrated with line drawings by R. W. Mutch and with photographs. $5.95

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Jamaica was quickly put down by the English governor, Edward Eyre, and was followed by a month of ruthless reprisals, including mass executions, hut-burnings, floggings, and torture. George Gordon, a mulatto opponent of Governor Eyre's in the legislature, was found guilty, in a farcical trial, of inspiring the uprising, and was hanged. The resulting controversy divided British opinion down the middle, and a Jamaica Committee of Parliamentary radicals attempted for years, without success, to bring Eyre and his lieutenants to trial for their crimes, particularly the murder of Gordon. Mr. Semmel tells this sad, nasty story beautifully, concluding that if the efforts of the Jamaica Committee failed, they nevertheless helped to educate British public opinion, making the future Commonwealth possible.

GUERRILLA, by Charles W. Thayer (Harper & Row). Mr. Thayer, West Point graduate, ex-cavalryman, veteran of service with Tito's Partisans, career diplomat, and author, shares the view of other military experts that the next few wars, like the past few wars, are likely to be irregular. In this lively, knowledgeable study, he considers almost all the guerrilla actions of the past two decades, searching for useful theoretical maxims but keeping his eye always on the significant factual detail. (His brief critique of our Bay of Pigs defeat is dazzling.) He thinks that the United States is beginning to get the hang of irregular war—he's surprisingly optimistic, for instance, about the military outlook in South Vietnam—but he wishes we understood that its essence is more political than military. Thayer recommends that we train many more special forces—guerrillas, that is—and that we make "political and social terrain" the main subject in their curriculum, ahead of parachuting, bridge-blowing, knife-fighting, and other purely technical skills.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: EDUCATION OF A GENERAL, 1880-1939, by Forrest C. Pogue (Viking). A splendid beginning to the authorized biography of General Marshall. Two additional volumes are planned, pointing to the remarkable fact that the General's most important work was in large part still ahead of him when he was fifty-nine and this book ends. Mr. Pogue writes carefully and well, and by the time

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AMERICAN EDUCATION: A NATIONAL FAILURE, by H. G. Rickover (Dutton). Most of this book consists of Admiral Rickover's testimony before the House Committee on Appropriations concerning the inadequacy of American schools as compared to English and European schools. What he wants ours to become is stated eloquently, moderately, and with exhaustive documentation—places for hard work rather than fun, intensely competitive rather than relaxed, sensitive to the earliest signs of ability, with drastically accelerated education for the bright children. There is nothing wrong with any of this, but it is doomed to fail, because it goes against the grain of modern America. Schools reflect a culture; they do not transform it. Admiral Rickover is, in fact, the last Spartan left in pleasure-loving Sybaris.

SHADOWS IN THE SEA, by Harold W. McCormick, Tom Allen, and Captain William E. Young (Chilton). This is one of those gratifying books (an expansion of an earlier, now classic, work) that fairly exhaust their subjects—in this case, the shark and its related selachians, the skates and rays. The authors disabuse the reader of any preconceptions that he may have about the behavior of the shark: the big sharks, they say, are dangerous and unpredictable; they will attack and kill men even in boats; they are apt to turn up in all waters, including lakes and fresh-water rivers; and there is no known way of avoiding or fending off an attack by them. The authors catalogue the known species of the creature, and describe its remarkable anatomy. (The shark has no bones, and its hide is covered with teeth.) Thoroughly illustrated. Ten dollars.

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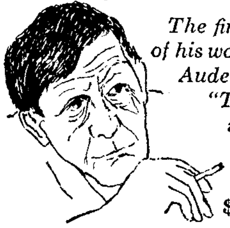

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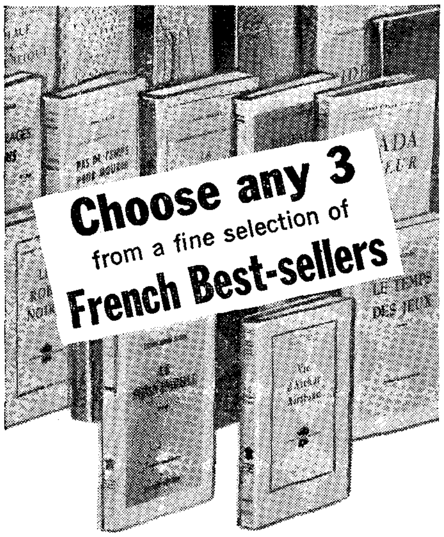

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neum). A good biography of a famous, bizarre, energetic bluestocking. As an impresario of German Romantic literature, the financial patron of the Schlegels, the mistress of Benjamin Constant, and a friend of Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël has a respectable place in literary annals, even though her novel, "Corinne," is dreadful. As a meddler in politics who irritated Napoleon, she also has a minor place in French history. Her personality, by all contemporary testimony, was overwhelming, and her love life, in its intensity, multiplicity, and indiscretion, was—and is—incomprehensible. Mr. Andrews suggests that Mme. de Staël remained a child all her life because she was overshadowed by her parents—her father was Necker, the liberal banker who attempted to save the finances of Louis XVI before the Revolution, and her mother, a Swiss pastor's daughter and once Gibbon's beloved, was formidably learned and pious. That may explain some of Mme. de Staël's oddities, but Mr. Andrews doesn't account for her attractiveness; he implies that she was not so much lovable as awesome.

THE REAL FIGARO: THE EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, by Cynthia Cox (Coward-McCann). The author of the plays "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro," which won a second immortality as operas, was not—or not mainly—a dramatist. He was a watchmaker, an inventor, a music teacher to Louis XV's daughters, a court functionary, an investor, and a political intriguer. (He combined the last two vocations when he supplied weapons to the American revolutionaries, and it cost him one of several fortunes.) He was also a pamphleteer, a publisher, and a gallant. Beaumarchais seems to have been likable, but in fact he had as many enemies as friends. Miss Cox, who likes him very much, suggests that the nobles with whom he had to deal—Beaumarchais was at his most flourishing before the French Revolution—thought he was too much of an upstart, and too much concerned with such base matters as money. Perhaps she credits the French nobility with better reasons than they had; it may not have been Beaumarchais the upstart who was resented but Beaumarchais the outsider, the common man, the inexhaustible Figaro who wouldn't keep his place. It's precisely the nerve of

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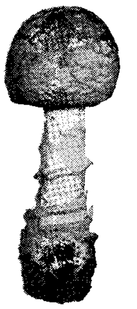

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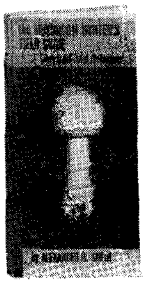

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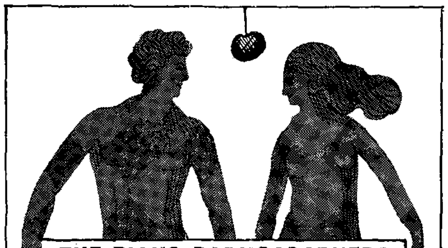

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him that makes Miss Cox's versatile hero a delight.

New England Discovery, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Nancy Hale (Coward-McCann). A comprehensive history of New England in poetry and every kind of prose—stories, essays, sermons, bits of novels, speeches, memoirs, biographical fragments, letters, and even recipes. It opens with a contribution by an Englishman (James Rosier's "A True Relation of the Most Prosperous Voyage Made This Present Yeere 1605"), and it closes with an appreciation by a Pennsylvanian (David McCord's "Homage to New England"), but most of the other entries (a hundred and sixty-six in all) are the work of authentic New Englanders. These writers include the usual Mathers, Adamses, Holmeses, Beechers, Lowells, and Hales; Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Thoreau, Longfellow, and Emily Dickinson; and Sarah Orne Jewett, F. Marion Crawford, John P. Marquand, E. E. Cummings, Cleveland Amory, and John F. Kennedy. Much of the early work is largely of historical interest, and much, though not all, of the rest is either familiar or fragmentary. Miss Hale's biographical notes, on the other hand, are uniformly first-rate. Illustrated with photographs, paintings, and drawings.

The New Statesman: The History of the First Fifty Years, 1913-63, by Edward Hyams, with an introduction by John Freeman (St. Martin's), and New Statesmanship: An Anthology, selected by Edward Hyams (St. Martin's). The mere survival, let alone the prosperity, of the *New Statesman* is a journalistic wonder, for left-wing highish-brow weeklies of opinion, both here and in England, have a steep mortality rate. The paper is and always has been a fairly staid publishing operation, though; Mr. Hyams does what he can to make its losses deplorable and its gains thrilling, but its history is not much more exciting than a cricket match. The political opinions of the magazine have frequently been unrealistic—it thought Hitler should be allowed into the Rhineland; it refused to print what Orwell discovered about the Communists' massacre of other Loyalists in Spain; it feared American "dollar imperialism" after the Second World War; and it pinned all sorts of high hopes on the Chinese Communists. In his

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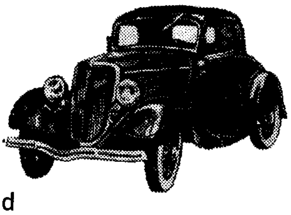
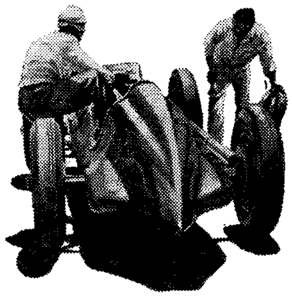

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"History," Mr. Hyams feels obliged to justify these and other old mistaken views; his attempts are tiresome. But the magazine is better than the sum of its cockeyed politics, as Mr. Hyams' anthology shows. It presents comparatively little woolly thought, and includes a lot of good, lively writing, from the early contributions of Bennett and Shaw, through Lawrence, Forster, and Auden, down to such bright contemporaries as Pritchett, Braine, and Behan.

NOTE: *"Sorry, Lady—This Beach Is Private!," an album of comic drawings that James Stevenson has done for this magazine, has been published by Macmillan.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MIRROR CRACK'D, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). Miss Jane Marple is growing old, but she is still well able to cope with a mysterious series of murders that follow the arrival of a new neighbor, a famous film star named Marina Gregg. The scene is Miss Marple's home parish, St. Mary Mead, and the action, beginning with a poisoned cocktail, is rather slow but very sure.

THE SEVENTH FURY, by John Castle (Walker). A bated-breath absurdity in which a high-minded English bacteriologist and a pretty World Health Organization operative are flung by the British War Office into the Middle East to recover an errant missile warhead loaded with a concentrate of cholera viruses. "Without doubt your operation was foolish and ill-advised," a Turkish police chief remarks of their errand, "but not, I think, sinister." He might have been addressing the author.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

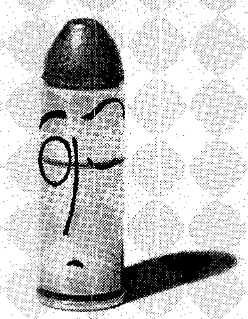
WOODLAND, CALIF. (UPI)—Capt. Howard A. Brasch has passed up the chance to become one of the best-dressed officers in the Air Force Reserve.

•

Rumors that Sammy Davis, Jr. would play Iago in "Hamlet" with Olivier and Peter O'Toole started as a gag between them, but it would be a great idea!
—*Ed Sullivan in the News.*

And a real challenge for the screenplay writer.

Crimes for the connoisseur



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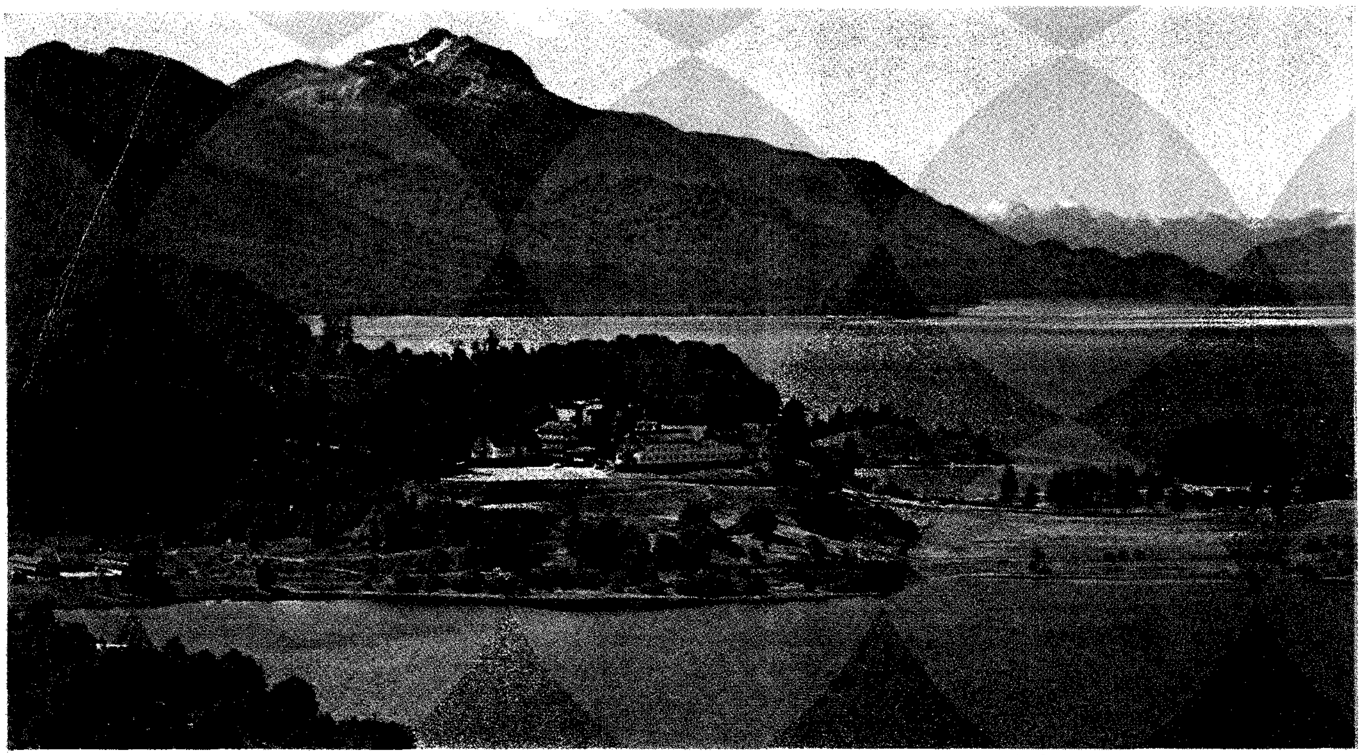

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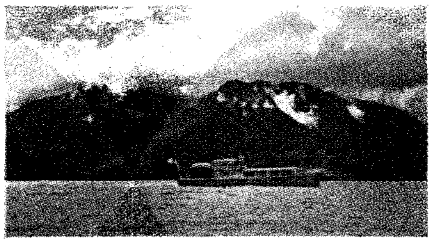

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Here are picturesque towns like Puerto Montt, where you can watch boats unloading, hear fishmongers calling out their wares and enjoy *curantos,* the Chilean clambake. Here are the most massive peaks outside the Himalayas, and the flawless snow crowns of long-quiet volcanoes.

Waterfalls? There are boiling cataracts at Petrohue, and glacier-fed strands that drop 4,000 feet down a mountainside into Lake Nahuel Huapi. Hotels are cozy, Swiss-style chalets where every dinner has six sumptuous courses. Get up late. Golf. Or ride. Or fish—10-lb. trout are a daily possibility.

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